THORNDALE;

OR

THE CONFLICT OF OPINIONS.

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THE CONFLICT OF OPINIONS.

By WILLIAM SMITH,

AUTHOR OF "ATHELWOLD, A DRAMA;" "A DISCOURSE ON ETHICS," ETC.

"Sleeps the future, like a snake enrolled,
Coil within coil."

WORDSWORTH.

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INTRODUCTION.

EVERY tourist knows the grotto of Posilipo, and the heights above it, and how from these heights the spectator commands, to great advantage, the celebrated view of the Bay of Naples. From this elevated spot he has Vesuvius and Sorrento to the left of him; the shores of Baiæ lie upon the right; whilst before him the islands of Capri and Ischia, seen in the distance, break and relieve the wide expanse and deep azure of the sea. To these islands the peculiar charm of the view is greatly indebted, for they give here to the ocean something of the peace and serenity of the lake, without much detracting from its own characteristics of amplitude and infinity. But it is not altogether for the sake of the prospect that we would conduct the reader in imagination up Mount Posilipo. If, as he approaches the summit of the hill, he should diverge towards the left by a private carriage-road of a very unobtrusive appearance, he would find himself introduced to a little villa standing on its terrace quite apart from the rest of the world, and looking sheer over the beautiful expanse of waters, with all its islands and its mountains. Its lower rooms are shaded from the too bright sun by a colonnade, the pillars of which are half overgrown by myrtle and roses. The interspaces of the pillars are occupied by vases and a few statues, the almost invariable ornaments of the Italian villa. There it stands—so elevated and yet so secluded—on a solitary platform, from which the rock descends in a steep escarpment. Yet the name it bears, *Villa Scarpa*, has no reference, as might perhaps be supposed, to this peculiarity of position. The name was derived from its builder and first occupant, Signor or Dot-

tore Scarpa, a celebrated physician of his day, who retired here to enjoy, in peace and study, the concluding years of his life.

This Villa Scarpa was also lately the retreat of one who had indeed no celebrity to boast, but who came here for the same purpose,—one Charles Thorndale, who, still young, but stricken with consumption, had selected this spot in which to pass the brief residue of his days.

In the course of a Continental tour, made when he was still in perfect health, Thorndale had seen and been charmed with this spot. The project had even then occurred to him to live here, completely retired from the world; but he was not at that time ripe for so desperate a resolution. When, however, he became seriously ill, and the usual advice was given to try the climate of Italy, and he heard, moreover, that Villa Scarpa was to let, his decision was formed at once. He lost no time in securing his prize. Where could he better "look his last" than here? And as to the extreme seclusion in which he should live, this could now surely be borne. He need not fear that his heart would sink through any pusillanimity, for the term of his solitary banishment would be very short, and there was no hope, or enterprise, to beckon him back into the arena of active life; and in the little time left *there was so much to think of*,—a whole world of thoughts still to be put in order, and all the fruitless, fascinating speculations of philosophy to be reviewed once more, before they were parted with for ever.

It is a spot, one would say, in which it would be very hard to part with this divine faculty of thought. It seems made for the very spirit of meditation. The little platform on which the villa stands is so situated, that, while it commands the most extensive prospect imaginable, it is itself entirely sheltered from observation. No house of any kind overlooks it; from no road is it visible; not a sound from the neighbouring city ascends to it. From one part of the parapet that bounds the terrace, you may sometimes catch sight of a swarthy bare-legged fisherman, sauntering on the beach, or lying at full length in the sun. It is the only specimen of humanity you are likely to behold; you live solely in the eye of nature. It is with difficulty you can believe that, within the space of an hour, you may, if you choose it, be

elbowing your way, jostled and stunned, amongst the swarming population of Naples,—surely the noisiest hive of human beings anywhere to be found on the face of the earth. Here, on these heights, is perfect stillness, with perfect beauty. What voices come to you come from the upper air,—the winds and the melody of birds; and not unfrequently the graceful sea-gull utters its short plaintive cry, as it wheels round and back to its own ocean fields. And then that glorious silent picture for ever open to the eye!—Picture! you hastily retract the word. It is no dead picture,—it is the living spirit of the universe manifesting itself, in glorious vision, to the eye and the soul of man.

Thorndale did not long enjoy this exquisite retreat. He had brought his sentence with him. The pulmonary disease which was his excuse, rather than his motive, for quitting England, was of too decided a character to be checked by change of climate. This he knew; he allowed others to talk of the medicinal virtues of the air of Italy, he thought only of his beautiful solitude on Mount Posilipo.

Though of studious habits, Thorndale had not followed any of the learned professions. Neither of them had attracted him as a pursuit, or kindled his ambition. Wealth he did not desire; and that modest sufficiency which supplies the wants of a studious man, he, fortunately or unfortunately, had inherited. Some project of authorship is the usual resource of this class of meditative idlers; and a book to be written, which should contain the results of all his cogitations upon those great problems of human life and the soul of man, which had chiefly occupied his attention, and which vex us all more or less, was a scheme which he carried about with him for several years. And indeed the book *was* written; the mischief was, that it was written two or three times over. It was written and destroyed, and again resumed; for no sooner was the philosophical manuscript completed, than new views arose, or old doubts revived; there was this to be added, and that to be expunged, and this other to be modified; so that finally, after much toil and infinite blotting of paper, nothing was accomplished—self-confidence was lost—and the task had been at length thrown aside in despair.

Nevertheless, in his retreat at Villa Scarpa, the "habit of the

pen," as he has called it, was not entirely laid aside. There might have been always seen, as we have been told, lying on his table amongst other books, one of those solid manuscript volumes which students or authors not unfrequently have at hand, either to serve as a commonplace-book, or else for the purpose of jotting down any stray thoughts of their own which they fear may not come again when wanted. In such a volume it was the amusement of our much meditative recluse to write down such reflections as were stirring in his mind. The book became, in fact, the general receptacle for any thing that interested him at the time. If his thoughts recurred to the past, it took the form of an autobiography. Page after page would at other times be occupied in recalling the conversation, or analyzing the opinions, of some remembered friend. It was diary, it was essay, it was memoir, as the occasion demanded, or the humour prompted.

It is precisely this manuscript volume, note-book, memoir, diary, whatever it should be called, which we have to present to the reader. In it Thorndale, though apparently with little of set purpose or design, gives us a description of himself and of several friends, or rather sketches out their opinions and modes of thinking. Amongst these, two may be at once particularly mentioned, —*Clarence*, who might be called a representative of the philosophy of Hope; and *Seckendorf*, his complete contrast, and who, especially on the subject of Human Progress, takes the side of denial or of cavil.

We shall not at present go farther into the nature of this manuscript volume; but we must again briefly revert to the author of it, and add a few words (as a faithful editor should do) upon the manner in which it came into our possession.

We were at one time personally acquainted with Thorndale; not intimately indeed, but as well as, without being an intimate friend, one could know a person of his shy and retiring habits, for he had always lived much in seclusion. This mode of life, however, had not embittered his temper. Reserved he might be, but he had notwithstanding grown up kind and gentle, ready at all times to render to others what trifling services lay in his power. You could not do otherwise than feel some affection for him, and still more interest and curiosity about him. But whether

from languid health, or this too much seclusion, or from the unsatisfactory nature of his philosophical speculations, or from all these conjoined, there was so cold a shadow of melancholy, so settled a despondency hanging over him, as rendered the interest you felt of a somewhat painful character; and, on the whole, you were rather pleased that you had known, and had the opportunity of observing such a man, than solicitous for his frequent companionship. That noble sorrow which falls occasionally on every sincere inquirer who finds himself baffled in his search for truth, had taken up a very constant position in his mind. There was nothing to dislodge it. He had no personal ambition, no domestic bonds, no duties, no cares. Life had no interest, if philosophy could yield no truth.

At the time we were thrown into his society, the disease which proved fatal to him had not decidedly manifested itself, but there was another disease of which the symptoms were already apparent enough—that painful weariness which results from the absence of any active purpose or leading passion of existence. Perhaps the only strong desire he had was this, of penetrating to certain great truths which seemed to lie *just hidden* from our sight. He walked like a shadow amongst us. Whether any personal passion had, at some previous time, stirred his bosom, we were not then sufficiently acquainted with his history to say; but it was plain that there was at least vitality enough left in the man to make this absence of all passion or motive, whether of ambition or love, itself a terrible calamity. A vacuum in physics is but another name for a crushing pressure from without; and the analogy holds good if we apply the term to the human being. When there is nothing within the bosom to buoy it up, the mere air we breathe, the common environments of life, become an intolerable pressure.

We had lost sight of Thorndale, and only learnt through others, first of his illness, then of his departure from England, and finally that the sad and unobtrusive current of his life had altogether ceased to flow, when a mere accident brought us to the spot which had been his last and chosen retreat, and led to the discovery of the manuscript which we have here to present to the reader.

Like other tourists, we went to Naples to see its celebrated scenery, and in our walks in the neighbourhood we did as other tourists have probably done—we lost our way. Those who are familiar with the place will doubtless wonder how it was that, on our first search after the picturesque, we contrived to involve ourselves in the perplexity we did; but so it was, that having ascended Mount Posilipo for the view which it promised, we found ourselves toiling along certain narrow paths or lanes, a high stone wall on each side of us, a white, gritty, glaring sand under our feet, a scorching sun above our head, and for all our prospect one narrow strip of blue unvaried sky. They were the garden walls, we presume, of the several contiguous villas between which we were thus penned in. Emerging from this embarrassment, we struck desperately into a by-road, which, though it had not the aspect of a public thoroughfare, appeared at least to lead towards the Bay. It led us to the terrace, and the little villa, which we have done our best to describe. At first we hesitated to advance, but, on glancing around, it became pretty evident that the place was uninhabited. The flowers were straggling over the path, and the gate was not only wide open, but a little embankment of dirt and dead leaves had been allowed to collect against it, which prevented it from closing. Assured by these signs of abandonment, we crossed the terrace, and, leaning on the parapet, enjoyed in undisturbed quiet the view we had been in quest of.

Having satiated our eyes with the prospect, we turned towards the villa itself. We paced to and fro its narrow colonnade, and paused before a mystic statue of Isis which seemed to guard the entrance. It was a copy, we believe, of one of several statues of that goddess which may be seen in the Museum of Naples. It arrested our steps, and held us fascinated before it. To us it has always appeared that the pagan sculptor has embodied in this later ideal of Nature a far more profound sentiment than can be traced in any of the earlier and more celebrated statues of either god or goddess. The veil of Isis is withdrawn from the face, but only to reveal a deeper mystery in the expression—eternal silence and an incommunicable thought. It is the "open secret" expressed in the marble. Turning from the statue, and

noticing that the door of the house was partly open, we ventured to penetrate within. From the window of the apartment we had now entered, we were struck with a new and quite magical effect of the landscape. Seen from this shaded recess, the Bay with all its waters, its islands, and its mountain shores, seemed no longer to rest upon the earth at all, but to be lifted up and poised like the clouds midway to heaven—rather itself a veritable heaven. One suddenly transported there might have been excused for believing that he had been carried up into some celestial region. What happy mortal was it, we said to ourselves, who last enjoyed this peaceful retreat from our noisy and quarrelsome world? Who, we wondered, was the latest tenant of this enviable abode? Was it his chief delight to stand with raptured gaze at this window, which seems to look at once into heaven? Or did he often pause, musing with folded arms before that mysterious statue of Isis, and think how Nature, like it, uplifts her veil to us in vain? What were his meditations, as he watched, evening after evening, the sun go down upon these waters, and the stars come out in this spacious firmament? Did he follow in thought the sinking luminary, his spirit sinking with it; or did the soaring mind claim a new home for itself amidst the eternal stars? Then we naturally looked around the room in search of some trace of this last inhabitant, some book or picture which might tell of his tastes or sentiments. But nothing of the kind was to be seen; the walls were bare, and the whole furniture was arranged in that naked comfortless symmetry which betokens the untenanted house. The library table was thrust close against the wall, and not a single book upon it.

But underneath this library table there stood a box, which we thought we had somewhere seen before. It was a dispatch-box, of rather antique and peculiar form. Surely we had seen this box in a friend's hand. We drew it from its place. There was a brass plate on the lid, and on the brass plate was legibly engraved the name of "Charles Thorndale." It was his old travelling companion, and always held his papers and a small writing-desk. And now we called to mind that "Villa Scarpa"—a name we had seen, without paying heed to it, on one of the pillars at the entrance—was the very address which had been given to us

of Thorndale's last residence. The question we had been putting to ourselves in mere idle curiosity, was answered in a far more distinct and thrilling manner than we could possibly have anticipated.

It was he, then, our perplexed and meditative friend, who had last brought to this scene that living mind which "half creates" the beauty it beholds, and which even in that beauty finds reflected the mystery of its own being. We saw his slender form rise up in imagination before us,—his slight tall figure, his pallid cheek, his beaming eye. It was not that eye of which it is so often said that it looks through you, for it rather seemed to be looking out beyond you. The object at which it gazed became the half-forgotten centre round which the eddying stream of thought was flowing; and you stood there, like some islet in a river which is encircled on all sides by the swift and silent flood. It was Thorndale, then, who at this window had sate alone hour after hour; it was he who had leant on yonder parapet, and, himself unseen, surveyed all this world of beauty; it was he who, evening after evening, had paused beneath this colonnade to watch the sun go down upon the waters; it was for him the moon had risen, and thrown its light upon the brow of that mystic statue of Isis,—alas! not needful to him as a memento of the inscrutable. It has often seemed to us that the light of the moon, while it sheds repose and slumber upon tree and flower, wakes the sculptured marble into all but conscious life. We could imagine him standing opposite this beautiful mute oracle, vexing it, or his own soul, for some solution to the problem of human destiny, and of this infinite universe! As we knew him, he was one of those who cannot rest a moment in denial, and who yet find preëminently

> "how difficult it is *to keep*
> Heights which the soul is competent to gain."

His foothold was for ever giving way; he rose only to fall again,—but, in falling, his eye was still, and for ever, fixed upon the summit.

In what conclusion did he finally rest? What fate did he prophesy to the individual human soul, or to congregated humanity? Heaven, or Utopia, or both? Or did he to the last

continue to doubt, to hope, to aspire, and then again throw away his aspirations?—say rather give them away to some other and happier mind, and still see and love them *there*, though he could not retain them for himself? As he stood gazing out upon this scene, was his spirit preparing to wing its way to regions still more beautiful, where change and death shall be no more—where eternity, and not time, shall give the law to our being, and to all being that surrounds us? Or did he lean to the conclusion that it was too bold a thing to call the individual man eternal—that he, Thorndale, might in one sense pass away, but that these thoughts he had, this his consciousness (God's greatest creation here below), would be revived, perpetuated, and repeated with more complete development, in successive generations—that one day a city of Naples would be built upon these shores, which would be inhabited by men worthy of their beauty, and that thus our hopes of heaven would be, to a certain extent, realized on earth?

Whilst occupied with these conjectures and reminiscences, the blood was suddenly summoned into our cheeks, for the door opened, and we were caught with his despatch-box before us, seated in a room we had no excuse for intruding into. He who now entered was evidently in his own domain. It was the proprietor of the house, who had been there in an earlier part of the day (which accounted for the door having been left open), and who now returned to complete some examination he had been making into the state of his premises. We felt like a culprit caught in the very act, and hastened to make the best apology we could. The polite Italian assured us that no apology was necessary—"Would we see the rest of the house? It was vacant," he said, "and he was in want of a tenant." He added, that he feared it would be empty for some time, unless he could find some Englishman to take it; for the last occupant had died of consumption, and his own countrymen had the conviction that that malady was contagious. He then proceeded to assure us that every particle of the furniture which could be supposed to harbour infection had been destroyed, and that even the couch on which Signor Thorndale had been in the habit of sitting during the day, had been committed to the flames.

Observing that his eye fell as he was speaking, on the box, which we had dragged from its place, and whose position might accuse us at least of an unwarrantable curiosity, we did not fail to mention the information it had so singularly conveyed to us. We added, in a jesting tone, that our examination had gone no farther than the outside of it. Our courteous host replied with a smile that we were quite welcome to examine its contents also. "The box," he said, "was not discovered till after Signor Thorndale's servant had returned to England; I had therefore no means of restoring it to any of his friends. There was, indeed, nothing in it but one bulky manuscript volume, which lies there in it now, and which my servant was about to destroy to light the fires with. I checked him, for I recognized in it the book I used to see lying upon his table whenever I had occasion to call upon him, and in which it was evidently his habit to write. I was reluctant that it should be thus destroyed, for your countryman had a gentleness of manner which won even upon a stranger,—even upon a perplexed landlord. Since you were personally known to him, I could not do better than give the relic into your custody, if you are willing to take charge of it."

We expressed our willingness, and our thanks.

"I cannot read your language," continued the Italian, "or I should have been tempted to look into the manuscript myself. Who knows," he said, laughingly, "what philosophical revelations he may thus have bequeathed 'to the First Finder?' For, judging by the manner in which it was stowed away,—in the roof of the house, no doubt by his own hands,—it was intended as a gift to the first discoverer. It is told of a certain monk, who lived long before the Reformation broke out, and who had found his way to heresy without the help of Martin Luther, that, not venturing to breathe aloud into any living ear his anti-papal and treasonable doctrines, he wrote them on parchment, and, sealing up the perilous record, hid it in the massive walls of his monastery. There was no friend or brother to whom he could intrust his secret or pour forth his soul; and it was some consolation to imagine that in a future age (for even monastic walls must one day fall) some one would read the parchment, and know 'that he also had been thinking.'"

Anticipating the application of the story, we replied—"that Thorndale could have no motive for *walling up* any of his lucubrations. But he was irresolute by temperament, and not being able to decide whether to destroy or to preserve the manuscript, he had evidently left its fate to be determined by chance, or, as you say, gave it to the first finder. As such, we consider your title to be fully established, and ours through you."

"Oh, you should take the box as well!" exclaimed the good-natured Italian, seeing that, having thanked him for his gift, we were putting the book under our arm. Accordingly, after some farther conversation, we seized the old dispatch-box by the handle, and carried off our prize with us.

It may be right to mention, that since our return to England we have obtained full authority, from all who had any interest in the matter, to deal with this manuscript as we thought proper,—on the slight condition that, in some cases, we should substitute fictitious names of persons and places for the real ones.

It is hardly necessary to say that for the division of such a composition into formal and distinct chapters and books, the editor must be held responsible. In the original there is occasionally a heading, or title, and occasionally a date of the day or month, but in general one entry is only separated from another by a dash or stroke of the pen. These original divisions are still indicated, but it was quite necessary to introduce some farther distribution of its contents into distinct chapters. The few dates that were interspersed quite fortuitously it was useless to preserve.

The Fifth and Last Book differs in several respects from the rest. Here it is not Thorndale, but his friend Clarence, who holds the pen, and he writes out steadfastly and continuously his own *Confessio Fidei*. It is a more systematic statement of opinion than is to be found in any other part of the book, and perhaps, on this account, may please some readers better than the previous portion, or that which must be called Thorndale's Diary.

What else there may be peculiar in this manuscript, or in our book, will best explain itself to the reader as he proceeds in its perusal. Our Introduction has already occupied too much space. One general observation only we will permit ourselves to make.

There is much talk here of a future Utopia. But the reader need not be alarmed. It is admitted on all hands to be so very future, that neither he, nor any posterity in which he is much interested, will be at all affected by it. Meanwhile there is one grand conservative maxim, which every spokesman throughout the volume would subscribe to,—it is this, that the measures which will really contribute to the progress of society, are always identical with those which will promote the welfare of the existing generation. From order, order proceeds; from prosperity, prosperity. We never really advance the future by bringing confusion into the present, and he who talks of *sacrificing the present to the future*, has yet to learn the first elements of his subject. The best government for your own generation, were it a Turkish despotism, is also the government which will best promote the future welfare of your country; the best faith for your own generation, were it Catholicism, as seen in Mexico and Peru, will be the faith most conducible to the progress of generations yet to come. Each age, in working out truth and prosperity for itself, is working for posterity, and this is the only way in which it can work for posterity at all.

Finally, we dedicate this little book to the idle hour of the thoughtful reader; to the idle hour, for it makes slight pretensions to instruct; to the thoughtful reader, for it is by the excitement of reflection it hopes to entertain.

And yet, if the book excite to reflection, it will afford something more than entertainment. Next in value to him who gives us truth, is the writer who prompts us to the search of it.

To him who turns, as he reads, page after page with uniform velocity, we promise nothing. Such a reader will soon desert us, we suspect. But he who is apt to pause with the forefinger in the half-closed volume,—to him we promise, that even out of the indecisions and contrarieties of Thorndale and his friends, he shall find hints and helps to the formation of that settled and consistent scheme of thought which he is doubtless building up for himself.

BOOK I.

THE LAST RETREAT.

"Bloom, oh ye amaranths, for whom ye may,
For me ye bloom not!"

COLERIDGE.

CHAPTER I.

THE SELF-REVIEW.

MOUNT POSILIPO, *Aug.* 1850.

THIS habit of the pen clings to me to the last. My thoughts are but disjointed fragments—often mere echoes of those which long ago had deeply stirred me—yet must I note them down. What no other eye but mine will see, what I myself shall never turn the page to look back upon, I am restless till I have put fairly and legibly on the paper. A most idle industry. I make a record for none to read, and register very carefully what I commit to oblivion.

With me, indeed, the pen has been all along an idle toy; it will soon drop from my hand. Idle and purposeless though it may be, let me confess that there is no toy in the world that can compete with it. Whether we write prose or verse, it is always the true magic wand to the one man who holds it. The pen repeats, prolongs, redoubles the highest enjoyment we possess, the luxury and the triumph of thinking. Each one of us, by its aid, arrests some *droplet* of thought, which he calls his own, and hangs it glittering for a moment, with other dew of the morning, betwixt him and the sun in heaven—with other dew of the morning to be soon swept aside!

I am here upon classic ground—surrounded, as they say, by classical associations;—a Sibyl's cave—the tomb of Virgil—the baths of one emperor, the palace of another. Very slight and transitory, and mere affairs of yesterday, seem these grave antiquities to me. Such classical associations have ceased to

affect me; they have fallen off from the scene. I see only this beautiful nature—I meditate only upon man. Rome and the Cæsars are a little matter; God, and Nature, and Humanity—on these I think incessantly.

Incessantly—but, alas! to what result? The great problems of life lie around me unsolved—in hopeless confusion. I must leave them thus! Temples to God, and future palaces for humanity, I too have built, or watched the building of them by others; and I have seen them fall and sink into ruin. Amidst such ruins—sadder to my mind than those of Carthage—must my sun go down.

I seem now to be standing on that little hillock of loosened mould which the sexton throws up on the side of the last home which he digs for us. I feel the earth crumbling beneath my feet; it gives way, and falls into the dark chasm below. Yet whilst I stand, I still look out upon the wide horizon of this earth, and speculate—I cannot help it—upon that dawn of a happier and wiser life which surely will one day rise upon our world. Would that I could catch the glimmering of that dawn! Alas! I know not here which even is the eastern gate, or in what quarter of the horizon to look for the breaking of this better day—this "other morn" which shall "rise on mid-noon."

I hear my contemporaries boast often of the enlightened age they live in. I do not find this light. To me it seems that we state our problems somewhat more distinctly than heretofore; I do not find that we solve them. We are very luminous in our doubts. Never, I think, since the world began, was so wide a prospect of lucid perplexity laid open to the speculative mind. We walk our labyrinth in clear day, but we don't get out of it. Society and Religion lie dissected before us. We analyze, detect, repudiate; we rush back, and gather up the fragments of what a moment before we had torn to pieces. We embrace again the old forms and the old creeds, and we embrace them at the last perhaps with as much of despair, as of hope.

Whether my own case is singular, I cannot tell—I suppose not; for the influences which are shaping any one mind in any

generation, must cast many others in the same mould. But for my own single self, not only has truth been difficult to obtain, but what seemed to be truth looked very perilous matter to deal with—wore a very questionable shape, half friend, half foe. Perhaps I am more than other men deficient in moral courage—I do suspect I am somewhat of a coward here; but so it has been with me, that for any energetic purpose my intellect has been paralyzed by fear—fear not only of mistaking error for truth, but fear of the consequences of what seemed truth itself.

Equity between man and man—laws made sincerely for the good of all, giving each of us fair standing-room to work and thrive in—this surely were most excellent. There is nothing here to contradict the inevitably *personal* nature of man. When the poet, in his noble aspiration, says—

> "Oh, when shall all men's good
> Be each man's *rule!*"

he does not imply that it is to be each man's sole *motive* of action, but that the personal aims of each should be adjusted and conducted under moral rules which really secure (what all morality and legislation pretend to secure) the good of all. This is what men call justice, and what they are loud in their applause of, however they may practically deal with it. Very good. But now begin to apply your equitable maxims: you sound the tocsin of revolution. In vain you protest that you are no Communist—that you respect the right of property as the condition of free activity, of the full development of the individual character. How is the *hereditary* right of property, as it now stands amongst us, to be upheld in the face of your equitable maxim? You are no better than a firebrand and an anarchist.

Religion, too, is surely something better and higher than an auxiliary to the constable or the magistrate—a scourge for crime, which is to fall the heaviest on those whose lot in life has sunk them in the lowest mental degradation—something nobler than a future recompense held out to pacify the injured and the suffering in an ill-ordered community. Religion, you perhaps say, is the cultivation of the human being, the develop-

ment of his intellect and affections, under the felt presence of the Being who is perfect reason and perfect love. Were man true to his fellow-man, he would then discover how grand and how happy a sentiment religion might be! Very good. But seek now to elevate the popular conception of God—seek to mitigate those terrors which, in distrust of each other, men fling abroad in the name of the Deity—strive now, instead of the justice which punishes the detested criminal, to enthrone in heaven that equity which also takes cognizance how he became a criminal—do you not see that all society is, and must be, in arms against you? In plain, blunt words, you have wiped out from men's minds that vision of hell, that great and salutary terror, which, more than all other causes put together, is supposed to secure the peace and order of the world.

I could never face society with the same faith that I have carried into the presence of my God.

In the portico of St. Peter's at Rome there is a statue of Truth, a beautiful figure, leaning upon her sword. That truth brings the sword with her will be admitted by all. When will she be really seen on earth leaning on it, her work done?

"Courage! Courage!" I think I hear the ringing voice of my friend Clarence exclaim, "Build on! build always! It is thus only that we can erect and secure the great edifice of a faith. Know you not that it is the very condition of all great structures, that the sound of the hammer, and the clink of the trowel, should be always heard in some part of the building?"

Most cheerful and amiable of men, most graceful of artists, and the most sanguine of philosophers, how often have I wished that I could embrace and hold fast your entire faith in the onward progress of humanity! You live

> "In the bright light,—
> And breathe the sweet air of futurity."

By what happy chance or power is it that you have been able to extract from philosophy every noble and glorious tenet, and to know nothing of its doubts but how to combat them? Others, when absorbed in the future progress of the race of man on earth,

forget the immortal hope of the individual soul. You do not. You come with both hands full, and hang your garlands of triumph on both horns of the altar. You do not drop a leaf.

Most of us, when we have succeeded in building up some Utopia upon earth, have found, to our dismay, that we had been pulling down the very walls of heaven to build withal. We had not materials for both. Clarence is a wiser and a bolder architect. He builds at once for *immortals here*. "Here also we are immortal!" is his frequent saying; "and this we shall feel as we progress. Heaven is not a compensation for life, or an antagonism of life, but the fulness and perfection of life."

Most of us are under a bondage of fear as well as of hope, and think that the bright celestial *Above* almost implies, as its correlate, the dark infernal *Below*. "I see the archangel of the future!" would Clarence say in his moments of rapture; "with one hand he showers abroad upon all the world the light of immortality, with the other he shuts for ever the gates of Tartarus!"

Dear Clarence! how cold, ungracious, and unreasonable must I often have appeared when you were unfolding your happy prophecies! A Utopian, and yet no Communist—living for Time and for Eternity—fitting a rational society with a pure and hopeful religion—what more could one demand of any speculative philosopher? But I have been fatigued and bewildered even by the too shadowless brilliancy of your philosophy. It seemed that my own little torch burnt dim, and was going out in the mid-day splendour of your faith; I had to carry it into dark corners that I might revive the expiring flame.

I wonder if the few friends I left behind me in England—the very few in whom a friendly feeling would arise at mention of the name of "Charles Thorndale"—I wonder if they supposed that the pale, tottering, consumptive patient who bade them adieu, was driven out to this distant abode by the vain hope of recovering health or prolonging life? Or did they imagine that they concealed their own forebodings because they only *looked them*, and muttered some kind falsehood with their lips? I have

no hope. I talked of the climate, I thought only of the beauty of Italy. I have no hope, nor wish to have; this certainty is much better. I know well how near death is to me. He stands very close. It is his cold breath I now feel upon my brow; his cold hand has been laid in mine. We are fellow-lodgers in this sweet villa here. I owe to him half the beauty of this scene, and altogether owe to him the constant serenity with which I gaze upon it.

I cannot describe that mysterious and tremulous calm with which I look out upon this expanse of sun-lit waters—tremulous they also with light as I with feeling. Here as I sit at the open window, with this beautiful bay outstretched before me, the mind is stirred as with the music of unutterable thoughts. Happy memories, and every sweet emotion I have known, come back and crowd around me. "Once more! once more! Look too on me! and on me!" each thought seems to utter as it passes.

Strange! how the beauty and mystery of all nature is heightened by the near prospect of that coming darkness which will sweep it all away!—that night which will have no star in it! These heavens, with all their glories, will soon be blotted out for me. The eye, and that which is behind the eye, will soon close, soon rest, and there will be no more beauty, no more mystery for me.

These faculties of Sight and Thought, what godlike gifts they are! I feel as one to whom the wonders of creation were revealed for the first time, and for a single day. What an air of freshness, of novelty, and surprise does each old and familiar object assume to me when I think of parting with it for ever! I gaze insatiate; I muse and marvel unremittingly. I gaze as Milton's Adam did when he awoke—child and man at once,—awoke to maturest life, and looked out astonished, a *new-born man*, upon a new created world. Like him, too, I tremble as the sun goes down, lest the whole vision, dream and dreamer both, may vanish for ever. Every sunset I behold is my first, and my last.

"Ah, who would lose this intellectual being,
These thoughts that wander through eternity!"

Who indeed? How precious has this intellectual being become

to me! And yet—and yet—I hate to write the ungracious truth—the very limitation of the term of its enjoyment, has something to do with the exquisite pleasure derived from the gift. I have not always thought it precious. We demand an immortality, and we run to waste unless our very days are numbered. Immortality, to human beings, would be insupportable. And we should do nothing with it. We should squander the unlimited treasure of our time. For every task there would be an eternal to-morrow. Oh, think what eternity would be to one whose nature it is to fill all futurity with the sadness and terror of the present moment. How could he look eternity in the face, who recoils, like a scared child, at a few blank years before him?

In a very short existence what slow immeasurable periods—in a very little life, what length of days have I lived through! In a space that now seems nothing, I have felt as if I were dragging weary steps over some endless desert. How terrible seemed the purposeless and interminable futurity! Yet I had health *then*, and vigour of body and of mind. Now, here I lie in illness and in solitude, and lo! this mere seeing and thinking is as the life of a god.

I know that death is in the room with me, three paces off—just somewhere out of sight. Have I not cause to look and listen eagerly?

Well, there is no more of ennûi *now*. Time is too short, and this world too wonderful. Every thing I behold is new and strange. If a dog looks up at me in the face, I startle at *his* intelligence. "I am in a foreign land," you say. True, all the world has become foreign land to me. I am perpetually on a voyage of discovery.

When on my journey here, the steamboat kept us, some time after the appointed hour, broiling in the port of Marseilles, and I sate crouching in the one strip of shadow which the black funnel threw upon the deck. I felt no weariness or impatience. I could not tire of watching the movement of the rude, noisy, and not very cleanly race of mortals who ply their various occupations in that busy harbour. These, too, were men—specimens of our rational breed—developed, let us say, up to this point, or

in this direction. My fellow-men they were undoubtedly, and perhaps better men than I, inasmuch as they had lived more useful lives; but this I know, that creatures more strange, not Jupiter or Saturn, or any planet in the system, could produce to me.

My fellow-men undoubtedly; we have the same wants, the same senses. But fishes and birds, that are both vertebrated animals, do not lead more different lives, or have in some respects more different desires.

Amongst the crowd was one group whose dress distinguished them as galley-slaves. These are the rebels against society, who would rob and murder, if in some way you did not chain them up. The diversity of development extends to this!

And then I recurred to the old speculation upon social progress. All moral progress finally resolves itself into a public opinion wise and unanimous,—which unanimity implies a certain degree of similarity in tastes, desires, passions, and a certain general level of intelligence; and lo! this inveterate diversity of development! inseparable from our very industry, our productive acts, and social organization. Imagine that you, Clarence, and that sailor in the red cap, were to consult together on the ends and objects of human society!

I remember that, as I pursued these reflections under the shadow of the funnel, some of my fellow-passengers, impatient and indignant at the delay, became loud in their complaints. For their part, said some, they were bound to time, and would not be trifled with. They had to be at such a place, or to return to England by such a day. I, as I listened, felt that I had "done with time." There was no business or occupation for me, and least of all had I any return-journey to make. I had bade farewell to England—for ever—for ever!

"See Naples and die!" is the cuckoo-note of the tourist. How often did it afterwards fall upon my ear, bandied about in jest by light-hearted travellers! What to them was jest, was to me a sober reality. To see Naples and its beautiful bay, and then to die, was precisely the business I had.

Why should I wish to live? Have I not seen, and felt, and thought, as I could never again see, or feel, or think? Why desire old age, which is but the same world, with dimness and a film drawn over the vision of the man? Better lapse at once from youth into oblivion.

What there is of brief and fitful enchantment in this life of man, I too have partly known. I have heard music; I have seen mountains; I have looked on the sea, and clouds, and flowing rivers, and the beauty of woman. I have loved; vainly or foolishly, I still have loved. I have known, too, that other enchantment, second only to it,—that early dawn of meditative thought, when the stars of heaven are still seen in the faint fresh light of the morning; afterwards there is more light upon the earth, but there is no star; and we wait till the dark comes down upon us, before we see the heavens again.

I have given my heart to the poets; I have listened eagerly to whatever great truth Science has revealed; I have trod the paths of philosophy, till I found them interlacing each other, and leading back to my own footmarks in the sand. I have had earnest thoughts and generous emotions. If I were to live for centuries, centuries would only bring me these in their decay and degeneracy. What but the withered leaf of summer *has* the winter to bestow?

But this pause, this respite, this precious residue of life, let me welcome as it deserves. Silence and solitude, I can face you now! I bring to you a calm as imperturbable as your own. That suffering, by whatever name we call it, which springs from quickened susceptibilities and a blank of action, has at last left me. No long vista, dark with extinguished hopes, now lies before me, to be trodden to the end. Those coming years, so pale and joyless,—*those spectres of the future*,—will haunt me no more. At every pause of life they stood before me. I could not see the little plot of sunshine at my feet for gazing upwards at those fearful shadows. There was no rest at the halting-place; in the stillness there was no peace. Now all this is changed. Time has once for all set down his hour-glass before me; there it stands;

a few sands, precious as gold, are all that remain. How swift they run! and there is no hand can turn the glass!

Here will I live alone. No one will seek me here; and if ride out, drawn slowly through the air, no one will recognize m I am as secure as if I wore the "invisible coat." I have alt gether escaped the irksome toil of finding silly answers for trit unmeaning questions; I am safe from the dreary gossip of tediou and formal visitors. And the physician's punctual visit, I am ri of that too. Whatever medical science can do has been done The same instructions, and the same prescriptions, were inces santly repeated. The good Bernard knows them all. He is my valet, cook, apothecary; he, with his broths and his decoctions, will do all that the most learned *medicus* could here accomplish.

The good Bernard, I think, likes this life. I think, too, he serves me from affection. He takes a pleasure in humouring my tastes,—has partly adopted the same tastes himself,—likes this retirement, and moves noiselessly about. He will do every thing himself rather than admit a stranger. Quiet, and yet incessantly occupied, I think the time passes as rapidly with him as with me.

CHAPTER II.

TRUISMS.

I AM approaching—I have reached—that epoch of our lives when the great question—Mortal or Immortal?—is supposed to have a quite peculiar and overwhelming interest. For myself, I have rarely passed a day without some reflection on this and other kindred topics, and therefore it is impossible that my interest in them should be greatly augmented. Neither is that interest, any more than heretofore, of a very *personal* nature. With me such questions have generally run in the name of all humanity. Right or wrong, or from whatever cause it may be owing, it has been the greatness of the inquiry that has always fascinated me, not my own individual hopes and fears. I have more often asked how far this creature man, this *homo*, this human species, is entitled to believe itself immortal, or how far human life as a whole would be impoverished by the loss of this faith, than I have indulged in any anticipations of my own prolonged existence. "God will not take away our immortality," says Clarence, "because we have but little enjoyed the hope of it. Rest your head, childlike, on the one visible arm of the Paternal Deity, though you cannot see distinctly where the other and outstretched arm is pointing."

I do not find that my heart beats quicker now than at former times at this great question. Nor, alas! do I find, as some have deemed, that there are any truths which become more vivid and distinct as we descend that dark avenue which conducts us to the tomb.

Yes! yes! there *are* truths which become more vivid and distinct as we enter this dark avenue which conducts us to the tomb; but it is on *looking back* that we discover them. They are the truths we have passed by, and lived amongst—truths of that common daylight we are quitting—so familiar, we called them truisms—truths which the child lisps, and the youth kindles at, and only the too busy man forgets.

That there is sympathy and love in the heart of man, and that thus his very self, his very personal desires, at once embrace the good of others as well as his own—what a truth is this! That man looks before and after, and discriminates, and compares the good and evil he has endured, and can thus choose his way, and can choose for others also; and that the bond of human fellowship, rule and custom, and the voice of all heard by each, adds to *the reasonable choice of the Good*, the stable *sentiment of Duty*, or rather the two blend together in one indissoluble union—what a truth is this! That the broken and partial picture of the world which the senses reflect, grows gradually, in the human reason, into order and unity, and amplifies into what we call science, till, in the consciousness of man, what at first was the "fair imperfection" of the senses, shapes itself into *the divine idea*, the manifested thought of God—is not this, too, a great truth? And all along there is beauty, visibly brightening over the whole creation, compelling the heart of man to love, where as yet he cannot comprehend, the Creator. To embrace the good of others—of a whole society; to apprehend the world in its divine unity,—to feel how beautiful it is!—the Good, the True, the Beautiful, as some catalogue them—here are three gifts, than which could God give greater to his creature?

"It is happier to love than to hate." "Temperance is the line which divides pain from pleasure." There is a whole system of morals in these truisms.

Yes, there are recognized truths enough to build up a glorious world withal, would men but build. If that which none denies as moral truth had but its legitimate sequence in human action, what a revolution should we see! What a regeneration for

mankind in the simple words Justice and Temperance! What is this we call industry, activity, energy, but very life itself—the power put forth that is within us? If men were active to good ends (which is a joy both of deed and thought); if they were temperate (which is pleasure without the rebound of pain); if they were just and equitable (which is the condition of assured enjoyment for each and all)—what prosperous and contented multitudes would people the earth! It wants so little to make of earth a heaven. It is so reasonable a thing that the whole of mankind should be happy.

Alas! it is precisely the most reasonable thing that, in human affairs, it is the most preposterous to expect. So at least the cynic wisdom of the world has decided; and the world, by this time, should know something of itself.

Of your three glorious gifts how scant a portion falls to the lot of most of us! The fair inheritance is intercepted, never comes to hand—no inkling got of it by many. And the happier few—how can they enjoy their souls in peace, within hearing of the wail of sorrow, or the shouts of maniacs? In self-defence they too must become a little mad.

It is easy to despond. And if the progress you wish to believe in must be rapid, I have nothing but despondency to offer you. But suppose you were to put the question thus—Will the slowly advancing intelligence of men modify their passions, and give birth to desires in stricter accordance with the good of each and all, or will certain passions and appetites for ever hold the intellect in thraldom, reducing it to be still *their* instrument? The answer surely would be on the side of hope. No fact, it must be admitted, is more certain than that our passions do lord it over the reason, making increased knowledge and ability subservient to them. But there is another fact, less ostensible, but equally certain, that increase of knowledge brings with it *new desires*, or tames the old; and men's very passions, their tastes, wishes, desires, grow to be more reasonable—grow to be such as, by their very gratification, promote the good of the whole, and the more permanent and complete good of the man himself.

It is this slow modification of desires themselves that we must depend on, rather than any more stringent coercion (whether legislative or educational) of existing desires.

We are ultimately in the power of our ideas. These modify our passions. In this or that individual man, the victory between Passion and Reason may be doubtful. In Humanity, as it lives from age to age, the final victory is not so doubtful. Slowly and surely the Intelligence modifies the passion to itself. Compare the passion of revenge in civilized countries with the same passion amongst savages.

I have no sympathy with those philosophers who delight to represent our morality as the product of some especial faculty, moral sense, intuition—something which must not be analyzed, or shown to resolve itself into the reason and passions of social man. It is with me a *truism* of the highest order and most hopeful character that there is no appeal beyond the reason, the knowledge of the man. *And this grows!*

"Immutable morality." Certainly, most venerable Cudworth, it is immutable as the sources of happiness and misery—immutable as the faculties of man—immutable as society itself, in which always *some* morality must arise. But inasmuch as man is a progressive creature, and acquires knowledge, and with knowledge power, and with new power new desires, his morality is happily not immutable.

I like to notice how admirably the requisite stability of a moral rule is combined with the capability of movement and progress. The law-making race of man draws a line, and all on this side is right, and on that side is wrong. This line seems to each generation to have been drawn once and for ever, and to be immovable. Nevertheless, it *does* move—slowly, like the shadow on the dial, and moves as the light of knowledge rises higher in the skies.

Curious to observe how some speculative men insist upon the

will, as if all lay there. Their great topic is the freedom of man's will, as if this meant something else than the privilege of being guided by his intellectual apperception. A tiger has *will* enough, if this were anything to the purpose where will is divorced from intelligence. Most villains are remarkable for their strength of will. Will is synonymous with Power, and ultimately presents itself as a mere physical power to act. All depends on the Thought which makes this power its own.

Determine what you may about this Will, know that the *freedom of the man* lies in his reason. He can reflect upon his own future conduct, and summon up its consequences; he can take wide views of human life, and lay down rules for constant guidance; and thus he is relieved from the tyranny of sense and passion, and enabled at any time to live according to the whole light of the knowledge that is within him, instead of being driven slave-bound by every present impulse. Here lies the freedom of the man. So much light, so much liberty.

I cannot liberate you from all motive—even a state of idiocy does not proffer a complete liberty of this kind; but the higher motive to which you have pledged yourself, will make you free of a baser one. This is the only intelligible freedom. This is the freedom that can increase—can grow. "I can move my arm this way or that,") I hear some controversialist exclaim, "with or without a motive, just as I *will!*" You, move your arm I presume, because you *like* to move, or wish to show you *can* move it; so slight a purpose can set you in action. But what, if you really have attained to the inconceivable dignity of acting voluntarily without any purpose whatever, and so proved yourself to be a sort of puppet without wires—what an insane business it is! Only where you *have* a purpose, are you acting rationally—only then do you come into the domains of reason and morality.

Thus we come back again to our truism: the final appeal is to an idea—to our knowledge, our intelligence.

We may look upon the progress of man as ultimately resolving itself into a gradual revelation of truth to the human intellect. His advance in knowledge manifests itself—1. In his increased

power (the powers of nature are put into his hands); 2. In the great contemplation of Science—the world is seen, admired, loved as the Divine Idea; and, 3. In that idea of Humanity, or of Human Life *as a whole*, which each one should carry in his own mind, and which should be the fountain-source of his morality. If you ask whence this increment of truth which initiates all these progressive movements, I can only trace this mental light like the common sunlight at our feet, to its source in heaven. Very fitly has all knowledge been called God's revelation.

Ponder it well: are not our three great gifts, the True, the Good, and the Beautiful, constantly being disseminated by this one process—the expansion of the human intellect? And still it grows—it grows! Is there not hope that a time may come when all will get their great inheritance,—their share in these three great gifts?

CHAPTER III.

FRAGMENTS ON THE SENTIMENT OF BEAUTY.

HERE surely one feels one's self in the presence of a Divine Beneficence. What a heaven of beauty do I live in!

I sometimes say to myself, when looking out upon this scene, "Let man grow good and wise as the angels—let him reach his ideal of perfection—he will not at least need a new earth or other skies to live in."

In truth, the earth grows more beautiful, as we grow better and wiser. The sentiment of beauty is no one feeling of the eye, or of the mind. It is a gathering of many sensations, many feelings, many thoughts,—perhaps taking its point of departure from the exquisite pleasure of colour, blended with variety and symmetry of form; for forms, like sounds, appear to have a species of harmony, appealing at once to the sense, whether we regard the several parts of a single form, or the approximation of several distinct forms.

I am never more convinced of the progress of mankind than when I think of the sentiment developed in us by our intercourse with nature, and mark how it augments and refines with our moral culture, and also (though this is not so generally admitted) with our scientific knowledge. We learn from age to age *to see* the beauty of the world; or, what comes to the same thing, this *beautiful creation of the sentiment of beauty* is developing itself in us.

Only reflect what regions lovely as Paradise there are over all Asia and Europe, and in every quarter of the globe, waiting to receive their fitting inhabitants—their counterparts in the

conscious creature. The men who are now living there do not *see* the Eden that surrounds them. They lack the moral and intellectual vision. It is not too bold a thing to say that, the mind of man once cultivated, he will see around him the Paradise he laments that he has lost. For one "Paradise Lost," he will sing of a thousand that he has gained.

The savage whose eye detects the minutest speck upon the horizon, is blind as a mole to the Elysium that surrounds him. Ay, and the poet finds a paradise wherever there is a single leaf to tremble against the sky.

Mark, too, how the sense of beauty reacts upon the nature of the man, disposing to deeds of gentleness and peace. We tread more softly as the scene grows more beautiful.

That many reflective men should be solicitous to abstract a cherished sentiment like this of Beauty from all baser admixtures of our sensational nature, and should proclaim it to be a pure intuition of the soul, seems natural and pretty—a sort of poetizing philosophy, but not very wise. All nature is one,—one Divine Idea. Let what you call the baser be raised in our estimation when we find it a part, or a condition, of the higher.

Analysis destroys nothing that nature grows; it only gives us some little insight into the laws of growth. Did the cell-theory reduce all vegetation into isolated cells? Did it anything else than add new wonder to the flower and the tree? Mental analysis, in like manner, merely teaches us the *order of creation*. And whatever is added to the human consciousness is just as *new*, and just as fresh from the hand of God, whether we can, or cannot, trace the prior conditions of its existence.

Whether it is the metaphysician with his *catalogue of Faculties*, or the phrenologist with his *array of Organs*, I have learnt to distrust these our popular distinctions—that is, as scientific distinctions. In popular language, we must always speak of the stem, and the leaf, and the fruit as distinct things, and yet the

same few principles of growth may apply to all. I can only conceive of the mind, or human consciousness, as *one great and amazing growth* of all but infinite variety, and yet essentially one. Sensations become memories, and memories combine (according to a few simple laws) to form endless varieties of consciousness. God alone can know into what grander or more perfect forms the consciousness of man shall thus develop itself.

From the first sensation an infant feels in its own body (for I am bold enough to believe, in spite of the current teaching of our metaphysicians, that the first sensations are felt *there*, localized at once in its body, and are at once, therefore, both cognition and also pleasures and pains)—from those first sensations felt as it lies in the mother's bosom, which are at once its knowledge and its slow and languid joy, to the magnificent and *ordered perturbation* of some great orator's mind, when thought and feeling are blended in a thousand ways, the whole is one continuous growth.

But, for my part, I would rather now look out on nature—look, feel, and resign myself to the delight it kindles—than attempt to trace the steps by which this great happiness develops itself in the mind of man. God has built for beauty as well as for use or stability. Why should we scruple to call Him the Great Artist as well as the Great Architect? Look! the busy day is ended, and man rests from his work, and that sun that had lit him at his toil—oh, what make you of this splendour in which it sets? Does it not now light up the heaven for his wonder and his adoration?

Shall I not call him Artist,—grandest and most beneficent of artists,—Him who placed the moon out yonder,—there, in the distant space,—and then drew the passing cloud before and under it? He made her orb thus ample, and placed it far off in space, and drew the nearer cloud slowly between us and it. How magnificent it is!

Very exquisite is this harmony between the distant and the

near. I look through the branches of this graceful tree, and see a star amongst them.

In the daytime a bird was sitting there, more restless than the leaves. And now the light leaves move to and fro; and the eternal stars, from their immeasurable distances, shine in amongst them. The near and the remote are brought together in the common bond of beauty.

The two grandest things on earth are the barren mountain and the barren sea. Barren! what a harvest does the eye reap from them!

Strange! that yonder huge mound of rock and earth should gather out the sky hues softer than those of the violet! At set of sun it flushes into perfect rose. While I am now looking, the light of noon has interpenetrated and etherealized the massive mountains, and they are so filled with light as to be almost invisible. They are more ethereally bright than the brightest clouds above them. And they too,—how beautiful are clouds! What a noble range of cloud-built Alps are now towering in the sky! Those mountains of another element, how they love to poise themselves over their stationary brethren of the earth!

"When the lofty and barren mountain," says a legend I have somewhere read, "was first upheaved into the sky, and from its elevation looked down on the plains below, and saw the valley and the less elevated hills covered with verdant and fruitful trees, it sent up to Brahma something like a murmur of complaint,—'Why thus barren? why these scarred and naked sides exposed to the eye of man?' And Brahma answered, 'The very light shall clothe thee, and the shadow of the passing cloud shall be as a royal mantle. More verdure would be less light. Thou shalt share in the azure of heaven, and the youngest and whitest cloud of a summer's sky shall nestle in thy bosom. Thou belongest half to us.'

"So was the mountain dowered. And so too," adds the legend, "have the loftiest minds of men been in all ages dowered. To

lower elevations have been given the pleasant verdure, the vine, and the olive. Light, light alone,—and the deep shadow of the passing cloud,—these are the gifts of the prophets of the race."

How every tender as well as every grand sentiment comes reflected back to us from the beautiful objects of nature! Therein lies their very power to enchant us. Nature is full of our own human heart. That rose,—has not gentle woman leant over it, and left the reflection of her own blush upon the leaves of the flower? To the lover, I think, the rose is always half virgin, and but half rose. To the old man there is childhood in every bud. No hand so rude but that it gathers with the flower more and other beauty than what the dews of heaven had nourished in it.

Above all, note this,—how sympathy with the living thing and its enjoyment, adds to the beauty of all animated nature. It is thus that life becomes so great an element in the beautiful. When we commend some animal for the grace, the vivacity, the joyousness of its movements, we are pouring forth our own love and sympathy with all this grace and joy.

I was once ushered, in companionship with my fair cousin Winifred, through a quite unparalleled collection, as we were assured, of stuffed birds. There they stood in all their brilliant plumage, their form and colour scrupulously preserved. Winifred was solicitous to be pleased, and made efforts to admire. It would not do. For all their gay plumage they were but a sort of mummies—dead things; she could feel no interest in them. To complete her distraction, she spied, through the open window, a little sparrow hopping on the gravel walk of the garden, pecking about for crumbs. Call it beauty or what you will, it woke that sympathy and loving admiration which all the dead plumage of India had failed to stir. "Do you see that sparrow?" she whispered into my ear,—an ear that caught every whisper of hers, and treasured, without effort, every word,—"he is now flying off into the trees with something in his bill. Well,—but do

not repeat it to our host,—I must confess to you that that little black fellow is more beautiful to me than all these gorgeous creatures glued to their perch."

I thought her right. Perhaps at that time I thought every thing she said was right. How beautiful *she* was. How it all culminates *there!*

Beauty throws a protection over every thing that has life. A poor protection, you will say, against the hungry sportsman, who never spared the deer for all his gracefulness. True; but the charm, wherever it is felt, is sufficient to protect against wanton destruction.

Even as I write, some descendant of that little sparrow which caught the eye of Winifred, has taken its perch on the sill of the window. Fearless of my quiet figure, it is looking in, and about him, with a most charming mimicry of human observation. What its own thoughts may be, one would give something to understand. It is impossible to sit and watch its movements without feeling some sentiment of love towards the little, graceful, active, joyous creature. You could not hurt it. You could not, out of mere sport, to see if you could *hit*, deliberately shoot that bird. You would feel more disposed to shoot the man who did so.

Some poets, in their verses, have lamented the inroad which science will occasionally make in their favourite associations, or predilections. A weak lament. Speaking largely, the more we know of nature, the more beautiful it becomes. Who has not felt that such knowledge as he had acquired of physiology and comparative anatomy (remote enough at first from æsthetics) has ended by throwing a fresh grace over every limb, a fresh charm over every movement in the animal creation? As to the vegetable world—as to our *trees*—I have not skill enough in language to describe the mystery and enchantment which modern sciences —whether of light, of chemistry, or of vital growth—have filled them with for me. Their leaves, as they rustle, seem to murmur of the half-told secrets of all creation.

And take this with you: as science advances, each object, without losing its individuality, speaks more and more *of the whole;* and this—that each living thing gets *some* beauty from the harmony disclosed in its own structure.

I ask the mountain, Why art thou suddenly so dark? And the mountain answers, Ask the passing cloud that shadows me. Why, oh most beautiful ocean, art thou so changeful? And the sea answers, Ask the sky above, that showers down, now radiance, now this gloom. Why, oh thou eternal sky, dost thou wrap thyself in clouds? And the sky answers, Ask the valleys of the earth; they breathe this sadness up to me; it is not mine.

Nothing stands circumscribed within itself. There is no self that is not half another's. Or say that every individuality is but the power of the whole manifesting itself thus and thus.

Amidst all this beauty I catch sight, at an angle of the shore, of a solitary monk. He surely thinks himself alone. He is separated from the world. He has cast it all aside; even, perhaps, the unoffending beauty of this scene. He surely is alone. Not so. That corrupt and boisterous city on which he turns his back—which, even in resolving to forget, he must incessantly remember—lo! its vanity and lies have made this hermit of him. *This sadness is not his.* Nay, even the dead in their graves, and bygone ages, and past centuries, of which he knows nothing, have helped to make him the strange creature that he wanders there. The wicked world has given him half his piety, the cloister the other half.

You take a single soul, and tax it with its single guilt. It is right and fit to do so. And yet in every single soul it is the whole world you judge.

Yes! it is right, and fit, and reasonable that the man, whilst living with his kind, should be treated as the sole originator of all he does of good or of evil. Cover him with honour! Stamp him with infamy! Thus only can man make an ordered world of it. And are not this reciprocated honour and dispraise, given

and received by all, great part of human life itself? But in thy hands, oh Rhadamanthus, judge of the dead! what is this solitary soul? It is but as a drop from the great ocean of life—clear, or foul, as winds from either pole have made it. Ay, and the very under-soil on which it lay, on which it was tossed to and fro, had been broken up by forgotten earthquakes and extinct volcanoes. A whole eternity had been at work where that drop of discoloured water came from.

But what is this? I am leaving the passive beauty of nature for the perplexing problems of *life*—of our acting and suffering humanity. Ah! let me seal up that fountain of unquiet thoughts, and gaze on the placidity of these waters and these heavens.

CHAPTER IV.

THE TWO FUTURITIES.

I HAVE been sitting here, I know not how long, watching this beautiful sea-bird. I saw it sail up from the far horizon, steadily up towards the zenith, and there pause—the slight centre, for a time, of one whole hemisphere. In this clear sky and universal calm, I could watch, I could almost feel, each soft stroke of its wing—soft, measured, strong. Oh, what a pulse of health and joy seemed beating through the wide air! With what conscious power it soared, and then poised itself motionless on its secure and outstretched wings! There it still hangs—calm and alone, one little speck of life, one sentient breathing thing, suspended in this dome of heaven, and over this illimitable sea. There it hangs, alone, fearless, calm, in all this world of light, and beauty, and omnipotence.

Vain, beautiful bird! were the wish of mortal man to live in such peace as thine. It is not the buoyant wing he wants; not even, or altogether, the buoyant heart. It is thy single-thoughted spirit that floats thee fearless and peaceful over these illuminated solitudes. Man hopes too much, and knows too little. In all this blaze of light he looks beyond the sun.

The bird has its mate to love, and has its prey to seize; and it camps in freedom, on its broad pinions, in the boundless air. Few relations has it with the great universe, and these easily harmonized. Man pays dearly for the complicated nature of his being. What a world of passions and of thoughts to be harmonized within himself! What numerous relations to the visible world!—And—destiny, how strange!—what mysterious relations

to the invisible, to the remote, to the unknown! Hardly can he get together some little science, some faint intelligence of the very world he lives in, and lo! he has to deal with unseen worlds—with conceptions which have no objective reality in the world of sense—conceptions which spring up in the mind of man by its own exuberant fertility. Is he to check them as imaginations unauthorized by any real counterpart in creation? Or is he to regard them as the very highest knowledge, which, by its own laws, the mind thus generates for itself?

Ay, and in these latter times a new trouble afflicts him. His future world in the skies was at least created there without his aid—did not need his help or co-operation for its structure; but now he has a future society on earth, a terrestrial Utopia, to the completion, or the bringing in, of which each successive generation is bound to contribute. This new hope is a new responsibility, often a new turmoil, for the poor imperfect societies that already exist.

These two ideal futurities—of the Individual Soul, and of Congregated Humanity (I use the term ideal as opposed to the experienced, by no means as opposed to the true)—these Two Ideal Futurities have pretty well occupied my own poor allotment of present existence. I have lived, for the most part, not, alas! in the glorious imagination of them, but in the vain effort to construct or comprehend them. What fluctuations of feeling and judgment have I not endured! Now one of these ideals, now the other, was adopted; rarely could I retain them both, never contentedly relinquish either.

I have lived an idle life. I have been too exclusively devoted to mere speculation to succeed even in that. I do not say with Goethe, "An action is the end of life." A thought is quite as much so. The *true thought* is that in which life culminates. But I can deprecate as sincerely as any one the divorce between thought and action.

Action tests our opinions—harmonizes them—makes the needful compromise. Moreover, it is when opinion has become a purpose, a motive of action, that it assumes the name and stability of a faith.

We can hardly be said to have a belief in immortality till we have begun to live for it—to prepare for it—personally to anticipate and to act for it. And as to mere *theories* of Progress, I have known the work of years vanish in an hour. One unlucky fact may throw a whole system to the winds. I have more confidence in the faith of the philanthropist who has built a public wash-house, or given to it but a solitary wash-tub, than in the convictions of one who has lived all his days (as I have lived) a mere and painful student of humanity.

Yes! we should all have our work to do—work of some kind. I do not look upon him as an object of compassion who finds it in hard manual labour, so long as the frame is not overtasked, and springs, after rest, with renewed vigour to its toil. Hard labour is a source of more pleasure in a great city, in a single day, than all which goes by the especial name of pleasure, throughout the year. We must all have our task. We are wretched without it. Him we call "man of pleasure" makes a sort of business of his pleasure; has a routine and method in his dissipations; dines out, and visits much against the grain, that he may continue to dine out and visit with the same unwillingness. Even the poet, the most luxurious of mortals, who feeds on thought deliciously, must make of his murmuring honey-work a task and occupation. He runs out into some charming solitude to gaze about him, and utter melodious verse; but if he cannot convert those loose papers in his desk into something he can call his *work*, his beautiful solitude will soon lose its charms. Mountain, or lake, or valley, it will be all flat and arid as the desert.

Stand aside from the crowd, and look on—have no other business than to look on—how mad and preposterous, how purposeless and inexplicable, will the whole scene of human life appear!

> "How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
> All the uses of this world!"

Step down into the crowd; choose a path, or let accident choose for you; be one of the jostling multitude; have wishes and a pursuit; and how full of meaning and purpose has it all become! This labyrinth of life is ever a straight path to him who keeps walking.

And as with the purposes of life, so is it with our speculative creeds. Stand apart and look on—take up your station at the porch of the church, and only question why others enter there. Oh, you may stand and question to the day of doom! Step within—creep but to the first altar—bend a knee—to any saint you please in the calendar—utter but one prayer, one petitionary word—henceforth you are enrolled amongst the faithful. If Heaven has not yet answered—it *heard* that prayer—can you withdraw it? Why or wherefore you entered, is no more the question; it is plain enough you cannot leave.

I call to mind a beautiful and familiar experiment of the lecture-room. In the darkened room a flash of electric light is thrown upon a rapidly-revolving wheel. For one instant every spoke in the wheel is seen most distinct, most luminous, and quite stationary. Let any one throw for an instant—and it will probably be only for an instant—the pure light of reason upon his own giddily revolving life, and every thought and feeling will be seen most distinct, and motionless. Beneath that ray life pauses.

Refine! refine! Live only in the higher meditative regions of the soul! It sounds like good advice. But with the last dross goes the last strength. Your passionless thought leaves you without a thing to cling to—or to *be;* you are all—you are nothing. Mere thinking throws you abroad upon the winds—flings you to the stars, if you will—but you are as homeless and purposeless there as you were upon the earth.

How full of human *life* is this belief in immortality! Merely

to proclaim an eternal existence to a spiritual entity, which in this world, and in this body, works out such consciousness as we have here, goes very little way to an effective faith in immortality. There must be some mode of future existence—some specific happiness to be looked for—or the creed becomes a mere philosophical abstraction. That friend we have lost, and hope to see again—that peace we have sighed for—that harbour of repose which has moved before us as we seemed approaching it—expectations such as these, gathered out of life, give animation to our creed of immortality.

As a speculative reasoner, I should say that this Great Hope develops itself out of the knowledge and contemplation of God. The desire for a divine and eternal life brings and justifies it. The auxiliary arguments drawn from *other* unsatisfied desires, or from the *utility* of the faith as an instrument for the good government of society, I should be afraid to rely on—that is, in the courts of logic. I know the efficacy they have in the world at large.

In a book which I have just laid down, and where the author was arguing this very subject, I met with the following passage: "How cruel would it be if friendships formed on earth, should be extinguished on the borders of the grave!"

This is the natural language, I presume, of ardent feeling. Yet, in reality, how few of our friendships last so long as to be carried to the borders of the grave! How often do they suffer a speedier and far more cruel extinction! Are there many of us to whom, on disembarking on that other shore, a hand could be extended on which we would swear an eternal friendship?

Some of our friendships—and not the very worst—are kept alive because we know they will *not* be eternal. We make no effort to disturb what some chance, we think, will soon determine.

And why "cruel?" for in the case supposed there can be no being to feel the cruelty?

On no subject, perhaps, has so much weak reasoning been permitted to pass current as on this of the immortality of the soul; partly because men had already a faith secured to them on quite other authority, on quite other grounds, than those reasonings which served very pleasingly and eloquently to fill up the page. In old wood-cuts one sometimes sees a vessel in full sail upon the ocean, and perched aloft upon the clouds are a number of infant cherubs, with puffed-out cheeks, blowing at the sails. The swelling canvas is evidently filled by a stronger wind than these infant cherubs, sitting in the clouds, could supply. They do not fill the sail, but they were thought to fill up the picture prettily enough.

Most of these arguments resolve themselves into passionate wishes to prolong some experienced delight, or to gratify some thwarted desire. A fragment of this present life is torn from all its necessary conditions, and perpetuated in the future world. Sometimes the action of the drama, broken off on earth, is to be carried on elsewhere; the revenge is to be completed, the calamity to be redressed. Sometimes the happiest scene of all the drama, alas! so transitory here, is represented as stationary and eternal there. Loving souls love on for ever. They see themselves like a group of beautiful sculpture, placed, safe and changeless, in Elysian bowers. Beautiful sculpture it must be; for *life*, as we know it—the very life they would transfer into eternity—is perpetual change—is growth and decay, extinction and reproduction; and our *present human consciousness* is built on, or interlaced with, the incessant movements of a vital form, that grows, blossoms, and dies like any other flower of the earth.

As poetry, I can admire what I cannot admit within the domain of philosophy. It is very beautiful to see the image of Regret become, by its very vividness, a Hope.

I lose my friend, but death, that could kill my friend, could not kill my memory of him. His form survives for me. I cannot but think it as existing. It asserts and constructs for itself a locality: not being here, it must be elsewhere. It was not another world to which the first spectre flitted, but the first

indestructible spectre of the memory made a new world for itself.

And it is not love only that creates and peoples this other realm. I have been wronged, and I am unavenged; my enemy has escaped me; he has died full of honours; he sleeps in his peaceful grave. No! he shall not escape me—I drag him from his peaceful grave. Oh ye gods! what wrongs he did me! Pierce him now with your inevitable shafts! Plunge him—for you can—into eternal torments!

A fond mother loses her infant. What more tender than the hope she has to meet it again in heaven! Does she really, then, expect to find a little child in heaven?—some angel-nursling that she may eternally take to her bosom, fondle, feed, and caress? Oh, do not ask her! I would not have her ask herself. The consolatory vision springs spontaneously from the mother's grief. It is Nature's own remedy. She gave that surpassing love, and a grief as poignant must follow. She cannot take away the grief; she half transforms it to a hope.

Two lovers, soon after their happy union, are separated by death. How vivid is the faith of the survivor that they shall meet again! Surely somewhere they shall be reunited. Is there not space enough,—are there not stars enough in the wide heavens? And all they want is a little space to love in,—some foot-hold given them in the creation. All the rest of their eternal joy they carry with them,—such joy as it would surely be amazing waste and prodigality to let fall out of the universe.

What if they had lived and loved a little longer on the earth? Perhaps the star would not have been wanted.

I find, for my own part, that the second great article of religion is bound up with the first. A faith in God, and a habit of contemplating His existence, brings with it that earnest desire for a fuller knowledge of the divine Mind, and a more intimate com-

munion with it, which irresistibly leads to the faith in Immortality.

I shall not here go into the great subject of the existence of God. It would lead me very far: because, although the argument itself—such argument as I should rely on—may be stated in three words, yet the metaphysical objections which have been raised against the argument (chiefly because in our popular works it is too *imaginatively* or *anthropomorphically* stated) could not be dealt with in a very short compass. Besides, I am in no humour to go over this dreary ground. To me all nature can only be conceived, can only be intellectually apprehended, as the manifestation of a Divine Reason. On other topics I have wavered, and may still waver. This is a truth which has grown more and more distinct to me with every addition of knowledge I have acquired.

Well, I repeat that the hope of immortality develops itself from this truth. As to the *nature* of the human soul itself, it is quite enough to say that no hypothesis we can form (not even materialism itself, to those who believe in the existence of God) can forbid our belief in the possibility of a perpetuated consciousness; and no hypothesis can assure us of any more than this.

This appears to me to be only Desire that justifies the hope of immortality. The ability to apprehend partly the divine nature, and the desire that springs up in the thoughtful mind for the divine and the eternal in truth and in life, form together a strong presumption in favour of a perpetuated existence.

I do not find that desire for *other* knowledge affords such a presumption. A philosopher who should claim to live on merely to enlarge his chemical science, might be thought just as illogical in his reasoning as the more passionate children of the earth, who are desirous of perpetuating their happiness, or of having a second *chance* for it. Why should he know more? Is he to know all? Is he to live on as long as there is any thing to be learned? And live *where*? How is he to pursue the thread of *this* inquiry in some other world?

But this especial aspiration after knowledge of God stands on

a quite different footing. Other knowledge, you may suppose, may increase from age to age; if we have it not, our posterity may; but here is a want felt imperatively by each reflective soul, and which never will be gratified on earth.

If I were therefore asked for my ground of belief in the second great doctrine of religion, I should say it was involved in the first: it follows, I think, as a corollary from a belief in God.

Nay, even the terrible anxiety which sometimes seizes us to know whether a God exists or not, brings with it a sudden and imperious conviction in some future condition of our being in which we *shall* know. It would stand alone in nature if a thinking being should be born into this great scheme of things, where all is fit and harmonious, with one burning question for ever in his heart, which was *never* to be solved. If I ever touched for a moment the borders of complete skepticism, I felt at that moment the impossibility that I could altogether die,—that I could become extinct with this unremoved ignorance upon my soul.

CHAPTER V.

THE FUTURE LIFE.

I THINK the contemplation of God brings with it this faith. The mere imperfections of our happiness here, our blundering lives and inequitable societies, our unrewarded virtues and unavenged crimes, our present need of the great threat of future punishments,—these do not, in my estimation, form safe grounds to proceed upon. They enter largely as grounds of a popular faith, but it would be unwise to build upon them; because to rest on such arguments would lead us to the conclusion, that in proportion as society advances to perfection, and men are more wise and just, in the same proportion will they have *less* presumption for the hope of immortality.

My friend Clarence insists most strenuously that such are not the real and permanent grounds of our Great Hope. It is sometimes objected to him: "If you could build up your terrestrial Utopia,—if you could make men wise and happy here, and link prosperity uniformly to industry and virtue, you would in reality take from the great multitude all that has ever constituted a vigorous faith in immortality, in the Utopia of another world. In this your happy state there would be no compensation to expect from Heaven for misery endured, no wrongs to be redressed, no neglected virtue to be rewarded, no eternal punishments to be inflicted, no fear to be felt of that kind whose *other pole* is a glorious Hope: nothing, in short, would be left in your Elysium that makes the generality of mankind so boldly claim an Elysium in the skies. Your Utopians, at the best, would only dream of immortality, or speculate upon it; they could never act or live for it."

"Then they would cease to be Utopians," my friend Clarence

would reply; "for without this great hope of immortality there would be little of any greatness, I think, left in the world. Such a line of argument," he would continue, "sets a limit to the progress of society, of the following curious description: If there should cease to be a certain amount of misery and crime on the earth, men would be contented with their transitory lives, and they would have no occasion to call down on each other the judgments of an after world; they would therefore relinquish the belief in immortality. As this belief (these very reasoners admit) is one of the main sources of human virtue and happiness, the race would no sooner have reached this point than they must descend again to that level of crime and misery in which discontent and fear of punishment can be again generated. To such a conclusion I will by no means subscribe. I do most sincerely and most energetically maintain that the hope of immortality is not necessarily born of misery or of fear. The eternal and the permanent stand contrasted with the transitory and changeful; and a spiritual life—a life of felt relationship with God—grows up ever with our knowledge and our happiness."

As to the argument from the *immateriality* to the *indestructibility* of the soul, it craves wary walking.

Our very notion of indestructibility is derived from the *material* atom, which we say the soul is *not*. We say no material substance is destroyed—the form only is changed. But here is an immaterial substance which we proclaim to be essentially different—which, moreover, (unless we believe in the doctrine of *preëxistence*,) began to exist, and therefore may cease to exist, by other laws than govern the material substance. Am I authorized to transfer the conclusions derived from the one of these to the other?

For myself, I am very little interested in these debates about the material or immaterial substance. My organic frame, or one like it, can, if it please the Creator, be reconstructed in any part of the universe. So that if you insist upon the necessity of an organic frame to my thinking, even this would not render impossible the perpetuity of my consciousness. There is no neces-

sity to suppose that we take anything *out of the world*, material or immaterial. *The creation is where God is.*

Mind, I do not dispute the existence of this immaterial essence as the seat of the consciousness, nor its indestructible nature; but when difficulties are suggested to me as to this indestructibility —when it is suggested to me, that apparently this immaterial essence requires the union of an organic frame in order to *be* this seat of consciousness—when it is suggested to me that it would be of very little use to carry out, beyond the sphere of gravity, this *half* of a thinking man,—then I reply, What need to carry forth anything beyond the sphere of gravity, or away from this earth? The power that produces can reproduce; the power that produces a consciousness here, can reproduce it elsewhere. *Where God is, creation is.*

The hardest trial to our faith is the actual aspect of the living multitudes of mankind. Looking round the world, it is very hard to find one's immortals, or celestials that are to be. Not always do men seem worthy of living even on this earth, which one might imagine to be more like heaven, than they are akin to angels. Sometimes it rather seems as if the earth were waiting for its fit inhabitants, than that its present inhabitants were entitled to spurn the world beneath them in their haste to ascend into a better.

I raise my eyes from my paper, and what a beautiful vision lies before me! The blue sky reflected on these ample waters gives me a double heaven—one above and one beneath me; and these islands of enchantment, Ischia and Capri, seem to be suspended, floating midway between them. And now the whole surface of the sea is glowing like one entire sapphire, on which a thousand rainbows have been thrown and broken.

"Surely," I exclaim, "here, if anywhere, man might have been immortal!"

Yet if I descend from my solitude, and pass through yonder neighbouring city, I shall find myself amidst a noisy, angry,

quarrelsome multitude, each one of whom would think it the grossest insult if I doubted that he was an immortal spirit, waiting to put on his angelic nature "in another and better world." Pity he cannot put on a little of it here. What does this world want but that he and his fellow-men should be somewhat better than they are?

I passed to-day, in my ride, a ragged and filthy group feeding like swine under shelter of a ruined wall. The very garbage they eat was stolen. They live, or they rot, in pollution of both kinds—of soul and of body. Are these our immortals?—these our undeveloped angels? One must confess, at least, that little has been done in this world towards the development of their celestial nature.

Suppose I could fling open the gilded doors of yonder palace; I might find a banquet there fit for the Homeric gods, and veritable nectar flowing copiously enough. Mirth too, and laughter, I might hear; but if I listened to the jests that caused the laughter, should I think myself in the presence of gods or satyrs? Is it often that in any of the patrician villas around me I should find my immortals?

Why must I accept the alternative—all or none? Why every Hun and Scythian, or else no Socrates or Plato? Why must every corrupt thing be brought again to life, or else all hope denied to the good and the great, the loving and the pious? Why must I measure my hopes by the hopes I would assign to the most weak or wicked of the race? Let the poor idiot, let the vile Tiberius, be extinct for ever—must I, too, and all these thoughts that stir in me, perish?

Alas! when I turn the mirror upon myself, what kind of an immortal do I find there?

This beautiful external nature, these still waters, these majestic hills, I have not been worthy of them. Where was the

peace of mind, where the greatness and tranquillity, where the noble, free, useful activity which all nature symbolizes? Not in me! not in me! or only for an instant. On my best hours such little thoughts, such little cares intruded. I have flowed weak as water. Any straw could turn me. A jest, a look, a laugh, has thrown trouble into my soul; a pain, a lassitude, a sick and morbid feeling, has changed the current of a whole philosophy.

We would be gazing, upward and around, at some divine spectacle—gazing with calm and dilated souls—and lo! there is ever some thorn in the sandal we must first stoop to extract.

It is night; I have been looking out upon the stars. What other creature than man knows of their whereabouts, or cares to know? I am a denizen of a wider universe than this earth comprises—than this world, as it lies in its own daylight, reveals to me.

I never could look long upon the stars, and not feel that I claimed some kindred with the infinite and the eternal. Why am I vexed incessantly with this question, "Mortal or immortal," if nothing is to come of it? Or who can think upon that other and greater problem—the nature of Him who perchance sits central amidst the stars—and not feel that a creature who can—who must—state such problems to himself, is surely destined, one day, somewhere, to have them solved for him?

Oh yes! believe it!—believe it!—there is an eternal life within us. It will burn on!—it is akin to those stars.

And, Clarence, you are right. As men grow better on the earth, they will grow more confident in their great hope of Immortality. They will support it in each other and in themselves. Have I not said that the aspect of the living world was the conspicuous cause of our despondency? Here, as elsewhere, we meet with that reciprocal action that encounters us throughout in this great organic growth of society: the faith that elevates our morality is again confirmed and animated by the higher morality it has assisted to produce.

CHAPTER VI.

THE FUTURE SOCIETY.

God—Immortality—Progress, these are my three watchwords—these are the three great faiths which I desire to keep steadily before my mind. Much still remains obscure to me, and would remain obscure were I to live to the age of Methuselah, as to the precise conception we can permit ourselves to form of God,—as to the nature of our Immortal life,—as to the degree and description of Progress which man is destined to achieve on earth. But I can say—and am happy in saying it—that these three faiths are mine.

How inextricably interlaced are all our reasonings upon these Two Futurities, the celestial and terrestrial! I do not say that it is impossible to believe in one without the other; for in some aspects they seem to be mutually destructive, while in others they lend strength and confirmation to each other. But you cannot reason for two seconds upon either of them, without finding yourself implicated in some conclusion with regard to the other.

How the future and unseen world rules over the present!—and again, how the existing society modifies your conceptions of that unseen world! How great a part of *life* is your faith in immortality! And what is immortality but your best life extended? (Always this *organic whole*, always these related terms,—so related that neither exists but by reason of the other.) In our own day, in our own country, how Christianity dominates! What has it not done for society in England! And what again has society and science in England done for this *Christianity of our own day and country?*

In vain will you say, in a quite mundane spirit, "Let us con-

struct the human and terrestrial society. This plainly is our business, whatever else may be. Doubt hangs over other worlds. Let us make a happy race on earth." These very men whom you would make happy on earth, are half of them looking out most anxiously into the skies. They will not sit down with you to make laws and government, till you have settled something about that other region. Is it all a dream? Then prove it a dream. Here is an element in your society you cannot possibly ignore. There must be some general vote or voice given in this matter. You must have a *working majority* of the "Ayes" or the "Noes," or there will be no society.

Equally in vain will you say, in a quite spiritual temper, "Let each one of us stretch forward to immortality,—let each one of us earn, by his virtue and his piety, that eternal future, compared to which the whole world is nothing." In doing this—in the very process of each man's salvation—the terrestrial society will be made (if it is worth the making), and the immortal soul have earned its exceeding great reward. That exceeding great reward, as you interpret it—that virtue and that intelligent piety which you invoke—live only in the hopes and in the minds of men whom civilization has humanized, and science and philosophy have instructed. Were the minds of men really limited to their *voyage* to the skies, they would carry up with them a most miserable cargo. Industrial arts, and many pleasures, and much thinking in this lower world, have helped to raise up this beneficent and intelligent piety. Neglect these, and religion is again a degraded thing,—gaunt and haggard, and haunting the tombs with the monks of the Thebaid, finding its fit home in the receptacle of the dead.

Shall I tell you what religion is in its broadest definition? It is life cultivated under God, and in the presence of death. Forget Death, and there would be little or no religion. Forget Life, and religion is an empty spectre,—a mere terror, best buried in the tomb, which it will then perpetually haunt.

It is a curious matter for reflection; but if the pietist should succeed, by his own teaching, in raising men to that higher moral

state which he continually has in view, he would be bringing about a change in that very teaching by which he now works, and must work. If men should be more kindly disposed to each other,—more united,—more intelligent of the public good,—if they had advanced thus far, that, in general, they gave *a voluntary obedience to laws understood for the good of each and all*,—that the law, and not the penalty attached to the law, commanded their respect, and their rational, chosen obedience,—then it is plain that the terrors of the penal code would be mitigated. Few terrestrial punishments would be needed. In that case the terrors of another penal code would be also mitigated. The hope of an eternal life would still give wings to all our best and noblest thoughts,—sustain and raise us to the highest states of moral wisdom. But a great terror would be no longer needed to prompt men to the first stages of virtue, to keep them from violence and crime, and a brutish intemperance. A modification in the popular faith which would be pernicious *now*, would be inevitable *then*.

Such is the nature of society. It is an organic whole. You cannot understand it otherwise. No part exists but as part of this whole. Your religion is framing your social habits; your social habits are framing your religion. Do you want a beginning or first cause,—some mode of escape from this eternal reciprocity, where A is only A because A B exists, and B is only B because B A exists? I can give you no other solution than this, that the world commenced in, and proceeds from, a Divine idea; the whole and the parts are simultaneous, inseparable. All being, all power as known to us, are but the manifestation of the Divine Idea.

But society is not only an organic whole, it is an organism that changes and advances from age to age. The Divine Idea develops here in time. Do you complain that nothing is fixed—that you cannot embrace it as a permanent whole? How can that be fixed and permanent to you which is still growing, still developing itself in the progression of ages? It is hitherto complete and permanent only as it exists in those ideas of God, that not only fill infinite space, but eternal time.

To quit these very wide generalities for others of a somewhat more manageable compass, I can believe in the progress of mankind—progress in the industrial arts, in science, in legislation, in morals, in religion—even though I cannot adopt the sanguine views of some of my contemporaries—views which now appear to me as amiable delusions. They have not always appeared to me such delusions. I too, I must confess, have had my dream. And though mine was ever a broken slumber, and the bare realities of life would be always peeping in through the curtains of my dream, yet it was a long time before I quite extricated myself from its spell and fascination. How glorious to believe that this humanity of ours, which creeps still too close upon the earth, is moulding and growing slowly into a new type of being, that it will put forth new powers, and will live some day habitually in the higher regions of thought and feeling! How pleasant to shut our eyes on jails, and workhouses, and the miserable habitations of the poor, and dream all happy!—all cheerful, active, good, and wise! How pleasant to believe that a time will come when crime and misery will cease with that want, with that ignorance, from which they most assuredly proceed!—when all this anxious scramble for necessary aliment will have an end!—when labour will be rationally and cheerfully embraced as the beneficent necessity of our terrestrial condition!—when health will not be sacrificed to excessive toil or mischievous indulgence!—when all men will be temperate, active, true, and affectionate—each bringing his special contributions to a general prosperity which will circulate, like light and heat, freely through the world! Alas! that there should be fatal objections to these philanthropic and prophetic visions. The individual man must have the keeping of his own felicity, and he is often a very bad custodian of the charge committed to him. Nature does not make us all alike. We stumble at the threshold. Society, you say, shall care for the weak and the foolish. But if you take from the individual man this keeping and charge of his own prosperity, what becomes of your society? All the flutter and the toil of that busy human hive, on the continuance of which you have been calculating, drops at once; there is mere sloth and torpor. Not a wing is stirring.

Again we are reminded that society is an organic whole. It is society that makes the individual; it is the individual that makes the society.

Not imaginary felicities, but such as the veritable laws of human nature permit, must constitute our ideal of the future society. There is no way of developing a great and noble society but through the free development of the individual. I need not add that the individual man *can* only develop himself socially. The society—speaking of it in its moral aspect—forms itself in each man. In each individual there must be the impulse for self-advancement or self-sustainment, and also such desire for the public good, such love and respect for other men, as to render it impossible he should aim at a self-advancement that would put him in a state of antagonism to the general good, and forfeit for him the esteem of others. Your perfect society of twenty men must consist of twenty perfect men. It is well to see this clearly, that one may know precisely in what hopes one may be indulging. Remember the twenty men need not be all musicians, or all naturalists, nor all care about music or natural philosophy, but they must all care about morality. In other matters the variety of development, of desire, and of culture, constitutes the very life and intellectual opulence of society.

All these amiable schemes for community of goods, or for some system where each labours for some general prosperity in which he is partaker, lose sight of the individual, and what is necessary for that development of each man on which the whole must depend. The true ideal is to be sought, not by instructing each man to labour for some general prosperity, in one half of the elements of which he has no interest whatever, but in teaching each man to act and labour for the ends which are to him desirable, under equitable conditions, framed for the good of the whole. It is these conditions that are to rule in every mind. Communism (bear this in mind) either expects that every man is to feel an interest in every art and science, in everything that

is valuable to Humanity; or else that the individual is energetically to devote himself to obtaining a prosperity, one half of which he does not participate in, or understand, or care for.

Communism appears to me eminently unscientific in this other respect: it would impose a task on society, acting in its legislative or administrative capacity, to which it is altogether incompetent, or which it could perform only by such machinery as would crush the development of the individual mind.

Communism presents us with this general type, varied, of course, by each of its teachers.

A number of men are to labour together for the good of the whole—for a common prosperity, which they are to share amongst them according to the labour of each. If this prosperity includes all the variety of gratifications of the many tastes and desires that grow up in a civilized society, half the reward of every individual must come in the shape of something that he neither understands nor cares for. But supposing that the common stock to which he contributes, consists of such necessaries of life as every one requires, then it may be admitted that each man would have the fullest possible reward for his own industry. A solitary man has all the produce of his own labour; but the solitary man, if such a creature can be supposed to exist, would earn very little by his isolated labour. The social man has always hitherto (the very nature of our progress entailed this on him) been compelled to share his earnings with those who have not shared in the labour. In the scheme of Communism the labour of each man would obtain its fullest possible reward, for he would have the whole earnings of a social co-operative labourer. He has the advantage of combination with his contemporaries, and the advantage of the labour and knowledge of preceding ages, and he is remitted to that *all* which the solitary man could claim. He has all a social labourer can be said to produce.

But in order to effect this equitable adjustment, (which still can only include the universally desirable,) some governmental and administrative machinery must be called in to distribute to

each man his share from the common stock, and also to appoint to each his specific task or labour. A member of such a society would be in perpetual tutelage; continually under the control of some governing power, officials or overseers of some description. If such officials were honest as the day, they would have a task imposed on them beyond their power; and who is to guarantee even their perfect honesty?

Instead of taking advantage of the spontaneous laws or spontaneous organization of human society, and moulding and improving this to the best of our ability, we should be attempting to supersede these laws by a crude and cumbersome machinery, which, just in proportion as it acted at all, would be repressing the freedom, the choice, the spontaneous energies of the man.

Even my friend Clarence, who still clings to some vision of an era of partnerships, guilds—I know not what—is most decisive in his assertion of this broad principle of freedom *for the man, and for the family.* In his guilds, men are to circulate at their option from one to the other. They are voluntary unions of men who have learned that union is strength and security. Not regimented bodies drilled and officered, but a union of men standing shoulder to shoulder for mutual support.

I, for my part, have done with framing new types of society; but I can believe that the best *ends* of those who frame them will be brought about under the system at present existing.

I do not say absolutely that new forms or types of society will *not* arise. I cannot see sufficiently into the future to make any such assertion; but I am convinced that the one now realized is greatly better than any that we, standing here in the nineteenth century, can possibly frame or imagine. If in subsequent ages a new type should arise, it will be such as we cannot now foresee, for it will have arisen out of knowledge and facts which do not at present exist.

We are scared and terrified by this odious poverty which afflicts and demoralizes so large a portion of society. And if some one assures us that new inventions in the various arts are pouring abundance of all kinds (of food, and of everything else) into society, we refuse to be comforted, because we say that population increases in a still greater ratio than this abundance. There is this prolific nature and her irresistible laws to be encountered. We sink down in despair.

But it has been shown that the law which Malthus enunciated, of the tendency of population to press with increasing severity on the means of subsistence, is only true under certain circumstances. Taking in view the whole facts of a progressive society, the tendency is precisely the reverse. In every civilized country of modern Europe, the means of support have been steadily increasing in relation to the amount of population. England sustains her millions far better than at an earlier period she sustained so many thousands. Just as the power and intelligence of a people advance, is the tendency to over-population subdued. Thirty Indians in a wood might suffer more from over-population, than thirty thousand Americans located in one corner of it. And the thirty thousand Americans, if you pen them up, will have such a *standard of living*, such wants and such tastes developed amongst them, that celibacy becomes a less evil than poverty.

The reason why we have still so great a dread of the pressure of population is, that we calculate confidently on the elementary passions of our nature, but have little or no confidence—have often a most unscientific distrust—of the more refined products, the tastes, passions, motives, habits, of the social man. It is an unscientific distrust, because the strength of these last has often been tested; and because the later, and more refined, and more complex conditions of our mind are just as *certain*—just as completely in the law and order of nature—as our most primitive impulses.

I do not want new types of society, or new laws of property; I only want *more property*. I want abundance of that kind that comes of industry. I want the increased intelligence which will certainly accompany such abundance, partly as cause, partly as effect. When the artisan or labourer rises into a higher life by

industry and intelligence, all society rises with him. And in obedience to the nature of our great social organism, the intelligence of all other classes is reacting upon him and his condition.

But what comes out to me the clearest—what wears to me the most important aspect—is that, side by side with a material prosperity, there is a progressive extension of higher modes of thinking. They extend, from the few who already have them, to the many. Their extension to the many reacts on the intelligence of the few. They extend not only by mere teaching of books, and by what is specifically called education, but because those conditions of general well-being, so necessary to their development, are extending.

But into this branch of the subject I feel I cannot enter now. It requires a greater concentration of thought than I can at present command. It would be necessary to go into some preliminary discussion of the progressive nature of the individual mind; for of course society is only progressive because each one of us is progressive. I should find myself entangled in the old labyrinth of metaphysics. I, who can scarce walk at all, and only a few steps at a time, should be unwise indeed to enter that labyrinth where the more one walks the less chance there is of exit or repose.

BOOK II.

THE RETROSPECT.

"To muse and brood, and live again in memory."
COLERIDGE.

CHAPTER I.

CHILDHOOD.

This morning, as I rode through the country, I saw a young mother—her child her only companion—sitting, sewing at her cottage door. I was going to say it was quite an English scene, as if such a scene was not as universal as human life itself. A curly-headed urchin, just master of its plump round legs, had, in its play, run to hide itself from its mother round the corner of the house. There it stood, both arms extended, flattening itself against the wall, in the bright sunshine, and laughing aloud at the idea of being out of sight. The pleased mother pretended not to have seen the fugitive, pretended not to hear the laugh which told her he was safe and close at hand. The child had hid itself only to be discovered. It was playing at being lost—say rather at being found. Soon the mother would give chase, and snatch the little captive in her arms. What a shower of kisses was in store—for both! for both!

Oh happy time for mother and for child! On other occasions, as I have passed by this cottage, the mother has been sitting at the open window, and the child amusing itself, as if alone, in the garden—absorbed with no mortal could say what—busy at some structure of strange device—dirt, sticks, straws mingled together for some architectural purpose, hidden from all eyes but its own. That cottage garden has often led back my thoughts to my own childhood, and my own early home.

I, who have so short a time to live, feel as old men feel. I find myself, for hours together, travelling through a retrospect of the past. I can now understand and forgive the garrulity of old age, which dwells for ever on scenes of boyhood and of youth. Memory, and not hope, has become the star of life. Have

patience with the old man: he must pause, and turn, and look behind: there lies for him the "happy valley," if anywhere on earth. When we have bade farewell to all our joys, there is yet another parting almost as sad—our farewell to the memory of them. What hosts of long-forgotten things rush from their hiding-places to look at me once more, and for the last time!

It is always a most curious spectacle to watch a child alone at play, and see it contriving pleasures and mimic business for itself. It is marvellous what imagination does for this little poet, who works, not with words, but creates strange visions for itself out of sticks, and stones, and straws. Dive if you can into the urchin's mind, and follow to its source that exclamation of joy and surprise which a mere nothing has called forth! It is a most curious spectacle. But when, at the same time, we call to mind that we ourselves have been just such another charming simpleton, there arises before us one of the most fascinating of day-dreams which the grown-up man can indulge in. It is veritably a fairyland we are peeping into.

Yes, we have all been fairies once. And now, as we go wandering back over the fields of memory, we stoop and pick up the acorn cups, and marvel how we ever crept into them, and found them, as we assuredly did, most rare and spacious habitations.

Well, I have been happy once! I have been a child!—I have been in heaven! I have stood in the smile, and lain in the arms of one of God's angels. I was the happy child of a gentle and loving mother.

Oh, that garden of my early home, where I and the flowers grew up together! I and Time were playfellows then; I feared him not. Truly has it been said that the man becomes "a slave to Time." He is a slave to the hour and his work, and whether the sun sinks before the task is done—or (fate still harder to bear) the task is done before the sun has set—he is alike miserable. I once saw a picture which had for its subject an hour-glass standing upon some sort of pedestal, and a child looking

calmly and steadfastly at it. In vain—so I interpreted the picture—in vain the sands were falling fast and unremittingly; the child looked calmly on. What did it care for Time? It was not afraid of all its past, or all its coming hours, still less that the hours would cease to flow for it. In one sense the child *is* living in eternity. With all its microscopic vision, it has no bounds to its future. Insect-like, it beats its little wing in the quite limitless air.

How vividly I remember that daisied lawn, those tall white lilies, those glowing peonies, those tulips which are nothing in the world unless you can peep close into their cups—cups full to the brim with beauty. We men outgrow the flower. What arcades, what bowers, what triumphal arches they once reared for us! I can remember walking under the scarlet and purple blossoms of the fuchsia, and seeing the light fall on them through the green leaves above—I see it now. How they glow in that green and golden light which falls on them through the leaves! Milton's angels never had half so much joy in their "jasper pavement and amaranthine flowers!" Amaranthine! that surely was a mistake of the poet. It is the perishable blossom that is so preëminently beautiful. Amaranthine flowers! It is very like *eternal tinsel*—neither death nor life. Wish for no amaranths; wish rather to be a child again, and see the blossoms of the fuchsia, half of them beneath your feet, and half of them just above your head.

But the light of that garden, and the light of all the world to me, was the mother's smile, the mother's love. My eyes fill with tears, at this distance of time, when I think what a tender, constant, unpretending, and yet infinite love it was that she bore to me—for the most part a silent affection, uttered perpetually in acts of kindness, never clamorous in words, expressed oftenest in the quiet kiss. To all persons she was kind and gentle, to me invariably so. I can recall some expressions of sadness, not one of anger. A shade of melancholy had settled on her, owing to her early widowhood. My father, of whom I have no recollection, was a lieutenant in the navy, and lost his life, a few years after his marriage,—not "gloriously," as it is called—not in bat-

tle, but by a fever caught as his ship lay rotting in the hot sun off the coast of Africa. And yet it *was* a glorious death; for he was there upon as noble a service as ever ship of war has been employed in—that of preventing the slave-trade. His death threw a shadow over my mother's spirit which never dispersed, and which yet never darkened into gloom. Her sorrow found its solace in that Christian faith, and piety, and love, which she kept as the secret treasure of her heart.

I say "secret," because there were few persons whom she knew to whom she was likely to express herself without reserve; and because, moreover, there is in deep love, of all kinds, a certain reticence which forbids the loud and common utterance of it. To me, child as I was, she would pour out her full heart of piety. I have a dim remembrance of sitting up before her on the table, while, with her arms about me, she murmured out her passion of divine love into my wondering ear. She thought that thus it might penetrate into the spirit of her little charge, and that her words might one day come back to memory, with a much fuller meaning than they had when first heard. What was gathered from that soft mysterious murmur, it would be hard to say; but my arms were round her neck whilst she was sweetly murmuring on, and nothing but love of some kind could be stealing into my soul.

She taught me to love all things, all living creatures, and to find beauty where I should else have never looked for it. She taught me to give pain to no sentient thing, to inflict no suffering, if possible, on any fellow-mind. She made me understand that there was a spirit of love abroad through all the universe, and in the Author of it all; that I must be like it, if I would be good or happy; if like it, I should live in peace for evermore.

Very little "knowledge of the world," I fear, had the dear mother to boast of. She had a vague terror of that tumultuous life to which she would soon have to commit her son. But the workings of the selfish, sordid, angry, and violent passions, how could she, who shared them so little, comprehend? She knew as little of them in reality, as some scared bird that wings its way

over a battle-field, knows of the dreadful contest that is raging beneath. How far she could have prepared, or armed me, for the actual conflict of life, it will not do, perhaps, to inquire. Very little of that conflict have I been called upon to sustain. She was one of whom it might truly be said, she was in the world, but not of the world. A daughter of Eve, she shared the general penalty —she, too, was banished; but you would say that she was still nothing less than the exile from Paradise. The land of innocence was her native home; she had the air, and manner, and spoke the language of that foreign country.

Other conflicts than those of active life were destined to be mine,—conflicts which she could still less foresee, and quite as little provide against. Yet even over these her spirit has perpetually hovered. No rude iconoclast could I ever have been,—no desecrator of the temple. I needed no image or beautiful picture of the Madonna, to sanctify its walls for me. I saw *her* kneeling at the shrine. She had worshipped there. The ground to me was for ever sacred. How far one spirit such as hers, how far it goes to make for us a faith in Heaven!

I should suspect myself of speaking extravagantly, and out of the ignorance, as well as the affection, of childhood, if it were not that, at a maturer period of my life, I have had other opportunities of studying the same character. Such beautiful natures do exist amongst us. I have seen in other women the same serene devotedness; I have seen the same piety, which, whatever form it assumed, had its root in love; the same quiet fulness of heart, diffusing some degree of happiness to all around, but wrapping the child of its care in the very mantle of affection. What God has given to us in this sweet maternal heart, it is very marvellous to think of.

On looking back to those days, I can now understand how I also made *her* happiness, as she mine. I must suppose that there were childish fits of petulance on my part, and sometimes acts of insubordination, but I do not remember them. I can recall only scenes of peace,—the lesson and the play hour, which were but varied pleasures. How entirely content, it now occurs to me, we

both were, when on some winter evening I sat by her side, with the large pictured Bible outspread before me on the table, or knelt up upon the chair, the better to command that captivating folio. Some of those pictures live at this moment more vividly in my memory than any I have seen in the famous galleries of Rome and Florence. Even now I see David playing on his harp before king Saul; and I see Saul consulting the Witch of Endor, and the terrible ghost of Samuel rising in the background. How that ghost haunted me! Well may I remember those pictures, for I never studied any others so intensely. How I laboured to extract from them all some intelligible story! And, doubtless, I often perplexed the dear mother herself with my minute inquiries, and the unreasonable desire I had to know what every man and woman in the picture was doing, and why he did it, and why God let him do it.

Days of illimitable faith! were they indeed mine! How glad I am to have known them! Not all that we resign, do we regret to have possessed. Very singular and very pleasing to me is the remembrance of that simple piety of childhood, of that prayer which was said so punctually, night and morning, kneeling by the bedside. What did I think of, guiltless then of metaphysics,—what image did I bring before my mind as I repeated my learnt petition with scrupulous fidelity? Did I see some venerable Form bending down to listen? Did He cease to look and listen when I had said it all? Half prayer, half lesson, how difficult it is now to summon it back again! But this I know, that the bedside where I knelt to this morning and evening devotion became sacred to me as an altar. I smile as I recall the innocent superstition that grew up in me, that the prayer must be said *kneeling just there*. If, some cold winter's night, I had crept into the bed, thinking to repeat the petition from the warm nest itself—it would not do!—it was felt in this court of conscience to be "an insufficient performance;" there was no sleep to be had till I had risen, and, bed-gowned as I was, knelt at the accustomed place, and said it all over again from the beginning to the end. To this day I never see the little clean white bed in which a child is to sleep, but I see also the figure of a child kneeling in prayer at its side. And I, for the moment, am that child. No high

altar in the most sumptuous church in Christendom, could prompt my knee to bend like that snow-white coverlet, tucked in for a child's slumber.

Life in our pretty cottage passed uniformly enough,—that is, it seems uniform now. I, at the time, found an endless variety in it. The event, however, that was looked forward to with the greatest interest, was an occasional visit to the large house of my uncle, Sir Thomas Moberly,—Sutton Manor, as it was called,—and which stood in its own park, near the bank of the Thames. My uncle was a wealthy man; hospitable, kind, a little pompous, proud of his pedigree, a member of Parliament withal, and hugely solicitous to stand high in the county. His secret ambition, as I discovered at a later time, was to change his baronetcy into a peerage. A most delusive hope as it seemed to me, and to others, who could still better judge of the ability and influence he could bring into Parliament. But I have no wish here to draw the character of my very good uncle. He was fond of my mother; she had been his favourite sister; and though he was very wroth with her for throwing herself away, as he described it, on a penniless lieutenant, he had never ceased to think kindly of her. After the death of her husband, he was continually pressing her to come to Sutton Manor. My mother left her own home with reluctance. To me such visits were the great epochs by which all the chronology of the year was regulated.

The house might well attract me, for it was what here, in Italy, would be called a palace, and it was full of pictures. In the front of it lay a noble park, in which stood great oaks of fabulous age,—each one filling, as it were, whole acres of the green pasture with its single presence. The park sloped down to the river-side. There were two approaches to the house; one by an open carriage-way through the park; the other a devious and private entrance through the winding paths of a shrubbery, where every graceful tree, I think, that could bear the climate of England, had been collected. This shrubbery was a quarter of a mile in length, and terminated in a country lane,—the gate being just opposite the village church. No lodge had been built at this entrance;

the old rustic gate had been sedulously preserved, and every thing done to retain an air of privacy. This park and this shrubbery were my great delight, and became so more and more every successive year that I visited them. But house and pictures, park and shrubbery, all yielded to yet another attraction, which also grew more powerful every successive year,—my little cousin Winifred.

Ah me! how should I know that, cousins though we were, there were yet social distinctions that would place an insuperable barrier between us? "I was a gentleman," as Passanio says in the play, but the daughter and sole offspring of Sir Thomas Moberly, baronet, was plainly marked out, by all the rules of society, for a wealthier gentleman than the simple and untitled Bassanio. Some poet sings,—

> "Yet such is nature's law divine, that those
> Who grow together cannot choose but love."

I loved you, Winifred, before I knew what love was; how could I know that love was forbidden?

We have played together—I wonder, Winifred, if you still remember it as I do—we have ran laughing together under the same skipping-rope. I see in imagination two merry children coursing along the smooth turf, and the rope flying over their heads. Each holds in one hand a handle of the skipping-rope; each has one arm locked round the waist of his companion. They have no thought but of holding fast, and keeping step and time, as the rope flies round, and they dance onwards under it, laughing and singing. I hear their voices, but they are so blended that I cannot listen to the one or the other.

A lady calls from the terrace—it is my ever-watchful mother —"Charles take care of Winifred! See that she does not fall!" I do not think the admonition at all necessary. Charles would have suffered every limb in his body to be broken, rather than her little finger should be hurt.

CHAPTER II.

THE STUDENT.

Well, that cottage-home, and all its happiness, was gone. The boy had not yet ripened into youth, when the spirit of the place took her flight to heaven.

I will not—even at this distance of time, I dare not—dwell on that distress. I will not again, in imagination, turn the handle of that chamber-door!—that chamber in which I once entered stealthily at midnight, and, placing my light at the bedside, took a cold hand in mine, which for the first time returned no kindly pressure. The candle burnt down to the socket; the day broke through the chinks of the closed shutters. Nothing but a strong repugnance to be discovered there—to encounter any living being in that chamber, prevailed upon me to quit it, and carry my tears to my own solitary room.

I was transferred to the guardianship of my uncle. He was kind; he received me as one of his own family, and set about schemes for my education and future career. My "prospects," as they are called, were not likely to suffer from this transference to my uncle's roof. He would doubtless have done much to serve me, if I had been one of those capable of being served. Meanwhile the shy lad he had received into his house brought such a wounded spirit with him, and such passionate regrets, that he must have been, I fear, a very undesirable inmate. One person only seemed fully to tolerate and sympathize with my griefs, and this was my cousin Winifred.

Of my aunt, Lady Moberly—were I disposed to sketch her character—I could say nothing but what was commendable; only the commendable qualities moved within narrow limits, such as were drawn by a very restricted intelligence. It is well she does

not look over my pen, for she happens to pride herself especially upon her intelligence. A certain cleverness and vivacity of mind she indisputably possesses.

Lady Moberly, in fact, is one of those characters very frequent at present amongst us; and although, for this very reason, they may be especially fitted for the study of a philosopher, they do not afford materials for an interesting description. She took her place in the fashionable world; she also took a recognized position in the evangelical world. These two strokes being given, the rest of the portrait may easily be traced. All her notions or opinions were sharply defined, which did not prevent them from being as distinctly incongruous. She used to speak indulgently of my mother, but always treated her as one sadly lax and deficient on doctrinal points. She herself bristled on all sides with such "doctrinal points." She was an exemplary woman—loved her husband, loved her child, and was a perfect slave to her own good character—most doctrinal, most unspiritual. What is impossible in logic, is precisely the commonplace of real life.

How desolately I wandered now through that great house! The liveried servants, with their pompous servility, which I suppose had pleased me when I was a child, now caused me nothing but embarrassement. I remember that I would search distractedly over the whole place for what I wanted, or have recourse to the most absurd expedients, rather than ask them to get or to do any thing for me. How differently was all this managed in the old home! There a kindly spirit had solved a difficult problem, without knowing perhaps there was a problem to be solved. No one could be more respected than my lady mother, and no one shrunk more sensitively from what true taste or refinement would condemn; yet all beneath her roof lived as one family. It was a friendly service that a domestic rendered me; I asked for it without restraint, and it was given with something of a kindly feeling. Here every order or instruction was cold and brief as a military word of command, and obeyed in the same military spirit. I felt that beneath all their show of deference, I was the object of secret ridicule with these liveried people

themselves, because I could not assume towards them this brief, cold, military tone of command.

Yet let me not do injustice to a whole class. A kindly heart may beat even under tags and gold lace; and amidst this pompously servile crew I found my good friend Bernard. On one occasion, a few unaffected words of frank communication won me his heart; and whenever I used to visit Sutton Manor, he took it upon himself to look especially after my interests. When he heard that I was ill, he begged to be sent to take care of me; and a better nurse no patient ever had.

But meanwhile the important affair of my education was to be determined on. I had hitherto—much to my uncle's great disgust—been kept at home, and studied under private tutors. Eton was the only place in which he thought that a gentleman's son should be educated. It was ruled, however, that it was too late to send me to Eton. I was put under the care of the Reverend Mr. Springfield, a clergyman who resided some twenty miles off, to be prepared as speedily as possible for Oxford.

And accordingly to Mr. Springfield's I went, and there I studied diligently enough, making perhaps a more varied use of his extensive library than he was aware of.

Here I had one fellow-pupil, who, as much almost as Mr. Springfield's library, assisted in my mental culture. Luxmore was somewhat in advance of me in years, and considerably so in his knowledge of books. Passionately devoted to poetry—the rock, alas! on which he split—he introduced me to all his favourite authors; Byron, Wordsworth, Shelley, and the rest. How I devoured them! Many were the controversies we held on their comparative merits.

Dear Luxmore! dear poet, as I must call you, though the world would not recognize your claim to the title—would that I could shake you once more by the hand, and hear you pour forth your delightful rhapsodies! No systematic thinker, like Clarence, my poet-friend, greedy of intellectual excitement, clutched at everything—in every creed, in every school—that stirred his spirit. He was a veritable pupil of the nineteenth

century, full of piety, full of doubt—now all for faith, now all for science. We suited admirably. Our differences only served to elicit and kindle thought. We worshipped together at many a shrine. What a demi-god to us was the great writer we admired!

There was already this difference between us,—that some inexplicable tendency was ever guiding me to that shelf in the library where the philosophers stood ranged. Even the poet's verse ceased to please, when it contradicted what seemed to me to be the truth. Luxmore, on the contrary, yielded himself entirely to the poet. He was impatient of any analytic examination. Say there was an error in the very tissue of the poem, he would himself detect and canvass it *some other day*. But while the poet was in favour, he would tolerate no cavil or objection. Hence many a brave battle between us! He, in derision, dubbed me "the philosopher." I retorted upon him the title of "the poet." Our derisive compliments were perhaps not altogether displeasing to our secret vanity. Luxmore was already burning to distinguish himself as a poet; whilst I had formed some vague notion that I would devote myself to phylosophy. Much we have either of us done with our poetry, or our philosophy!

Wordsworth's ode, for instance, on the "Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood," afforded us an arena for this species of controversy. In that ode, Wordsworth converts the very susceptibility of the young senses into some sort of argument whereby to disparage the senses themselves. I forget how, at that time, I framed my objection; but I well remember that, in spite of the beauty of the poem, I could not reconcile myself to the palpable extravagance of ranking the infant higher than the man—making the thoroughly *sensuous* little creature the more spiritual of the two. Luxmore was out of all patience with my prosaic, miserable objections—"fit only for a Benthamite," or a "rank materialist." He maintained that the leading idea of the poem was as just and subtle, as the verse throughout was exquisitely melodious; and he always completed his argument by ringing out the stanzas triumphantly in my ear. Yet at another time, under the influence of other teachers—but

why follow this out? Dear Luxmore, I would give half I possess if I could hear you ring out those stanzas again with your old triumphant dogmatism.

The last six months of my pupilage were spent alone. Luxmore had gone up to Oxford.

Books! books! books!—poetical, theological, philosophical, obtained often by daring inroads into the very recesses of Mr. Springfield's library—books, and solitary rambles in the country, formed the staple of my existence. And now I also was considered ripe to pass on to Oxford; I was liberated from Mr. Springfield's vicarage, where I had remained stationary, with very few intervals of relaxation, for about three years.

It seemed to me as a matter of course that I should spend the ensuing vacation at Sutton Manor. It struck me, therefore, as rather strange that, on quitting Mr. Springfield's for the last time, I should receive from Lady Moberly what read very like a formal letter of invitation. There were a few lines in the postscript which seemed quite enigmatical: "If you should find," thus ran the postscript, "that your favourite park and shrubbery are haunted by a certain fairy of the place, do not let this too much disturb your studies. Make the sign of the cross, or repeat any form of exorcism that your learned books may have taught you, and doubtless this same fairy will vanish from your path. By no means let it haunt you."

I paid no heed at the time to this enigmatical postscript. I recollect that, on arriving at Sutton Manor, I let the carriage take my baggage up to the house by the more public drive, and walked myself through the devious paths of the shrubbery. It was a bright summer's day, and its shady avenues were particularly agreeable. They were the more so because the trees were not planted so thick as to shut out the breeze, or entirely exclude the sunshine. I can see before me the beech-trees playing with the light, their leaves now tossing it from you, now reflecting it on you, till you ask if it was most light or shadow that the leaf was making. As I strolled leisurely on, I came to a seat formed of the stump of a departed elm-tree, which the moss had over-

grown. Some one had been lately occupying it, for a book lay upon the moss, with a whole handful of roses piled up upon the open page *to keep the place*. I might have known that none but a fairy would have used such a marker. A book was always an irresistible temptation—let alone the roses. I must stop and look at it. It was a volume of Scott. I had soon taken my seat on the mossy trunk, engrossed in the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*.

How long the fascination of that poet had held me, I cannot say; but when I lifted up my eyes from the page—lo! there stood before me the veritable fairy—the baronet's daughter and my sweet cousin Winifred. She had returned for her book. Finding how I was engaged, she stood smiling before me, in playful mood, waiting to see how long she might remain there looking on, and herself unseen. She started, and blushed a little, I think, amidst her laughter, when our eyes met. How beautiful she had grown! My little cousin—so late my playmate—how my heart bounded, how it trembled before you!

I had forgotten to make the sign of the cross, or use any form of exorcism. That fairy has haunted me for ever since.

How very beautiful she had grown! And there she stood, in no stately drawing-room, but in the greenwood, with the light of heaven playing on her open brow, and on that fair head; for I well remember that, to enjoy the breeze and freedom of the place, she had taken off her hat, and hung it by the strings, basket-fashion, on her arm. She stood before me in the free air, and in the golden light of day; and the poet—the truest-hearted and most chivalrous of poets—was our only master of the ceremonies. It was fortunate for me that he came to our rescue: I could pour out on him, and on his heroines, the language of admiration. Never was poet so much extolled—never so completely forgotten.

We often afterwards met in that shrubbery—walked there and talked. What poetry we more than talked—we lived! No antique grove devoted to god or goddess was ever more sacred than those shady avenues became to me. And, indeed, this early

love, so pure and so devoted, is more akin to worship than any thing else to which I can resemble it.

On my part, truly, a mere worship, where even the prayer was not to be spoken. I came to understand the full meaning of the enigmatical postscript.

Whether, under any circumstances, I should have sprung forward on some active and ambitious career in life, may be doubtful. But this hopeless yet (as I thought) unconquerable love, certainly helped to extinguish whatever spirit of ambitious enterprise I might otherwise have felt. When I left Sutton Manor for Oxford, and installed myself in the cloisters of Magdalen, I was as indifferent to the world as any monk of the fourteenth century could have been. Academical honours, or the greater distinctions in life for which they prepare the way, had no sort of charm for me. The "daily bread" was secured, and neither law, physic, nor divinity could have given me my Winifred. There was, however, one other passion stirring in my soul—for it amounted to a passion—the desire for what I must call philosophic truth. Books that treated on the nature of the human mind, on the great problems of God, and this world of nature and of man, had for me an increasing and absorbing interest.

"This mere reflective life," I would sometimes say to myself, "must then be my portion. Poets and philosophers, all who gloriously sing, and all who analyze and explain—these must be my companions."—Thus, instead of the special studies of the place, poetry and philosophy alternately occupied my mind. Scarcely can I say "alternately," for where are the elements of poetry to be found more abundantly than in philosophy itself? or where is the heart so profoundly stirred as in precisely the most abstruse problems of thought?

Vain and most groundless seems to me that alarm one often hears from men trembling at each assault on some time-honoured system, some venerable solution of these unexhausted problems. These alarmists fear that, their solution being laid aside, the

minds of men will be given up entirely to sordid passions, and the mere tyranny of the senses. *But the problems themselves remain.* Never can the human mind—the mind of humanity—rest lethargic in the presence of them. Sweep from the world every system that is taught in your schools, in your colleges, in your temples—let every echo die away along the sacred walls; and, before the sun goes down, there shall be some new doctrine thundering from the roof—ay, and a thousand whispered contradictions circling, as now, round the pillars and along the aisles.

All that we think has sprung from Humanity. But Humanity does not always recognize herself in her own works. The still water looks with wonder on the fountain playing from its own surface. The next moment it may itself be the fountain.

If Luxmore had not preceded me, I know not how I should have gained a single friend or acquaintance at Oxford. At his rooms I occasionally met with Clarence, whose intimacy I often took myself to task for not cultivating more sedulously. Luxmore himself I would willingly have grappled to my heart, and made a friend indeed; but he was much occupied in his own poetical enterprises; and besides, there were others about him who probably interested him far more than I could hope to do.

Independently of the influence that reigned at Sutton Manor, my very course of useful study was shutting me up in solitude, imprisoning me as within viewless walls. The moment I came into my own solitary cell, a feeling of restraint fell off me, and I seemed then only to breathe freely. I felt as if some magic circle was being drawn around me, cutting me off from frank and cordial communication with others. But I had made no effort to escape. The enchantment was too strong to leave me any great desire to break from it. Luxmore, in one of his snatches of verse, has described this state of mind in which you still crave sympathy and fellowship, yet feel that you cannot break some invisible chain that will not let you give yourself frankly to another,—

> "When I look without, when I look without,
> How bitterly my swelling heart reproves

A world where no man calls me friend,
And where no woman loves!

When I look within, when I look within,
Back on myself the keen reproach is driven;
'Tis I that cannot *be* a friend,
And love is felt—not given."

When the long vacation came round, that house which, in common parlance, was called my home, was not indeed closed to me, but was made difficult of entrance, embarrassing and perilous, by the very attractions it possessed. I, if I pleased, might love my fair cousin to my heart's content—or its destruction—that was my affair; but I must not ask my cousin to return this love. I understood that a tacit obligation of this kind had been imposed upon me. When, therefore, the vacation arrived, I generally gave out that I should betake myself to Wales or Cumberland, or some such retreat, to "read," as the phrase runs. My uncle probably interpreted this to mean, that with two or three others, I should go and read with a tutor, as the custom is. Meanwhile I went alone into my mountain retreat, with a box full of quite other than academical books. Such box of books was my sole companion.

In the *season*, as it is called, the Moberleys occupied their house in town. In Lady Moberley's drawing-room I have had some opportunities of seeing what is especially called *Society*, and might have circulated, had I desired, through a considerable cycle of it. I have been always glad that I had a glance at this kind of life, and a glance was sufficient. For me there was more excitement to be got out of any dingy book, thumbed over by a solitary rushlight, than from fifty ball-rooms.

"Well," I have said to myself, as I returned from such scenes, "I must live then in solitude—say rather in companionship with the noblest minds, speaking to me in their noblest moods. This is highest society—society of the truly great. What nobility and what royalty can compare with these? Kings and emperors! I live with the kings and emperors of the realm of thought. Nay, is it not the chariot of the sun-bright god himself that I

ascend, when I ride with the spirit of the poet, and survey and comprehend the wide world beneath us? It has ever been believed that by knowledge we become as gods."—Ah me! it is not kings or emperors that we want, or the chariot of a god. I have lived to sigh for any peasant's hut, with a friend in the chair before me.

Our own hills of Westmoreland and Cumberland were most frequently my place of refuge. No scenes have given me more lasting pleasure. The mountains, it is said, are not lofty enough for sublimity. But as the light and cloud play on them, and they arise around you in dark, or silver, or purple masses, the effect is very magical—under certain lights, even perfectly sublime. Scenes more *spiritual* Switzerland itself could hardly produce. But all comparisons are futile. We grow to love a country, as we grow to love a person, because we have there exercised our faculty of loving. Nowhere to me has nature been more kindly beautiful. And who has not noticed how all the pleasing accessories of a fertile and homely landscape gain infinitely by their union with the mountain-ranges? The stream runs conscious of the purple hills; every tree and flower has something more than its own beauty, when it grows in the shadow, *or in the light*, of the glorious mountains. Wherever they rear their mystic summits to the clouds, there is an indescribable commingling of heaven and of earth. The mountain is the religion of the landscape.

Amongst these hills I wandered, with thoughts gathered sometimes from Emmanuel Kant, sometimes from sages nearer home, sometimes from the sciences of Lyell, and Owen, and Faraday. I was striving, by what plastic power was in me, to piece together into some consistent whole, the rich materials which the age in which we live throws before us all.

I see myself, perched up amongst the crags, a stray solitary speck of humanity, mightily concerned about the origin and end of all things. This is my task—the business of my life,—to understand what I can of this world in which I have been born—

of its past history—of the past history of mankind, and whatever may be gathered from the past, of prediction for the future. Something, too, may be said—a word spoken, that may help in some infinitesimal proportion, in this multifarious business of a world's progress.

Then I reflected upon my own position in the social scheme. Some intellectual labour, I said, must be mine; how else could I justify the manumission I enjoyed from all manual crafts, the toils of the field, or what to me wore a far more terrible aspect, the toils of trade and commerce? No especial department of science was I likely to advance. I felt no aptitude for ingenious experiment, or minute observation. Nature had not fitted me for the laboratory, or the dissecting-room. The geologist's hammer would have been a useless instrument in my hand; in vain should I have collected weeds or insects. To as little purpose should I have turned the leaves of innumerable lexicons—I who turn the leaves of the dictionary seven times to the same spot, and have still to turn them in chase of the same word. A learned man in the ordinary acceptation of the term, I could not be. One only scheme of study lay open to me—"There shall be no great idea," I said to myself, "wrought out in any department of science; there shall be no great or important conclusion arrived at by the philologist, the antiquarian, or the historical critic, that I will remain ignorant of. In presence of the man of erudition, or the scientific professor, I must always be a pupil; but I will be a pupil in every class; I will catch the last word uttered in every schoolroom."

How often is the last word that falls from the professor's chair—a doubt!—a suggestion to prompt to farther examination, not a conclusion that can be forthwith applied to the building up of your system. Such scheme of study, however, I cannot, as I now look back upon it, but approve. It gave a method to my reading. And it seemed a modest scheme. I found it more difficult of accomplishment, the farther I advanced in it.

Then, for that system to be constructed by the aid of all these teachers—I read, I thought, I wrote, I destroyed. How often did it seem I had to begin it all afresh!

I have done nothing.

Well, there are braver men in England, bolder and stronger, who are at work in every department of thought.

Yes, marvellous is the varied intellectual power at work around us, elevating us all.

I have never been wanting in reverence: I have been always willing to learn, and to admire. Fond of pursuing my own reflections, and initiated early into metaphysical studies, which more than any other prompt to independent thinking, I was not likely to sink into the habit of being merely a passive recipient of the knowledge of others. All the more do I congratulate myself that I did not fall into the opposite error of involving myself in some favourite subject of speculation, and neglecting to understand, and by understanding to appreciate, the various labours and the various knowledge of mankind. I never see a bridge spanning the river, nor a railroad sweeping over the country, that I do not reflect with admiration on the science and skill of the engineer, and on that noble audacity of enterprise which his skill and science have given him. All men are ready to extol the sublime task-work of the astronomer; how, on the one hand, he has dealt with space and number, determining their inevitable relations, and then, by means of nicest observation, has laid his mathematical theorems by the side of nature's work, and detected the secret method of her movements; but all men are not equally ready to applaud the labours of the chemist in his laboratory, or of the anatomist in the dissecting-room. Yet here, too, have been thought the most subtle, and perseverance truly heroic. They, too, were God-inspired men. Our great contemporaries I have never seen; never, to my knowledge, have I been in the presence of any of our great men, whether of action or of thought—great commanders, or great writers, discoverers of new lands, or discoverers of new truths; but from no one have they more constantly received that homage which is due from every thinking man, to every noble service rendered to humanity. I can truly say that I have never put down a book which has taught me anything worth learning, without a

silent *thank* to the author of it. There are living men to whom I owe a great debt. Not those only who make specific contributions to our fund of knowledge are our teachers. Some rather inspire than teach. What should I have done those three months that I once passed so disconsolately in Wales, if at the bottom of my portmanteau I had not found the *Sartor Resartus?*

CHAPTER III.

THE MIRAGE.

THERE ever rises up before us some *perfect whole* of society, which, when we approach to inspect it closely, vanishes away into thin air. Is this a prophecy of what *will* exist in some form we cannot accurately conceive? or is it a delusion—a dream always in the fevered spirit—a *mirage* always in the desert?

From very early youth I was perplexed by speculations, of an unsettled character, upon that Future Society which mankind is one day to construct upon the earth. Like the mirage of the desert, some happiest vision of that better Society would be ever rising before me, and ever vanishing as I approached to examine it. What was it to me; this far-off future—this destiny of mankind in distant centuries, which I could not so much as promote by any act of mine? Nothing. It was nothing more than a curious speculation, which might as well concern any planet in the universe, as this earth on which I cast my shadow for a time. The fate of the inhabitants of Jupiter, and the fate of the inhabitants of Tellus, when Tellus shall be peopled by an altered and a wiser race, are problems very much of the same character. Yet this speculation has haunted me throughout a large portion of my life; it has pursued me into every scene; it has been to me a great hope, or a great despondency. It was nothing—it was all.

I could never walk through the crowded streets of a great town, and scan the anxious faces that passed me by,—the squalor, the wretchedness, the care that meet one at every turn, —without asking myself whether it must be always thus—always this eternal scramble for the means to live—always this fear, and

bitterness, and discontent? Surely something better than this must be practicable—must one day be practised—or man has in vain been made a reasonable being. I could never pass under the gloomy walls of a jail—the gloomiest and harshest sort of fortress society has ever built for its own protection—I could never walk under those walls, and call to mind the futile schemes that good men devise for the reformation of criminals, by new methods of punishment!—without asking myself whether that "Poverty in the presence of Wealth," which is the perennial source of crime, is to continue for ever? I could never enter an open church, and hear its mournful litanies, the incessant cry for mercy!—mercy upon miserable sinners!—without meditating whether such will always be—what doubtless it is now—the fittest and sincerest cry that man can raise to the God who made him? On days of festival, or of public pageant, I have always turned from the spectacle to the spectators. To me no spectacle was like the populace that were looking on; and sad as the cares of a great city are, its rejoicings have seemed to me still more sad and miserable. Brute noise, and idiot laughter—the grimace, and the malice, of an ape—these meet you on every side. If such their *happiness*, what have I to do with promoting it? They are satyrs, not men.

When I have escaped altogether from cities, and have been rambling in a picturesque and beautiful country, thoughts of the same kind have still pursued me. The living man is thrown out upon the fields to cultivate *them*,—but what of his own culture? That which should be the most healthy and invigorating, as it is the most essential of all labours, is made to bow the neck and stultify the mind, and shut out the man from whatever civilization has been hitherto attained. In vain did the roses cluster round some lowly cottage. *Inside* that cottage, or one like it, I had looked, I had entered. I had seen the hovel from within, and the roses had lost their charm. Fragrance and beauty were dallying with the careless winds; but the lot of the human inhabitant within was foul air, foul food, foul thoughts.

Forgetful of lake and mountain,—my eyes fixed perhaps on

the topmost bar of some roadside gate which I had *intended* to open,—or pausing stock-still before some hedgerow in the solitary lane, apparently intent upon the buds of the hawthorn, as if I were penetrating into the very secrets of vegetable life,—I have stood for hours musing on the intricate problems which our social condition presents to us. There I have reviewed all that our best writers on political economy had taught me of the actual organization of society, (it fully deserves the name,) and of that system which has been wrought out by the free and self-reliant labours of all classes of the community. It is a system which has a certain completeness of its own; and very palpable mischief would ensue, if this organization were prematurely tampered with, or you were to insist upon patching and reforming it upon principles directly repugnant to those on which it is grounded.

I saw plainly that if, moved by some natural sense of justice, you should interfere, by legislative means, to raise the wages of the labourer, the simple result must be, that the fund destined for the payment of wages would be divided amongst fewer labourers you would have starved some to feed others better. If, desirous of introducing some greater equality amongst those who share in the realized wealth of the community, you were to enact some new law of inheritance (forbidding the acquisition, by descent or bequest, of more than a certain sum), you would simply impoverish your country, all other parts of the system remaining the same, by restricting the accumulation of capital. If, urged by benevolence, you would extend charity to all who needed it,—if you gave to the wants of one man a claim on the superfluities of another,—if mere poverty should have its *rights*,—you would bring speedy ruin on the whole society. It is a hard doctrine—this of self-reliance—when taught to the lowest and the weakest; it is a hard struggle that the poor have to maintain; yet if the struggle is not kept up there, where precisely it is hardest, the whole machinery gives way, goes wrong, or scarce will go at all. The only ground on which any *systematic* charity can be justified is this,—that there is an improvidence of despair worse than that improvidence which your benevolence will foster; for let poverty settle down in the very lowest condition on which life can be supported, mere despondency seizes upon the man, all effort be-

comes impossible, and all prudence, whether in regard to a man's own interest, or the interest of his offspring, is out of the question; the creature lives and propagates with brutal apathy.

Our system has a completeness of its own. Each one for himself, and a law that keeps the peace. A great game of getting and of keeping is played out under certain broad rules, to which all must conform. Play fair and win, play fair and lose; the winning and the losing are your own concern; only play fair,—that is all that society is concerned with. The system has its excitement, at all events; though the game goes hard against some of the players, and there is from time to time a dreadful outcry against the rules of the game. Some start with so poor a chance.

The system, however, is not one that is to be lightly meddled with. But I would say, communing with myself,—Cannot I see, lying out there, on the golden shores of futurity, a quite different system,—one which shall consecrate the principle of labouring for the good of some whole, of which we constitute a part,—a quite different organization, based on an intelligent and equitable co-operation? "*Aide-toi, le ciel t'aidera*," is thought a good maxim. If instead of "Help yourself," we read "Help *yourselves?*" would it not be a better formula? and would not all good influences, and the whole scheme of nature, be as likely to conspire with us?

I cannot trace step by step the transition from one system to the other. I suppose it will be slow and gradual, and aided by circumstances I cannot foresee. But I do not acknowledge that human nature itself, the permanent passions and motives of mankind, present an insuperable obstacle to the realization of the new and happier system. I can imagine that a principle of partnership between labour and capital might take the place of our present practice of payment in wages; and that such a partnership, first instituted in cities and in great factories, might extend into the country, and embrace agricultural workmen. The whole society might become one federal union of many guilds and partnerships. Every one would be gathered into some fold or other; no man would be compelled "to take care of himself" by means most pernicious to the community. Our temptations to crime would almost be extinguished; and this quite novel happiness would be

introduced into the world—of living in it without fear of each other.

A revolution—brought about gradually, and accompanied with many changes in the culture and habits of all classes,—a revolution in the tenure of property in land—would signalize the establishment of the new system. Land held as the sole property of him who cultivates it, gives us the peasant proprietor,—a man who may feed himself and his children well, but who knows nothing of arts, science, literature. Land held in large estates by proprietors who do not labour, and cultivated by labourers who own nothing in the soil, gives us a refined and cultivated class, but a class very limited in numbers. Under this system civilization has hitherto almost confined itself to great cities. If land were again held as the property of those who cultivated it, but held as the common property of men who had taken the civilization of the towns with them into the country, would there not follow a third phase of society vastly superior to either of the preceding?

The two conditions which alone seemed to me imperatively necessary for this transition to a happier scheme of things were—1. Some further advancement in science and the various arts that administer to our well-being, so that the productive powers of industry will be increased, and the requisite *abundance* of all things may be procurable; and, 2. Some approximation to *intellectual equality*, (by the extension to the many of the knowledge and tastes developed amongst the few,) so that a coöperation for common purposes would be rendered possible, and the utmost result for the good of all extracted from the knowledge and skill which is and shall be attained.

I would not admit—as I stood there studying my problem before the hawthorn bush—that there was in the nature of things any absurdity in the supposed union of a certain degree of refinement and intelligence with manual labour. It is true, I confessed, that men have hitherto chiefly educated themselves in order to obtain subsistence, or wealth, or honour, by some learned profession; and this stimulant must evidently be limited to a few. But there is a tendency for employments requiring education to

increase. And it is also true that knowledge is a pleasure in itself, and brings with it the respect and esteem of others; that the taste for books, like that for music, grows by the very gratification of it; that science, literature, and the fine arts, tend to take their place as ends or pleasures sought for by all classes of the community. What is there absurd in the notion that every man, though he follow the plough or wield the trowel, may seek his share in pleasures and honours of this kind? Many a worthy gentleman delights in his spade, in fair digging in his garden; many in the use of the lathe, and the whole box of carpenters' tools. Suppose they dug or hammered with a more earnest purpose, must they cease to be gentlemen in temper and disposition, and drop all cultivated tastes and all intelligent discourse? Why might not the labours of agriculture be performed by youths quite as refined and well informed as those who now sit at desks in innumerable offices and counting-houses? I have a strong suspicion that if some of those youths left their desks for the fields, both they and society would be the better for the change.

"Methinks," I said to myself, "that the future Burns will not be taken from the plough, and made an exciseman of, the better to fit his external condition to the poetic character. I see him in his native fields, but with more genial companions, and a labour more rationally participated. I see him musing under the shadow or the shelter of the tree, then, starting from his pleasant lair, fold up his tablets, or throw them with a smile to his friend, whilst he steps forward to take his place in the furrow."

"Well, your meditative blacksmith," I said, started in the midst of these thoughts by his ringing hammer heard in the distance. "I do not flinch from the idea of a blacksmith meditative. Would that I had an arm strong enough to wield that hammer! I would make the anvil ring again. I would forge you most excellent horseshoes and ploughshares; and at set of sun would read grave lectures, to whomsoever would listen, on philosophy and all the sciences. My manuscript would display a broader style of penmanship: the matter would be none the less strong and healthy. Why, any man with animal vigour, with some spring of elasticity in his frame, would dig, and delve, and hew, and hammer, and mount scaffolding, or dive into mines

and bring out coal and iron—if he had but friendly and equal companions about him, and felt that he was doing a rational service amongst rational and serviceable men. In no necessary toil can there be any degradation. It is the gross companionship, or gross habits associated with it, that alone renders it degrading. It is only the moral dirt that sticks. We make a great bugbear of labour. What is it, after all, but muscular effort, which, if you will be temperate in it, is an indisputable pleasure. Young men at Oxford will labour at the oar enough to earn their daily bread three times over. And if it were not for the associates it would condemn them to, how many would prefer a strenuous labour in the open air to the sedentary occupations marked out for them—labours, perhaps, of a lawyer's chamber, which will confine the limbs, and fret the nerves, and wear out the brain, and add nothing to their intellectual culture.

Thus I reasoned with myself, standing at the hawthorn bush; and having arrived at this satisfactory conclusion, I turned about, and marched on full of faith and hope. As I marched triumphantly along, I came to a field where men were ploughing. I had often watched the ploughman as he steps on steadily, holding the share down in its place in the soil, and felt curious to try the experiment myself. This time, as the countryman who approached me had a good-natured aspect, I asked him to let me take his place between the stilts. He did so. I did not give him quite the occasion for merriment which I saw he anticipated; I held down the share, and kept it in its due position. But I had no conception of the effort it required—which, at least, it cost me. When I resigned my place, my arms trembled, my hands burned, my brain throbbed; the whole frame was shaken. And something, too, was shaken in the framework of my speculations. The feasibility of uniting with labours such as these much of the culture we call intellectual, was not so clear to me as it was an hour ago. I walked along less triumphantly, maintaining a sort of prudent silence with myself.

I smile as I recall to mind how often, at this period, some incident, or trait of character, or scene of real life, would determine the current of my speculations, and revive, or dismiss, my future Utopia.

I am passing along a high-road. It is in the north of England, amongst some of the most beautiful scenery we possess. A stone wall skirts the road, just high enough, as is so often the case, to conceal all the prospect from the pedestrian. Whether it is necessary to build so high to keep cattle in, or out, I will not pretend to determine. The probability is, that the idea has never once occurred to our farmers or graziers that the sight of the country can be pleasant to any eye but his who owns the crop or the pasture. Happily, a barred gate affords me at length a view of the landscape. It is very beautiful. A little lake, with its charming islets receives the reflection of the mountains around, and of the glories of a summer's sky. I pause, leaning on the gate.

Within that wall, pacing the soft turf by the margin of the lake, or standing in mute contemplation of the scene, was a gentle lady, who, from the studied simplicity of her dress, evidently belonged to the Society of Friends. She was absorbed in the beauty around her. One felt that her spirit reflected all the peace and serenity of the scene. Placid, contemplative, pious, I could almost read her thoughts. "Will heaven be very unlike this?" I hear her murmur to herself. "Can it be very much more beautiful? Can I, should I, hope for a scene more lovely to meet the angels in?" Such, I felt persuaded, must have been the tenor of her meditations.

Without that wall, on the hard high-road, came by, at the same time, a cart drawn by a miserable horse. It came slowly enough, yet clattered noisily along, as the wide shafts swayed to and fro against the sides of the starved beast that drew it. Beside the cart walked a ragged woman. With one hand she held on by the shaft, that she might be partly dragged along; the other, and disengaged hand, brandished a stick which descended in repeated blows on the wretched animal. Each blow was accompanied by foul and odious curses, which, though addressed to the unoffending brute, I interpreted as merely the ungovernable outbreaks of

her own tormented and miserable spirit. Peace, beauty, goodness, were things unknown to her—words for which she had no meaning.

And this, too, was woman! The same clay of humanity had been moulded thus, and thus! Both women, both walking through the same scene, at the same hour. The one needed but the companionship of the pure and holy to feel that she was already in heaven; the other—if such a thing will bear the naming—was walking through this paradise very like a soul in hell.

Then, again, I asked myself, must it be thus always? This creature of rags, and pain, and curses, has become what she is by no natural eccentricity of character. Why could not both have been gentle, refined, pious, cultivated?

For several days after this I went about refashioning my Utopian community. I distributed and simplified the necessary labours of the society. Above all, as the central light and power of the whole, I constructed my ideal university or college—central seat of learning, science, and the fine arts, which would be, as it were, the very heart through which the whole life-blood of the community would circulate.

The monastic institution presents us with a foreshadowing or type of the future society—with this slight deficiency, that there is no place in it for the wife and family. I was occupied in supplying this defect in the type. Sallying forth one fine morning, full of schemes and arrangements for this purpose, I passed a farmhouse. The cries and exclamations of a group of young children drew my attention to it. At the door stood a chaise-cart, such as serves in the country both for business and pleasure. About and around it was a swarm of children, sturdy, rose-cheeked, full of health and irrepressible glee, some scrambling up the wheels, some caressing the sleek horse, who seemed pleased with the patting of their little hands. Forth comes my farmer, self-confident and rubicund, good-natured, yet with an air, too, of importance in his round manly face. He tosses some half-dozen of these merry urchins into the cart, which indeed seems of unlimited capacity:

the youngest is left behind to be consoled by the mother, who now makes her appearance on the threshold—a comely, smiling, busy matron. Away my farmer drives. Never was such a cart-ful of happiness and merriment. I hear the laughter of the children ringing half-way down the lane. Oh here, if anywhere, is Utopia! This is the true and eternal type, I exclaimed, of human life. No schemer, from Plato downwards, can improve on this. I gave my ideals to the winds. This simple reality was worth them all. What! impound this man in any of your phalansteries—your moral parallelograms—your well-dieted penitentiaries—leave him nothing he can call his own—nothing to toss into the lap of these children and their mother—nothing to control, to order, to give—nothing to play the father with—that cart and horse not his! Oh Heaven! transportation to the North Pole were better.

Just in proportion as one is "cared for" by society, must one submit to be governed by it. The home must be looked into by the public eye; it becomes a public institution. Who shall guarantee to me, that, in framing the *community*, you will not desecrate the *family*? I, for one, will not try "my 'prentice hand" on such a matter.

Often have I, when looking up into the sky, seen a brillant white cloud extend itself across the blue ether in the exact model of an angel's wing—one wing, never the angel complete. Such have been my visions of the Future Society. Both wings would never come fairly out; no complete angel would ever manifest itself.

Some months after this, behold me plodding my solitary way, "melancholy, slow," through the streets of the city of Manchester. I had paused midway here on my route to London, to satisfy a curiosity I felt to see those factories which I so often heard talked of. To come from the fresh mountain air to such a place, is not a mode of approach the most conciliating. Here men live buried in bricks—buried above ground in a sort of open catacomb: the dwellings of the workmen deserve no better name. I

passed through interminable rows of brick hovels, foul and noisy, in which I am sure I should have sighed for the peace of the catacomb. Not the leaf of a tree visible; no sky, only smoke; no running water but what runs with filth. Men have built thus for their habitation!—a race of breathing, seeing, reasoning, creatures, have built thus on their beautiful planet Tellus! For leave to live in habitations like these, where air and light, beauty and fragrance, are shut out for ever—where one foul cell looks only into its neighbour—men and women are toiling as no other animal on the face of the earth toils.

Not much to jeopardize here, I said to myself, of domestic joy, of spontaneous activity, of the sacred privacy of home. The official eye might enter here without great detriment to the institution of the "family." Personal liberty, or freedom of movement, short of being incarcerated, seems here at its *minimum*. Not much to sacrifice of self-government and free enterprize. One might submit here to be "cared for" a little more, at the risk of being governed a little more.

I had been anxious to see our great factories; but being a stranger in the place, and having brought with me no letters of introduction, I had great difficulty in doing so. Into the most eminent of them I failed to obtain admittance. Those which I did *not* see, I can quite understand, were better arranged than those I was permitted to enter. What I saw, however, *were* factories, full of veritable men and women, and vast numbers of them. I entered an enormous brick building, rising story above story, every floor packed as full as it could hold with its living machinery. As I ascended this huge pile the air grew closer and more offensive at every stage, till I was fain to content myself with looking from the doorway down the long crowded room, dim from its thick atmosphere, and stunning you with noise from the whirr of wheels and the clattering of the looms. In this stifling atmosphere, and amidst this incessant din, pale and spiritless men and women were moving about, performing their monotonous and subsidiary services to the steam-engine. They themselves were at once as restless and automatic as those clattering looms they attended on. It was some consolation to think that habit might render them almost as insensible as the iron machinery about them.

Is this the last phase, I said to myself, of our even-handed, self-reliant scheme? Men and women spend ten hours and a half every day—Parliamentary measurement, as I am told—in this sort of service. What is it *for*? what great object? what urgent need? what new and pressing emergency has fallen on mankind? None; it is the work of every day and all life long, and it is for the oldest need man has—the need of some sort of body-clothing. When was it known before that this matter of clothing cost all this toil? Is this your *progress*? Make garments out of cotton, and teach the steam-engine to help in the manufacture—but, men and women! bethink you into what you are manufacturing yourselves.

After visiting several factories and workshops of different descriptions, I found myself pacing to and fro upon one of the bridges. I shall not easily forget the view from Blackfriars Bridge, Manchester. The river runs beneath you black as ink. Fresh streams of filth are pouring into it from the factories that line the banks, or a jet of steam escapes in puffs, the white steam looking conspicuous and ghastly enough, contrasted against the black river. From square ungainly buildings (such palaces has Industry built for herself) tall chimneys arise, throwing volumes of smoke into the air. Through the intervals of these enormous chimneys, and quite overpowered by them, the steeples and towers of the distant churches struggle into sight; forming, in an architectural point of view, and perhaps in some other points of view, a very incongruous arrangement. The people who pass and repass before you, fully correspond with the scene—dreary-looking men, and slatternly girls with ragged shawls hanging loose upon their shoulders—nothing feminine about them but their dress. Men and women, boys and girls, walk past you with the same hard, callous, indifferent, unhopeful demeanour.

As I stood lingering upon this "Bridge of Sighs," my attention was caught by a printed placard, inviting "the Religious and Philanthropic Public" of Manchester to an anti-slavery meeting. The object of the meeting seemed to me—in the humour I was then in—singular enough. The religious and philanthropic gentry of Manchester, the owners of these factories, their wives and widows, sons and daughters—all living

upon cotton—were to meet and energetically to protest, as with one voice, against the cultivation of cotton by slave labour. Protest by all means, if simple protestation can effect any thing; but is the raw cotton the only article of commerce that goes forth into the markets of the world with some moral taint clinging to it? If the South Carolinian stood with me upon this "Bridge of Sighs," he might think that it was also in the weaving that the cotton goods got a certain infection from misery and injustice.

But there is no Arcadia for us—none at least to be reached by *going back*. We must push forward. We cannot simplify society; we must master its complexities. Cotton-growing and cotton-spinning will both be one day conducted in a better fashion. The slave will rise to the position of the paid labourer, and the paid labourer may be rising to a quite new position. We must push forward—forward through the din and smoke of this very Manchester. Here, at all events, men are learning to combine, and different classes are also learning to combine for mutual assistance. Amidst all the heat and toil and tribulation of this scene, a welding process is being carried on, that may have many good results. From all I understand, there is no town in England which manifests so enlightened a public spirit as this of Manchester. There is no going back. We must transform this Manchester itself, bit by bit, stone by stone, man by man, into a pleasant city, and a city of the just. Science must teach us to consume this smoke; these dwelling-houses must be made healthful and cheerful. Improved processes of manufacturing shall disconnect our industry from the filth which poisons the river, as well as that which infects the air. Our "manufacturing era" is an age of apprenticeship. I always return to this indisputable truth: It is by doing our best under the existing state of things that we shall work out a better. It is by improving our own present system, that we create the nobler system that is to follow.

I am in London. Have others felt the same contrarieties as I have done? If, at one time, the aspect of a great city has

excited glorious anticipations of the future, from reflection on the sciences and arts that are cultivated therein, at other times it has called up terrible apprehensions; and I have felt nothing but alarm, lest whatever of civilization has been already accomplished should be swept away in some mad and desperate revolution.

Look down that long street,—every house on both sides of it is a spacious mansion, replete with all desirable comforts—the abode of wealth and refinement, of active intelligent men, of beautiful and cultivated women. And look again at those groups of haggard mortals, with envy, hatred, and malice at their hearts; they stand or they saunter under those windows, behind which sit unseen your gentle and your wise. That thin glass alone interposes. What if this haggard multitude should in its frenzy resolve to enter—where it can enter only to destroy? For me, I sometimes draw my breath in fear and trembling, as if in an agony of suspense, when I think what brute Power might do, if stung into anger and desperation. "Come out—come down to us!" What if an insensate crowd should cry out thus? "We cannot rise to you—come down to us!"

If any pensive gentleman, in quest of a "new sensation"—whom not even the last novel will appease—should apply to me, I think I could help him to a suggestion. Let him throw over his shoulders an old cloak, and put some weather-beaten cap upon his head, and seat himself, as I once did, amidst the rabble and the riff-raff of one of the crowded streets of London. There, level with the pavement, let him contemplate society from this new point of view. Looking *up* from this lowly position, the old familiar structure, if I mistake not, will wear a singularly novel aspect to him. He will also find himself surrounded (not, thank Heaven! with the men who form the foundation of society, but) with an obscene race, that burrow into the foundations deep and mischievously enough.

I once quite undesignedly found myself in such a position. I had returned to London from a long sojourn in the country, and had lost much of that awe and respect for conventional proprieties which distinguishes every reputable citizen. In the fields where I had been in the habit of walking, some old horse, pro-

jecting its head over the gate, was the severest critic of my costume and demeanour I was likely to meet. If I was tired, I sat down on the first convenient resting-place. This liberty—unheard-of in the respectable citizen—I took even in the streets of London. Being wearied, I sat down on the steps of a church.

I sat down under the portico of a church in Regent Street; a place which, at that time, was a good deal infested by loiterers of all descriptions. I found myself amongst beggars, itinerant vendors of knives and slippers, women with large pieces of wash-leather displayed for sale, Italian boys with their images and the like. It was November; I had on a travelling cloak and cap; I was probably taken for a foreigner. With our populace a foreigner is either a prince or a beggar; it was plain I was not the prince; no one took any heed of me.

Out there in the street before me rolled by carriage after carriage—elegant equipages, as they are called. How very palpable it became to me, as I now sat here on the pavement, that those who looked out of carriage windows regarded us as a quite different race of beings, as quite out of the pale of humanity. Evidently the dogs in the street, the lamp-posts on either side of the way, or the heaps of mud scraped up for the scavenger's cart, were just as likely to occupy their thoughts as the human group to which I then belonged. The lady and gentleman who walked past us, with stately or with careless step, were equally indifferent. Unconscious they of our presence, unless as obstacles in the path, to be especially avoided. We were at their feet, but far beyond their vision! Soh!—thought I—this it is to sit on the lowest round of the ladder. It is well to try the place. How very near the dirt we are! What if this were verily my position in society? I imagined for the moment that it was, and identified myself with these children of the streets.

I learnt something from my new position, and the novel society around me. I felt that the passionless neglect of our superiors was returned by us with something far more energetic. You simply pass us by; you have no hostility, nor dream of exciting it; you think no harm, you would not hurt us—no, nor would you hurt the crawling toad upon your path; you avoid us both, and for the very same reason—the contact would be disagree-

able. Simply you do not love us—this is the extent of your feeling; but ours? I detected that we return neglect—with hate!

I heard the beggars whine out their pious supplications, as in times past they had often done to myself, but from my new position I heard the *aside* also of these miserable actors. I heard the brutal curse that followed on the pious supplication when it had not succeeded, and the triumphant jest, somewhat more carefully expressed, when the disgusting hypocrisy had prospered. How the eye spoke of plunder, as it caught the glitter of any ornament on the passers-by! how of sullen hate, as it followed the bold and confident step of the English gentleman!

One thing I noticed (and I have noticed it on other occasions), which at first appears very inexplicable. Criticism on dress or equipage one expects in the windows of a club-room. But to find it here!—amongst these!—and of the most intolerant description! Any singularity of costume is punished, amongst us of the streets, with the most unsparing ridicule. Many of us, who never rode at all except in a dung-cart, greet a sorry equipage with jeers of derision. How is this? Is our taste so very refined, or have we really so keen a sense of the ridiculous? I apprehend that it is nothing more than an overflowing of the bile,—a demonstration of our spite. Any excuse for a brutal jest is greedily seized upon. Our most absurd laughter is in fact a poor species of retaliation.

A coarse fellow stands near me. A gentleman and his dog passes. The dog thinks proper to assail the man,—does not bite, but barks, as if he was very much disposed to do so. The gentleman calls off his dog,—chides and reproves the animal,—but, as the manner of the English gentleman is, he does not cast a look, a glance, apologetic or otherwise, upon the man! All passes as a breach of discipline on the part of the dog. But the man followed,—not the dog, but his master,—followed with a scowl that made my blood run cold. "Our turn may come one day," he muttered between his teeth, "and then!"—some horrible imprecation was lost in the jostle and turmoil of the street.

Without a question, we of the pavement, if we had our will, would stop those smooth-rolling chariots, with their liveried attend-

ants (how we hate those clean and well-fed lackeys!)—would open the carriage door, and bid the riders come down to us!—come down to share—good Heaven, what?—our ruffianage, our garbage, the general scramble, the general filth.

"War to the knife rather!" they of the chariots would exclaim,—"War to the death rather than this!"—and with good reason. Meanwhile they ride there softly, thinking no evil,—thinking very little of any thing at all.

The fashionable crowd thickens; there are more carriages, more pedestrians, more gazers at the shops and at each other; and throughout all this stir and glitter, mark that slow-creeping scarecrow of a man, creeping along in the gutter, with his mouth glued to his harsh and screaming clarionet. He is worth observing. That he should be there torturing all ears, speaks not much for city life in the nineteenth century; but that he himself should most contentedly live by the exercise of this unlimited power of torturing others, is the point I would notice. I look upon him, as he there perambulates the streets, to be a sort of incarnation, or living symbol, of our commercial spirit. On he creeps, screeching eternally; nothing to him the curses and the jeers of men; he has to live. Whether he extorts his pence from charity, or from afflicted mortals who bribe him to quicken his tread, he cares not; cares nothing for the motive, cares only for the pence. "Buy my music—my intolerable screeching! It maddens you; that is your affair, not mine. Buy! Buy!" It does madden you. You fling curses at his head, but you fling pence too. You buy it that way. He wants nothing else but such curses and sufficiency of pence.

I sat on the steps of the church for some time unnoticed, and undisturbed by high or low; but now a shabbily dressed man took his seat beside me, and without needless preface, or the formalities of introduction, began to talk out the thoughts that were in him. Something, I suppose, in the manner in which I was surveying the scene led him to conclude that he should find in me a ready listener. He was no bad representative of the spirit of discontent which resides down here upon the pavement.

The man spoke well and energetically, and considering his theme, not without a tone of moderation. I suspect that, although he gave me to understand that he was a printer by trade, he had a little practised the neighbour craft of authorship; possibly had contributed many a political tirade to the journal which he helped to print. We were then in the year 1842, a period of unusual distress, and certain revolutionary opinions were, in consequence, making head amongst us. They have since subsided with the same severe distress which had brought them forward. His conversation, as I remember, ran thus. My part in it will be chiefly indicated by some turn in his own expressions.

"You may well look, sir, at these glittering shops, and all the toys and trappings of luxury displayed behind their plate-glass windows. Here we are, sitting on the steps of a Christian church, and looking at the pomps and vanities which it seems have *not* been renounced. And here and there, hovering about these plate-glass windows, you may catch sight of some of the children of the poor. Clothed in rags, fed on refuse, they will at night be kennelled like dogs—or worse. Human children are brought up like wild beasts; and these shops are blazing with silly jewellery and gaudy stuffs. Yonder is one full of fantastically carved upholstery. Absurd! as if sound sleep were to be got out of architectural bed-posts!

"Straight before is a vast magazine stocked with lace embroidery—I know not what—flimsy things of no use, and little beauty. You would say that men had done all their serious work before they sat down to the manufacture of such things as these; you would imagine that the artisans of such flimsy productions were easy well-conditioned men, on whose hands time was hanging rather heavily,—that the homestead and the larder had been built and filled before men took seriously to making lace! No such thing. The wan and meagre artisan of this *fabric*, as they call it—which fashion prodigally buys to-day, and may toss aside contemptuously to-morrow,—worked at it for very bread, and hardly got the bread he worked for; ay, and trembled all the while lest he should lose his precious employment. He could not use his strong right arm in building up the homestead that he wanted, and he had no other way to get his food but this. A man's life

hangs on such a thread! A living man works all the day with his head down,—I know it,—all the time the blessed sun is in the heavens,—works at his loom, with famine looking over his shoulders, to produce this tawdry, flimsy stuff! His life hangs upon this thread!—hangs just now on the glib nonsense of yonder courtly shopman persuading some silly woman to purchase what can be of no earthly use to her.

"Equality! why talk to me of equality? Who cares for equality? What is it to me that my neighbour lives more sumptuously than I, so long as I am dieted sufficiently? If I have a good brick house to fend me from the weather, what is it to me that my neighbour covers his with stucco and Corinthian pillars? What are his Corinthian pillars to me? What care I for his architectural bedposts? The evil lies here: That the labour of man is misdirected to the production of superfluities, whilst a number are left unsupplied with the essentials of a humanized existence. There is a palpable misdirection of human industry. All this elaborate fringe-work and embroidery, and many thousands starving in their rags.

"How can I draw the line, you ask, between luxury and essentials? What is superfluity to one man, is necessary to another. Mere cavil. The old quibble. Of course, I cannot draw the line, but the two provinces are nevertheless distinct enough. There are certain matters which, experience has by this time taught us, pertain to health, to decency, to morals, to the prevention of absolute suffering. We must all have warmth as well as food; we ought all to breathe fresh air. Pure water should be attainable by all. Such implements of furniture as are needful to health and repose might be manufactured for all. These are not in their nature luxuries, which, I take it, are things a man may dispense with unharmed. Draw the line! Whoever drew a line yet? Nowhere, so far as I have learnt, in science or in morals, has a line ever been drawn. No physiologist, as I am told, can say where animal life itself begins, or point out the first in his order of living creatures that feels *pain*,—which yet is a very unmistakable matter where it is felt. Am I to be compelled to draw the precise line between utility and luxury before I remonstrate against the injustice which herds a whole family into

one miserable garret, and decorates half-a-dozen spacious apartments for a man who rarely enters one of them?

"Yes! yes! If all cannot be decently housed, this is no reason, I admit, why a few should not have both decent and decorous habitations. If our society, with all its skill and industry, can manage to build and furnish only a certain proportionate number of habitable dwellings, let it by all means build and furnish just so many as it can. The rest of us must wait, or endure our want with patience. But is it so? I do not forget—I too have read my political economy—I do not forget that the materials for building, as of all human industry, are the produce of the soil, and are not illimitable. But will any one contend that the skill and industry of the society has here done its utmost for the service of society? or that it is the want of building material that prevents us from exceeding the present limit to the house-accommodation of our populace? Are there not thousands of strong arms that would work at this, if our system permitted them to work? Of clay to make bricks with, and all articles of crockery, of iron, and of glass, the supply may be said to be co-extensive with the labour men are willing to bestow in obtaining it. Timber may fail us; but I do not find that the supply of timber runs short for any building purposes of the rich. When it is proposed to pull down the narrow streets and alleys where the poor reside—not to build larger houses for them, but to make room for more houses for the rich—driving the poor into streets and alleys already overcrowded, I never hear it objected that the supply of timber is likely to fail."

I could not but here interpose to explain, as well as I was able, that the misdirection of industry of which my oratorical companion complained, had a tendency to correct itself, and will correct itself, with the gradual progress of all classes of society, and especially of the class of operatives. When the more intelligent workman *spends his wages better*, and, owing to the same increasing intelligence and prudence, *has more wages to spend*, the industry and the capital of the country will be in a still

larger proportion devoted to the supply of our substantial comforts. This misdirection of labour will, in fact, vanish as the prosperity and intelligence of the whole country advance. He heard me with some impatience, and then broke in—

"Sir, you talk the language of the safe, idle, orthodox progressionist. All is to come right by the slow operations of causes already in the field. The instructed workman will become more prudent—prudent especially in the article of marriage; his wages then will rise; he will become a larger consumer—the capitalist will accordingly work *for him* in an increased proportion. Thus this sad misdirection of human industry will be remedied. It is a pleasant faith; and those who do not suffer from the disease may very patiently wait for the remedy. But the system itself is at fault. Your prudent operatives *have* raised their wages, and now observe what follows. Profits fall. If capital is abundant and profits low, which is the prosperous condition of things for the operative, forthwith a number of rash projects and speculations are set afloat; any scheme that promises a large profit is seized upon! the capital is wasted on such schemes, or it is spent in an unproductive consumption, or it is sent abroad to be employed in other countries; or perhaps war breaks forth, and it goes that way. By these means the amount of capital is reduced, and wages are reduced; prudent or imprudent, the operative must suffer. What is called the *normal rate of profits* is restored. Political economists teach us that this is the usual, the *scientific* order of events. A Christian economist, in his *Bridgewater Treatise*, applauds this nice adjustment of the social machinery, by which capital is always prevented from being too abundant, and compares it to the beneficent arrangements of the Deity in the natural world. But what then becomes of the hope that the labourer will raise himself and his class by his prudence? What avails his prudence? His wages are again reduced by a reduction of the amount of that capital which is to be spent in wages—a reduction brought about by a prodigality or cupidity of the capitalist,—which is part of the *normal* state of things. Nay, without laying any blame upon the capitalist, is there not in our present system, as it now works, an incompatibility between the interests of the capitalist

and the workman? *The prosperity of the man of wages is the adversity of the man of profits.*"

I protested against this notion that there was a fatal antagonism between the capitalist and the workman; I insisted that it is not one class only of the community that has to improve, or that will improve; and that, so far from the prodigality and impatient cupidity of the capitalist being a necessary part of our social machinery, I felt persuaded that these periodical fits of recklessness would cease with the generally advancing intelligence of mankind—that the capitalist would learn to be content with smaller profits—that he would feel himself in too responsible a position lightly to fling away that fund from which the wages of the labourer were paid. All society, I said, moves on together. If the operative becomes more prudent, the capitalist also takes a higher view of his own duties, and feels himself more responsible.

I did not make much impression upon my companion. "If landlords and capitalists," he replied, "are to become wise and benevolent, let them adopt some steadfast scheme, some permanent arrangement, which shall do away altogether with these terrible fluctuations in what is called the labour-market. Because *money* fails one class, thousands of another class are reduced to beggary. If the *harvest* has failed, some of us may be compelled to starve. My proposition is, that with corn in the granary there ought never to be seen such a spectacle as honest and able men petitioning in vain for work."

"You belong, I suspect, to those philanthropic and benevolent reformers who would educate the lower classes, but protest, at the same time, that their education is not to bring with it any desire for social or organic change. What care I for this education of the people, unless it *does* bring with it some organic change? What is education to a man who has no leisure given him to read or to think? Educate as much as you please, but do you think to render men more content with an unjust system by giving them faculties to see, and sensibilities to feel its injustice? Education, unless it modifies directly or indirectly the whole condition of the operative, will be no boon. A toad, they

say, will live—such life as it is—in a block of stone; but if you drill holes to it, and stir it up with galvanic or other excitement, I think, in common mercy, you should cut away something more of the stone, and give it freedom.

"Oh yes! very philanthropic are our public men—up to a certain point. They have lately taken the factory children and the factory girls under their especial protection. But these kind guardians stop at a very critical point in the interest of their ward. A poor factory girl might say to her legislators: 'All my life I obey rules—rules of the factory, rules of Parliament—I live by rule. I was educated according to some public law; I rise from my bed, I enter and leave the factory, I take my meals by strictest regulations; I work my ten hours and a half statute measurement; every hour of recreation is meted out to me by others; I exercise no will of my own; I am a creature in the hands of others. Well, I obey—I work patiently, punctually; you will surely see that I *have* always work to do—that I can earn these poor wages which represent for me the means of life.'

"'My poor good girl,' her legislative guardian would reply, 'that one step further in your behalf, which you plead for with such simplicity, would revolutionize the world. Neither for you, nor for any of us, is there security for the future. The capitalist who employs you may break to-morrow; the shopkeeper who takes the goods of the capitalist may be a bankrupt the day after he has purchased them. We are all gamesters; you too, must risk your trifle of wages at the table. We are all gamesters, and apparently we like the excitement; we should do nothing without it. To you, my poor girl, the excitement may not come in the most agreeable form. But there is no help for it; you must stake—what you have to stake.'

"But does not every honest-hearted man rise up in revolt against a system like this? I ask you, Can it last? Say that the rich and prosperous fold their arms in perfect apathy and content—are there not miserable multitudes who are beginning to feel that their misery is not a necessity of nature, but a social injustice—at all events, a social blunder? They take measure of the power and the knowledge now realized by man, and they

say, Let this power and knowledge be exercised for the benefit of all. Here is God's land that He has given us, and the science that he has taught us, and the strength of numbers, and the combination of varied intellects—say that the Past was as perfect as it could be, there are now powers, aspirations, capabilities for a better system than the Past could accomplish."

In the solitude of my own thoughts, I could dream of new social forms to be developed in some remote era of the world's existence; but when I heard another speak of them out aloud, as schemes to be forthwith advocated and attempted, I recoiled with alarm. "But, good God!" I exclaimed, thrown somewhat from my balance, "what is it you would do? What is it you propose? Do you teach Communism? Look about you? Communism between *These* and *Those?* Very possible, if you could build your fraternal community on mutual fear, hatred, distrust—not otherwise. These are the only feelings I find in common between the extreme classes of society. Misery that is full of anger, Wealth that is full of pride—what Communism will you construct out of these?

"The Communism," I continued, "of the down-trodden classes rising into sudden power (France has shown it to us), has sensuality for its end, and murder for its means. Some revolutionary enthusiast may possibly be dreaming of universal peace, of diffused intelligence, of truth and justice, arts, letters, music, and philanthropy, but he will awake from his dreams to find himself in the orgies of a brothel, and at his first step his foot will be slipping in human blood, and he will catch, for all support, the fraternal grasp of drunkards and assassins! Oh, it is madness! madness!"

What answer my companion would have made to this energetic outbreak (which was more due, in fact, to some previous cogitations of my own than to any thing he had said), I cannot tell; for at this moment our conversation was suddenly interrupted by the authoritative voice of the policeman ordering us to "move on." My orator started to his feet in indignation at this command. I, too, found my latent dignity roused in an instant

by the touch of the policeman's hand upon my shoulder. This, too, was a "new sensation"—a novel experience, and one that brought me very rapidly back to a due sense of conventional proprieties. I "moved on," but not without having gained something for further reflection as I proceeded on my way.

CHAPTER IV.

THE MOTH AND THE FLAME.

It was not always politics that occupied my thoughts, and the next time I walked down Regent Street, an incident, of a very different kind from that which I have just recorded, excited very different emotions.

An open carriage is drawn up at the door of one of those repositories of fashionable luxuries that I and my chance companion had been so severely criticizing. The ladies have apparently left the carriage for their *shopping*. One of them, however, remains behind. She sits back in a corner of the barouche, her features almost concealed by the little fringed parasol which she holds down close to her head, and underneath the shade of which she seems to be amusing herself by scanning the great crowd of faces passing by and eddying around her. I am walking along in my usual dreamy mood, but some indefinable sympathy leads me, as I pass, to look up. I steal a glance at this fair young muse, meditating upon the world from an open barouche. It is Winifred. My first impulse is to redouble my pace, and to avoid recognition. I walked rapidly up the street. By-and-by I relax my speed—I pause—I turn—I walk, first slowly, then rapidly back again. I jostle every one I meet. I arrive breathless at the spot. I am too late. Her companions had rejoined her; the carriage had driven off. I watch the receding wheels with the bitterest disappointment.

The time now drew near when I was to leave Oxford. To please my uncle, I took my degree—went out in the crowd, as it

is said. On finally quitting the university, it seemed expected that I should pay a somewhat longer visit than usual to Sutton Manor.

From time to time I had continued to see Winifred. To me she was always the same,—kind, beautiful, irresistibly lovable. Only one of us, I suppose, felt or understood what embarrassed our intercourse. She wondered why I stayed away so long, and why my visits were so brief. Even Lady Moberly seemed to think that I over-acted my precautionary part. Sir Thomas had at length come to the conclusion that I was altogether an irreclaimable book-worm, who would do nothing in the world or in society,—nothing either in public or private life; a result he entirely attributed to that home education which he had so often inveighed against in vain. No one suspected what a complete tyranny was exercised over the soul of this wandering book-worm. Flight, and the involving myself in some abstruse speculation, "to steal from me the natural man," were my only resources.

Attracted,—then warned by many a sharp pain; flying, and again attracted; it was the old story of the Moth and the Flame. During the visit I now paid, I gave myself up with a quite holiday delight to the fascination of Winifred's society. At all events, I said to myself, the penalty falls on one of us only. And as for me—it matters not; I shall for this whole month persist in loving! I shall see her every day, talk with her, walk with her, ride with her, be her boatman on this beautiful river. Yes, let the storm threaten what it may, I will simply love on.

I did!—I had what I have since called my month of Elysium. One accomplishment, at least, I had brought with me from Oxford: I could manage a boat. Winifred still retained her simple tastes, and liked, above all things, to be in the open air in the country. "Take me out of these thick walls," she would say, "into the open sky; let me have moving clouds about me,—the tall trees, their living branches, and the living birds within them; and then, my learned cousin, you may talk to me—your zoologies, or biologies, or whatever *ology* you please. I will be a very patient, if not a very intelligent listener." Accordingly, we were often on the river together. Now we pulled amongst the rushes,

and went in chase of the water-lily, or, grappling to the bank, stretched out to gather wild-flowers. Sometimes, putting forth all my force, I pulled most triumphantly, boasting of my skill to carry her smoothly and swiftly over the stream. At other times I would rest upon the dripping oars, and we would watch the sun go down; or Winifred would sing to the swans, as they came mantling towards us. Bending over towards the beautiful bird, she would sing to it some sweet Italian melody, to try, she said, if music could touch this mute beauty of the river. Oh, happy trifling! There was one, at all events, whom the music never failed to touch.

Lover as I had been of nature, I never knew till then what beauty there was in the simple landscape, in the fields, the flowers, trees, and the running stream. I never knew what roses were, or could be, till I saw Winifred in her own garden standing amongst them.

I cannot describe her. I cannot see her for the light love threw, and still throws around her. Beautiful she was, for every one proclaimed it; and kind she must have been, for everybody loved her. Even the old horse in the paddock must trot after her. As to the great dog *Nep*, as we called him,—brief for Neptune,—it was a sight to see when he came with huge bounds, and his ringing glorious bark, bounding about his young mistress, not touching her, lest he might injure; and when he had received his caress, bounding and barking again with most manifest triumph and delight. She might well be the most unselfish of beings. Everybody was thinking of her. Why should she think for herself? To her was reserved the luxury of pleasing all others. What joy she gave! not thinking what she gave! She gave like a child, that laughs and scatters from the lap of security.

But what *mind* had she—what intellect? I cannot tell. I had mingled all that was best of my own with it. The thoughts I uttered in her presence seemed always half hers! Perhaps

I had been talking all the time, but I had a vague impression that she had led the conversation; she had certainly inspired it.

When I talked with Winifred, my philosophy was ever hopeful and full of faith. It was the faith I formed for her that I was giving to myself. I saw the heavens opening, for I looked with her eyes, and looked—for her.

I apprehend that the perfect *spontaneity* of all she said and did was particularly charming to me, who had unfortunately acquired an introspective and analytic habit of thought. Intermittent moods of gayety and reflection came and went; she gave no account of them to herself. After speaking wittily and well, she relapsed the next moment, suddenly and yet gracefully, into the contented listener. Effort of any kind she never seemed to make; she had no display, no ambition. Why should she? Every one loved her as she was. It has since occurred to me that the universal affection she had, spoilt her for any effort to excel. After love, how poor a thing is admiration! It is only the admiration that goes before love, and ushers it in, that is worth having.

But her own love—her own *heart*, as we are accustomed to say—was this given to no one? If not to me, to whom else? Of the suitors who came round her, some with her father's understood approval, had she selected none? "Do you mean, Winifred," said her mother on one occasion, half jocosely, half earnestly, after she had been remonstrating on the very cold reception given to some titled guest,—"do you mean, Winifred, never to love anybody?" "Anybody!" said Winifred, who was then sitting at the piano, touching its keys occasionally, "*Everybody!* You first of all, and everybody else, down to the old horse in the paddock. But for this matter of wooing,—to be won and worn,—the winning one thing, the wearing another,—I am terribly afraid of it. Think, mamma, of *being another's!*—as they say. I intend to keep possession—unless—unless—" and then, striking

the keys, she filled up the pause, and drowned all response in a perfect storm of music.

When I look back upon this golden time—this month of Elysium, as I have called it—I am amazed to think of the *capacity for happiness* that is in us. Let any philosopher, with his mental chemistry, try to analyze the complex and intricate felicities that the presence of one loved person can bring us! he will make nothing of it. He may as well count the ripples of light upon yonder ocean when the rising sun strikes it.

How fortunate are they with whom the ecstasy of such an epoch ushers in the calm and life-long friendship! With me it had to subside—how it could—into mere cold despondency. Some of us worship very madly. How, in imagination, do the arms open, and we fold so tenderly, for ever and for ever, to our hearts—mere shadow! We open our arms to the empty air. Will not the idol come down from its pedestal? Never!—never to us! Yet we worship before it still.

I cannot tell how others in like case have felt; with me there was a division and a rebellion in my own soul. My anger turned ever upon myself. I can say that I felt no bitterness against any other living being. But this mad grief seemed to arm my right hand with an imaginary dagger, pointed always against my own heart. To such self-combat and suicidal rage was my Elysian happiness conducting me!

Again the Moth gathered strength and wing enough to take flight. I broke from the enchanted garden. I pretended some urgent necessity for travelling to Scotland.

Railway, coach, steamboat—I made no pause till I found myself at the well-known inn at Tarbet, on Loch Lomond. I had spent one night at the inn, and the next morning I was sitting on the margin of the lake. Very majestic is Ben Lomond, very beautiful the lake; but all this inanimate beauty was powerless now. I saw it not. Memory was stronger than vision. In vain had I travelled some three hundred miles or more; I was

still in the garden at Sutton Manor; I was on the river there, or in the park or shrubbery; I was still with Winifred. And then came all manner of delusive reasonings—so prodigally produced on these occasions. What if, after all, nothing was wanting, but, on my part—courage!—one bold step! Would not all yield to the wish of Winifred? was she not omnipotent over the affection of both parents? And how could Winifred express her wish if I did not tempt forth the secret of her heart? And what was that which, sitting at the piano, she had drowned in a perfect storm of music? What ought to have followed on that "unless —unless?"

A thousand such resistless arguments—that seem resistless and are light as air—crowded into my mind, till I wrought myself into the conviction that I, indeed, was my own greatest enemy, by the unbroken silence I had hitherto maintained. I started up from the spot where, for some hours, I had been sitting like a statue. I flew to the inn, I flew to the steamboat, I travelled *back*. I travelled without ceasing day and night. I seemed only to pause to draw breath, when I stood once more at the gate of the shrubbery at Sutton Manor. Then indeed I paused. Leaning on the half-opened gate, I saw again my own position in its true and natural light. Was it not always known and understood that *such a thing was not to be?* One after the other, all my fallacious reasonings deserted me. What madness could have brought me there? I hoped no one had seen me. Slowly and softly the half-opened gate was closed again. I walked away, retracing my steps as unobserved as possible through the village.

CHAPTER V.

THE WANDERER.

I RETURNED upon my former track, but this time I stopped at the north of England, at our own lakes. My project of a tour in Scotland was postponed; I was indisposed for the constant movement of the tourist; and even in a familiar scene there is some sense of companionship. There was no other help for me than to involve myself, as soon as possible, in some favourite study, or subject of inquiry.

In this way there was enough to do. How many noble books, written by living contemporaries, were yet to be read and mastered, if I would prosecute the plan of study I had proposed to myself. What Germany has given us of historical criticism, what France, England, and every eminent nation has contributed to the last theories of science, what our own literature was giving us of poetry and philosophy—all this was to be mastered.

But it was not at once I could settle down to study. And ever since, up to the last few months, it has been thus with me—that the moment the book was closed, or the train of thinking which it had suggested was at an end, there came back the sense of blankness and of utter desolation. It could not be otherwise. I was not framed of that granite strength that can stand alone. And I *had* to stand alone—or so it seemed to me.

There is a sense of familiarity very agreeable in revisiting favourite spots; but what a contrast is there between nature, seen with a free heart to devote to it, and the same nature wandered amongst with a sad and preoccupied spirit! Let no one

go to the picturesque for consolation. No stricken deer ever felt the arrow less for looking up to the mountains.

It was at Windermere that I first became acquainted with the higher order of scenery—first sailed upon the lake, so transparent, we wonder it sustains us, and reflecting the mountains, and the sky with all its clouds, so clearly in its depths, that we seem to be buoyed up between two worlds—or say rather, between two heavens. It was here that I first felt the fascination of the mountain-range—that mid region, which belongs both to earth and sky—cloud architecture, built in the solid rock. Were I to travel all round the globe, should I ever forget those dear Langdale Pikes, and that most graceful range of hills over which they preside, or the summits of Fairfield and Skiddaw? Nothing in picture or in poem—nothing that I had seen or read—had prepared me for what the summit of a mountain discloses, range beyond range, tier above tier, and the last barrier losing itself in the sky, and the whole flooded with indescribable variety of the richest colouring. And what a thrill of delight it was when, from the base of the mountain, I first actually saw the white summer-cloud nestling in the hollows above me. There first I felt that the heavens were ours too.

This earliest excursion was made in company with Luxmore. We started from Mr. Springfield's together. We must see "Wordsworth's mountains," as we called them. I remember it was spring-time. The young verdure was quite *luminous*. I can think of no fitter word. It was spring-time *within* as well as without. How triumphantly we scaled those hills! How valourously we conquered height after height! How sturdily we strode, when need was, with knapsack on our shoulders, through the winding valley! We sat together on the little bridge in Borrowdale, both silent as thought itself, for our spirits were attuned in harmony with each other, and we instinctively knew when each would crave for silence.

"Oh, lady fair!" I remember Luxmore exclaiming, in the boundless joy of his free heart, as some gentle equestrian passed us—"Oh, lady fair, whom we meet here riding on your palfrey

—your beauty is harmless here—we defy you here. Very studiously grave, very needlessly severe, is the glance you throw on the dusty pedestrian, if you condescend to glance at all. For worlds you would not be seen to smile, as if you felt the same delight as he is feeling. I notice that you will not even look at the prospect while he is looking. No matter. The hills and the sky have beauty enough for us. No disdain there. Oh, you idle boy, with your one arrow and your puny wing, you are nothing here. Hop where you list with your one superfluous arrow. All earth and heaven are full of love for us. For what is this feeling of the beautiful if it is not love—love that the smile of nature gives to, and calls forth, from all her children. Smile too, fair lady, or vanish from the scene."

So sung the free spirit of my friend, and I laughingly applauded. How changed a mind did I now bring with me to the very same scenes!

Not all the light on all the hills could now disperse or compete with the vision of one fair girl. There was not a wild flower I could pass which did not speak of her. By some chance a moss-rose fell into my hands. What had it to do with her? Yet thoughts and memories gathered round it, thick as its own moss,—thoughts of her who had placed the handful of roses upon the open book to keep the page from turning. It was a charmed thing; I could look at nothing else. I threw the flower away—I walked on—I returned to pick it up again!

The sound of music from the open window of some pleasant residence (I did not now think that such a residence was an intrusion upon the scene—as if nature, to be admired, must be kept free from any traces of refined human existence)—a few notes of a piano heard as I passed, have been sufficient to disturb my equanimity. I was standing one evening, without being aware of it, near the parlour window of some house or villa. It was growing dark; suddenly a lamp was brought into the room behind me. It revealed, for an instant, a charming "interior," redolent of home. But only for an instant. The heavy folds of the crimson curtains were let down, and drawn together. They shut in some cheerful happy group. Me they seemed to

shut out. How suddenly dark had the road become!—how dark and solitary!

See, when the lake is serene, how the whole mountain lies reflected in it, from base to summit, and with all its forest. Not a leaf is lost. The tree below stands there in that lower sky, in as calm an azure as the tree above. But the smallest pebble—and any hand may throw one; but the merest straw or withered leaf—and any idle wind may fling them there—shall blot out mountain and sky at once. And so it is with that other mirror of the mind. Every idle wind that blew was master of my peace. In vain was the world so beautiful, if the soul that should mirror it was so easily perturbed.

I climbed to some favourite eminence to see the sun set over the mountains. Very glorious is the spectacle, and my heart fills with the rapture of the hour. But the light and the rapture die down together. Shadow after shadow, each deeper than the last, falls upon the world; and thought after thought, each sadder and darker than its predecessor, steals over the man. How desolate is the scene! How deserted do I feel! Tears gush from my eyes; I cannot restrain them; and happily there is none to see. With how slow a step do I descend to my solitary lodging in the valley!

That light-hearted band of tourists, noticed perhaps in the morning with a smile at their abundant animal spirits, and their talk and tattle of pedestrian feats, would now present themselves to my imagination in a very enviable point of view. After their holiday and half-boyish pleasures, they would return to old pursuits, old habits, the old home, and constant friends. I had no friends, no occupation, no home. I had linked myself to no professional brotherhood; I had no rivals or allies. Henceforward to me there was no *return* to any spot on earth. All places were alike; in all I must be a wanderer. My home was any room where I could draw a bolt across the door.

Autumn advanced. I have known what it is to sit the day long, and see the yellow leaf blown past the windows in the gust and the rain. Alone, week after week, I have watched, as my friend and poet writes,

"The autumn down—the sunset of the year."

Sick or in health, no one ever approached me, ever greeted me with a word or a smile. I have lodged for months near the houses of humane, charitable, intelligent people. The beggar who solicited alms at the gate was rarely turned away. I, who wanted only a word, a greeting, a little social speech—I, who needed this to save from a misery almost as dreadful as hunger to endure—would have solicited in vain. The glance of curiosity, the titter and the whisper, "Who can it be?" have been the nearest approach to human fellowship and sympathy I have ever received from English gentleman or gentlewoman.

But he who has once thought earnestly on the great problems of life, will think on to the end of his days; under cloud or in sunshine, doubting or believing, with good result or no result at all—he will still think on. I cannot say that my intellectual activity was ever entirely suspended. But a despondency, I think, crept from my life into my philosophy. I felt the despair of discovering truth, where truth, or a belief, was still indispensable to any peaceful existence.

The man who has his great task—who is preparing himself to be a teacher to mankind—he may well go forth alone. I was wandering in the prophet's path, without a prophet's mission.

I have sometimes looked with shame, and sometimes with envy, upon common labourers in the fields, engaged in their sturdy toil. When, on a summer's day, I have been standing under the shade of the tree, watching the reapers at their work, I have said to myself, "This is not fair! I ought to take my part." And then, changing the note, I have added, "This is not fair! I ought to have *had* my part. Why was I excluded

from all these social, manly, healthful occupations? Why set to this labour of Sisyphus—to roll the barren stone to a summit where it will never stay?"

Rambling one evening, and pausing as I rambled, through one of the quiet valleys of Cumberland, I saw, on turning round, an old man sitting near me at his cottage door. Apparently he was of that class who, in the north, are called "Statesmen"—peasant-proprietors. He was so very old and torpid that I could continue standing near him without any sense of intrusion on my part. He did not mark me; he did not even raise his eyes to the setting sun, though he was probably enjoying its light and warmth to the last. Hard by, under a hedge, there lay a broken worn-out plough, long since thrown aside, and, like the peasant himself, quite superannuated. There now came a sturdy carter with a saw, to cut off the handle of the useless implement. Apparently he wanted the piece of wood for something doing on the farm. He lays one hand upon the plough, and prepares to use the saw with the other. Suddenly the old man is roused; his eye glistens; he calls out authoritatively, "Leave the old plough alone!"

I understood directly that he had held and guided it in his youth. I noticed that the handle of the plough was still smooth from its frequent contact with the human palm. He had leant on it, and heard the lark sing the while, as to his dull ear it had long ceased to sing. "Leave the old plough alone!" The words kept ringing in my ear as I walked on. I asked myself what plough, what instrument, or what product of any kind—were I to live to the age of the patriarchs—will remain to remind *me* of the labours of my youth?

Idle and unprofitable has been my life—yet harmless withal. I have not presumed to be a teacher whilst I was still a learner. "How glad I am," I have sometimes exclaimed, "that no book of mine, or any printed paper, stands out against me! There may be more virtue in keeping silence than in speaking out, even what seems plainest truth. How many men must have apprehended all and more than I have apprehended—known more

than I have known—yet held their peace. They would not disturb the simple-minded by what might be a vain effort to raise them to a loftier mood. I pass like an arrow through the closing air that has touched nothing in its passage, and sinks buried in the earth. A feeble pen was the sole instrument I *could* have used, and it drops unused from my hand. I have accomplished nothing; I have disturbed nothing. Stealthily and unobserved—as in some great Catholic church—I have stepped across the high altar; none saw if I bent the knee or not."

"Coward! Coward!" a bolder man would exclaim, "You shrunk from responsibility, if not from toil. You feared to face the world; perhaps had a cowardice still more secret. Can truth be uttered, and displease nobody, and displace nothing? And what is that about the hidden talent? Can all be managed by a fold of the napkin? One consolation may be yours: it is a very little talent that its possessor *can* hide. Oh, twice a coward, slight is the gift that goes with the timid soul. The world has lost nothing by your silence."

Besides the north of England, I wandered much over Scotland and Wales—that is, after my own fashion, resting for months at a time at one spot, and accompanied always by some store of books.

In Wales I met with Cyril. I had not seen him since he left Oxford. Saddest of all interviews. I will not now dwell upon it. The incident was of so painful a character that it unsettled and disturbed me for some weeks, and finally determined me to set forth upon a little tour on the Continent—a design I had again and again formed and postponed. Who is there that does not think it his duty to see something of Germany, Switzerland, Italy? I started, following the accustomed route.

I made a strange tourist. I often passed with rapidity through towns which generally arrest the curious traveller, and at other times lingered long in some outlandish place, which an impatient

tourist would think it purgatory to be detained in for a single hour. My movements would have been intelligible only to one who could have looked *within*—at the movements going on there, in the speculative mind. For, as I went from place to place, I still carried the old studies, the old problems with me. Some knotty question, psychological or otherwise, had perhaps brought me to a stand-still; it seemed that I was making my way through the intricacies of the subject. In fact, the march was as much regulated by the success of this campaign that was being carried on in the region of thought, as by the attractions of my continental route.

I have come down to my breakfast morning after morning, in a comfortless German inn—have come into that long empty public room, where the air seems never fresh, never free from some old hereditary smell, compounded of garlic and tobacco, and where, at this early hour of the day, the vacant table stands half-spread, with its never very clean table-cloth—I have come down, morning after morning, to such a place, and seen nothing of its destestable aspect; I have been more contented, more satisfied, and lighter at heart than usual; for light seemed to be breaking in upon some part of the mental prospect of the speculative man. Had I not at length struck upon the right path? Did I not hold the clew in my hand that would lead me through the wood?

I have at length packed up my portmanteau, and departed from such an inn, rejoicing at the treasure I carried away with me; invisible treasure that itself happily needed no packing, and added nothing to the baggage. I have set forth, congratulating myself on my sojourn in so auspicious an abode. Perhaps before I had travelled many miles, my treasure would prove to be "fairy gold"—had turned to mere dross, or old coins of worthless metal. I had to fling it out of the window. Then, indeed, there could be no mode of progression too rapid for me, and I hurried on from stage to stage as if motion itself was the end of travel.

To me there was one advantage of travel particularly valuable. It threw me, without effort of my own, into a variety of companionship. If I did not make advances, I never repelled

them. I am satisfied that I even obtained, in this wandering and unsettled method of life, an insight into the character and opinions of men, such as no stationary residence in a town, however large my acquaintance in it, would have given me. It often happens that, under the excitement of travel, men drop at once all disguise in the presence of a perfect stranger. I have myself talked half a day from the bottom of my soul to a man I had never seen before, and should never see again. We were both expansive, and for the same reason. There was nothing present to the mind of either but the simple pleasure of uttering and communicating our thoughts—a pleasure to which movement, novelty of scene, animal spirits, had all given additional zest. Why should there be any disguise? This man will not even remind me to-morrow of the opinions I am uttering to-day. With this man I have no antecedents, binding me to a fictitious consistency, and I am giving no pledges which will compel me to repeat for ever the feelings or the sentiments of the present hour. With him I compromise nothing. Two strangers meeting thus, at a happy moment, after long silence, both charged as with electric fluid, give out their vivid transitory light—it is the beginning and end of all their intercourse.

Very curious revelations have I had of this nature. I have learnt more of some fellow-countryman of my own, in half an hour's talk in a wayside inn or a foreign diligence, than I should have ever gathered of the man through a whole life of ordinary acquaintanceship. Perhaps, in this manner, I have picked up more of what is called a knowledge of the world, than those who know my retired habits would give me credit for. At all events, I have learnt to appreciate the diversity there is in human life, in modes of thinking, creeds, passions, characters. More of what is going on in the minds of men, has been perhaps revealed to me, than to many a stationary, respectable, influential citizen, who occupies himself a large space in the public eye.

I am in no disposition now to recall my first impressions of Switzerland and Italy. The incident of all my travels which is most salient in my memory, is the meeting with Clarence on the

borders of the Lake of the Four Cantons, and the long talks we had together. I have known no one who thinks on the great subjects of philosophy so ably and so hopefully as Clarence. If to me it has sometimes appeared that he steps too lightly over difficulties and objections, I yet almost always approve of the course and pathway of his philosophy. I would follow if I could.

When revolving any subject, I often ask myself, What would Clarence say? what would Clarence think? and the answer given *for him* always helps me forward to my own conclusion. I have not been drawn towards him by that strong sentiment of friendship which I have felt for a mind much inferior to his, less disciplined, less systematically cultivated—I mean my poet Luxmore—but I have always felt that no man I knew was so entitled to my esteem. Even when, in his Utopian philosophy, I am obliged to drop his hand, and let him advance alone, I feel that it is his goodness of heart that is carrying him forward.

CHAPTER VI.

MEETING WITH A UTOPIAN PHILOSOPHER.

My friend of the pavement in Regent Street, my artisan orator, spoke energetically of the distress of the workman—of the multitudes that were ill fed, ill housed; and here he found his "motive power" by which society would be revolutionized and reformed. Whatever other influences were coöperating, it was this wide-spreading discontent of poverty that would impel a change which the wealthy would in vain resist. Clarence, on the contrary—albeit no man felt more keenly for the distresses of the poor—declared that our poverty would be relieved, and that distress of a physical kind would probably be nearly extinguished, under our present existing system of society. He refused altogether to avail himself of hunger as his motive force. Hunger is to be fed forthwith; by no means to be set to build up institutions. It cannot wait; it has nothing to do with the future; it must be fed, or taught immediately to feed itself—it is the worst of all legislators, and has no time for speculation.

Where, then, if not in the physical distresses of man, did he look for a motive sufficiently potent to operate a change in the form of society? For Clarence did look forward to change. I had come at length to the settled conclusion that we cannot speculate on any new type of society, cannot frame a better than now exists; that even if such were destined one day to be developed, we were not in a condition to foresee what that type would be, nor by what means it would be developed; but I found Clarence still adhering to the old position he maintained at Oxford—that a new form of society, and one of which the great principle could already be laid down, would be, and was in the course of being, developed. To what influence did he trust?

What was to destroy a system fortified by the enormous force of habit, and itself springing from some of the strongest passions of mankind? He trusted—to ideas, to the distresses of the *mind*, to the affliction of the well-fed, the well-housed, but tortured with cares, anxieties, and *enmities that they hated*. It was precisely, he said, when the distresses of poverty would be vanquished by the general advancement in industry, prudence, knowledge, that distresses of another order would reveal themselves to the more sensitive and reflective minds of those advanced generations.

When I have pointed out to him that periods of distress call forth schemes for new laws of property,—in later times for some species of Communism,—but that when the distress subsides, all such schemes sink also into oblivion, and are no more heard of till the next season of calamity, he has replied—

"So should it be. And indeed we may be sure that all great social movements like these are regulated by the same wisdom that appointed the seasons or the tides. All such schemes do subside. They were the mere symptoms of the distress itself, and probably led, by the antagonistic efforts they called forth, to the speedier recovery from the calamity. The rich would unite their endeavours to get rid of a disastrous poverty that threatened the superstructure of the whole society. The scheme which will be really accomplished will come, let us hope, from reflective men, whose reason has been manumitted from the spell of urgent want,—from a generation of men who have solved the problem how to live, and who have especially set about to solve that other problem, *how to live well*.

"It is no part of mine," he continued, "to paint the existing condition of society in dark and gloomy colours, and then point to some social renovation as the remedy of all these evils. Some of these evils must be remedied before any higher order or scheme of society can be realized. Any such scheme can be only developed in a community generally intelligent, humane, and prosperous. It is from a prosperous condition, under our present system, that a higher system will be reached,—from a state of material prosperity that a higher morality, or that a system accordant with a higher morality, will arise.

"It seems at first an unamiable characteristic of humanity

that the remedy of one evil should be followed by an increased susceptibility to some other evil which before had been patiently tolerated. But is it thus that man advances. The removal of one pressing calamity never induced patience or tranquillity under the evils that remained. On the contrary, it gives courage to men to attempt the removal of these also; it renders them more sensitive to such evils, or perhaps renders sensitive for the first time. Slaves that writhe under the whip are not disquieted about their political rights; manumit them from personal slavery, and they become sensitive to political oppression. Liberate them from arbitrary power—let the law alone govern—and they begin to scrutinize the law itself, and desire to be governed, not only by law, but by the best possible law. And now, when the civil or temporal despotism has been set aside, and the municipal law has been moulded on the principles of an enlightened jurisprudence, men probably wake to the discovery that they are living under some priestly or ecclesiastical despotism, and they become desirous of working a reformation here also. In fact, at each stage of this process the nature of the man is improved and his intelligence expanded, and, as one result, he becomes susceptible to evils which a coarser nature, and a more limited understanding, could not feel—could not take cognizance of.

"The absolute want, the physical suffering of large numbers of the people, now absorbs our attention. Those who feel this suffering can think and speak of nothing else, and those who occupy themselves with the sufferings of others must be almost equally absorbed by it. No man can propose any thing for the general benefit of society without having this physical suffering placed first of all before him. Now, suppose this evil to be subdued, —I do not say entirely,—but reduced to manageable subjection, —do you imagine that men would sit down contented and reconciled to the thousand moral or social evils that remain? You know very well that they would not; that they would now feel those evils with aggravated acuteness,—with a quite novel susceptibility. Calamities which, in the presence of hunger and cold, and every description of bodily wretchedness, were scarcely recognized as such, would now, in their turn, become intolerable. Those who themselves are at present above want or poverty,

nevertheless are still looking down at that abyss of misery and destitution beneath them, and while congratulating themselves at their own escape, they do not, and dare not, complain of evils of a less terrible character. They are silent on that *anxiety* which besets their own position and robs every household of its peace; they are silent on that perpetual contest and strife of commerce which sows the seed of hatred so abundantly through every hamlet and village. Is not the wolf still at the door? Are not others being devoured by famine, or dying of fevers? We must not speak of minor evils.

"But say that this extreme poverty were overcome, these minor evils, or rather these moral or mental evils, of our present system would rise sharply into view. Say that industrial arts, and that generally developed intelligence, have so wrought together, that there are few people who cannot in a certain rude way 'take care of themselves,' will not the next thought be,—Cannot this earning of subsistence be conducted in some better fashion? Cannot we erect barriers against the return of poverty? Cannot we manumit ourselves from the constant fear of it? Cannot we escape from that sense of *insecurity* in our social position, which afflicts all classes except the very highest? We have bread—all of us; we all have sense enough to get our portion in the scramble; but must we always get it in this contentious manner, and hold it always with sense of insecurity? We are fed and clothed—but at what a cost? At the cost of perpetual strife and enmity, of habitual falsehoods, of anxieties, of hostile cupidities. Cannot 'meat, clothes, and fire,' be got at less cost than this? Without a doubt all the dim tumultuous grief which now lies smothered up and silenced amongst us would break forth. Men would ask themselves, and each other, in very earnest,—Is this the best that can be made of human life? Must the merchant and tradesman be always driven, or always driving others, on the shoals of bankruptcy? Everything is the produce of human labour—we know that; but must each man earn his special share of the produce by an incessant scramble, trickery, deceit? That I exercise hand or mind in some useful employment, and receive in some shape my wages for the same, is rational and just. But am I to study physic in my youth, and

afterwards, in my manhood, study how to entrap a patient?—how to secure a fee? If so, the studies of my youth are far more noble than the practices of my manhood, and we must degrade as we grow older,—which is too often visibly the case. Good heavens! if I have got some useful knowledge, let me use it after an honest, reasonable fashion. Am I to compete with another as able as myself who is to cure your malady? Or am I to sit by, with placid professional etiquette, whilst some dullard kills his patient, lest I should be thought to be competing for the fee?

"In nature, and as God gives it to us, how beautiful and joyous a thing is the harvest! After many vicissitudes of weather, and much stout labour, and some natural and pardonable anxieties, the corn stands up ripe for the sickle. It is reaped, and the last load is carried, amidst jubilant shouts, in which every peasant boy is joining, safe to the granary. You would say that the business of the farmer had prospered, and was at an end. Not at all. The serious work is yet to follow. He has to sell this corn. Now come the dealings of the market, which, indeed, had all the summer long been casting their shadows before them,—worse shadows on his mind than the clouds ever cast upon his fields. Discontent is sure to cling to him. If his crop is bad, that is a palpable failure, and he has little to sell; if it is good, why his neighbour's is good also, and so the price falls. Nothing would content him but that he only should have reaped well. With the last shout of the harvest-home—raised by those who did not own a straw in the produce—died away all happy, healthful feeling in the business. The broad fields that repay his culture, the open and variable skies, tend to make the farmer earnest, provident, and grateful; the education of the market-place makes him querulous, crafty, envious, and an intolerable niggard.

"Is there no way possible of combining activity and peace,—of bringing some portion of contentment into our daily lives?—of living as if indeed we lived with God, and under the perpetual care of His beneficence? Ah! who has not felt

'The longing for secured tranquillity?'

And think you that men will not one day learn to put aside

mutual jealousies in order to gratify this insatiable longing? Who that has cultivated a high and reflective piety has not recognized that Religion does not first of all consist in hope of a future life, but consists first of all in *living well here*—in a certain felt relationship with God—in that happy, grateful, devoted relationship which springs from knowledge of God's world, and of our own humanity? As an intelligent and exalted piety arises out of an advanced society, it will react upon society; it is ever thus, both cause and effect; the advancement of society purifying religion, and a pure religion still further advancing society.

"And bethink you of this—*a great idea is also a great motive.* If men revolve noble schemes for the public good, they are at the same instant prompted to realize them. It is not *my* pain, or *my* pleasure, that is any longer my motive,—it is the idea itself, how to get rid of many pains, and augment many pleasures, throughout the whole society.

The misery of the better or the middle classes seems to have struck upon the imagination of Clarence as forcibly as the misery of the working class had affected the imagination of my operative orator of Regent Street. The fictitious, artificial, and precarious modes of industry into which even well-educated men are often compelled to embark, throw into constant jeopardy the social *status* they have obtained. To keep their foothold, they have to resort to expedients which sadly infringe upon the laws of morality, and which destroy their own self-respect. The very pleasures of life are poisoned by this anxiety or incertitude, which preys in secret on so many of us. "O care!" says the poet Cowper, "my very roses smell of thee!"

"Look round you," Clarence would say, "from your place in some theatre, ringing perhaps with the most exquisite music,—look around and upwards, as the boxes rise tier above tier filled with the gay and the prosperous. To how many of the 'gay and the prosperous' who are sitting there, is the music jarred, broken, or altogether overborne by some corroding care, some impending calamity! Who more enviable, you would say, than that bland paternal figure, seated between wife and daughter? In vain

are the melodies of Mozart or Bellini lavished on his ear,—his thoughts are in the half-hour spent that morning closeted with his attorney. I strongly suspect that that attorney's reception-room, with its few tin boxes and its array of papers, has witnessed more agony than the torture-cell of the Inquisition, or than any prison in the world.

"I hate this gambling commerce!" he would exclaim; "it spares nothing; it rings a bell and gathers a crowd of artisans together; then, failing of its object, leaves them, for aught it cares, to famine or mendicancy. It robs right and left, friend or relative; it takes the little fortune of the unmarried sister,—all that lay between her and the terrible charity of the world,—throws it on the heap, and stakes it all. It stakes every thing, and always wife and child.

"It is not that all men wish to be gamesters. Most men are timid, fearful of change, solicitous to secure rather than eager to gain, and desirous of nothing better than steady labour and assured reward. But the wish is vain. The man cannot be secure; the system does not permit it. The post he occupied is taken from him; his trade declines; his debtor fails, and he in turn becomes a debtor; his health breaks, and the investments in which he had stored up his earnings prove worthless. He sees his children growing up, and knows not how he shall provide for them. I do not wonder that men go mad.

"And think what exquisite suffering is occasioned to the wife by the cruel uncertainties of commerce! Women are to be highly cultivated, delicately nurtured, every social affection developed,—the maternal feeling almost to a painful excess,—and all this refined life and these acute susceptibilities are to be placed at the mercy, we will not say of a gamester, but are to be put in peril, let us say, by the want of skill and foresight, on the part of an honest husband, in the playing of a very difficult game. That husband has become unkind, severe, morose, as the game went against him. Some day the shattered irritable man discloses to his wife that he is on the eve of bankruptcy,—discloses it without any other warning than what she had received from daily exhibitions of ungovernable temper, produced by his fatal embarrassments. I myself have known women educated like the

daughters of princes, perhaps more refined and cultivated than the daughters of princes are likely to be,—women who, as mistresses of their own homes, were ordering and controlling all things with graceful authority,—driven from those pleasant homes, with their children, by no possible fault of theirs, to some squalid retreat. There, if not deserted by friends and relatives, their own grief, timidity, and sense of humiliation, shut them up in solitude. I have known those whose smile made every one happy around them, quite lose the power to smile, grow weak, and wan, and querulous.

"Very terrible to me is this combination of culture and insecurity,—the warm and tender nest built so often on the rotten bough. How many a father, looking at his children, listening to their prattle, which speaks of nothing but hope and security, marking how, hitherto, they have grown up without toil and without care, half-brothers of the lilies of the field, and thinking in his secret heart what terrible reverse may be in store for him and them,—how many a father has watched his children at their play, and, notwithstanding all their beauty and all their joy, wished they had not been!"

Thus Clarence talked. It was the same strain that he held at Oxford. It was by merest accident that, whilst wandering about on the borders of the lake of Lucerne, I stumbled upon him. I observed a young man sketching, and made a little circuit in my path to avoid disturbing the artist, when, to my surprise, I heard myself hailed by my name, and, in a moment after, Clarence had seized me by the hand.

We had not been very intimate at Oxford, which was probably owing to my own reserve, or needless fear of being intrusive. I used to meet him in the shady walks of Magdalen, and, not wishing to disturb him in his meditations, I have passed by as if I saw him not, or have diverged into another path, yielding him the whole breadth of the avenue, far too narrow and straitened for more than one contemplative spirit at a time. When rowing up the river, I have watched him at some distance—he also in his own solitary boat—pulling leisurely under the shadow of the

trees; or, having made fast his boat by driving it amongst the rushes, I have seen him pull out a sketch-book from his pocket, or perhaps some volume to read. But whatever description of book it might be, I noticed that the hand that held it soon dropt by his side. Reclining in the stern of the boat, under the shadow of the alders, his eye fixed upon the horizon, he was already busied with his favourite speculation of the Future of Human Society.

But though not intimate at Oxford, when we met here in a foreign country, and under the excitement of Swiss scenery, we hailed each other as old and cordial friends. Our fellow-studentship, which was but a cold affair in itself, gave us, here, at some distance of time and place, a title to the hearty hand-shake, the glad recognition, the frank outpouring of our several raptures and adventures in the beautiful country we were both exploring. We seemed resolved to delude ourselves into the belief that we had been all along quite bosom friends. At all events, we made up for our former taciturnity. What delightful rambles we had together about the lake of Lucerne! And on those days which every tourist amongst the mountains knows and dreads, when the incessant rain confined us within the four walls of our room, O how we talked! Fast and incessantly as it rained without, did we talk on within. We had to compare notes of those other travels we had been severally making in the region of thought—or that other cloud-land, if you will. The day was never long; we wondered how it had passed.

I knew that Clarence had the taste and skill of the artist; but it was a surprise to me to learn, as I now did for the first time, that he had adopted landscape-painting for his profession. He led me off to a cottage in which he was lodging at the time. Near the window of his apartment there stood an easel, with the materials for painting on a table by the side; and in an opposite corner of the room you observed another table, on which stood a lamp, a writing-desk, and a small pile of books. This arrangement, which he adopted wherever he pitched his tent, revealed the history of his day. When the weather and the light favoured, he was either sketching or painting, abroad or at home. When night came the lamp was lit, and threw its light over books and papers.

To his friends, who thought highly of his intellectual power, Clarence seemed to have adopted a rather frivolous employment. He had formed another estimate of it, or else had selected it for the liberty it gave him to pursue unbiassed, in many a leisure hour, those graver studies which still probably held the first place in his regard. None of the three learned professions put before him for his choice, could he cordially embrace; yet some profession was to be chosen. "I was glad," he said, "to find that nature had given me this little talent, and so enabled me to decide a question which was becoming very embarrassing."

"I inherited it," he added, "if such things come by inheritance, from my mother. She was fond of her pencil, and yet it was rather a love of nature than of art that distinguished her. She sketched, she used to say, not for the poor picture she produced, but because, by drawing the scene, she so thoroughly *learnt it*. She would make a study of some old tree, with the ferns and wild-flowers growing about its roots, and then, perhaps, throw away the sketch, or tear it up. I have it by heart! she would say, and would carry home the old oak tree *there*, and not upon the paper.

"Nothing delighted me more when I was a boy," Clarence thus continued his narrative, "than to accompany her in one of her sketching rambles. I marched somewhat ahead, carrying the camp-stool and the sketch-book; then, when by joint acclamation we had fixed on our picture, I lay beside upon the ground watching her proceedings. By-and-by I began to imitate what I observed—brought supplementary paper and pencils, and also went to work—not disdaining, you may be sure, to look from time to time over the maternal shoulder, just to compare, as I said, our 'several styles,' our 'methods of treatment.' You will readily suppose that the mother was willing to teach all she knew; lessons so pleasantly given and received, were not without result; it was not very long before the son began to rival his instructress.

"Years after, whilst meditating this perplexing subject, the choice of a profession, my eye fell upon one of my own drawings. Why not be an artist in earnest? To give the men who live in cities some memento of what is most beautiful in the

country, is not altogether a useless employment. But how determine whether I have the requisite ability? I selected some half-dozen of my best performances, and carried them off—not to any artist friend, but to a dealer in such wares. He *bought them*. That compliment I could trust. I set to work in earnest. You know what Wordsworth says—

> 'The light mechanic tool
> Cuts off that hand with all its world of nerves
> From a too busy commerce with the heart.'

"I have found in the pencil a constant and cheerful occupation; and, for the rest, I think my own thoughts in freedom about this marvellous world we are living in."

Clarence's philosophy is full of faith, full of hope. Where I have ventured, only for a moment, to place my foot—placing it tremulously and soon retracting it, he takes his stand boldly and firmly. He has an unconquerable conviction in the progress of Humanity; he will not hesitate cordially to adopt *the last truth of the reason*, because this seems at variance with the present wants of a progressive society. When an antagonist objects to some of his religious doctrines that they are fit only "for the climate of Utopia," his answer is, "I will believe, then, in the religion of Utopia; and be you assured of this, that if its religion is true, and is already here amongst us, what you call Utopia is following on behind."

But his Utopian views are as safe, and, in the only rational sense of that term, as "conservative" as they are hopeful. For he constantly maintains that it is only by advancing under our present system of social economy that we can rise into a higher. It is the gradual development of a higher system, from causes already in operation, that he delights to proclaim. No sudden transition of a permanent character seems to him possible. How quietly slavery or serfdom vanished out of Europe! Changes as great and as gradual may be accomplished in the future—may be now in the process of accomplishment.

At Oxford, if I remember right, he was not quite so patient

in his expectations; he brought the golden vision nearer to the eye. He could then with marvellous rapidity throw up into the air the light towers and gilded fanes of his Utopian architecture. At a later period he was contented that the slow builder, Time, should build on according to his wonted fashion. But he was as confident as ever that the glorious structure would arise, and he assigned to it even more magnificent proportions than before. What the arrangements and method of life would be in that Future Society, he was far too wise to think of predicting. A great principle would, in part, work out its own details; in part, those details would be determined by circumstance, varying in every age and country. The extended action of a principle well known amongst us—that of mutual coöperation *designedly entered into for mutual good*—was all that he confidently prophesied.

He took high ground. "What, all!" if any objector should exclaim: "do you expect that all men, or that mankind, as a general rule, shall be wise and good?—how few of such have ever lived at any time!"—he would answer,

"It will be easier for the many to be wise and good, than for the few. Think well of it; it is more surprising that there should be one Phocion in Athens, than that there should be a city of just men. The sower goes forth, a solitary man, to sow the seed. It is a social group, in full chorus, that brings in the harvest."

"If a society," he would continue, "should in its corporate capacity take for its ultimate end mere physical well-being, it would not succeed even in that. It must also adopt for its main result the cultivation of the social affections, and the moral and religious feelings of man. Not only because this is the higher end in itself, but because only through this union of mind with mind, in their higher relations, will you obtain that unity of action you desire for mere physical well-being."

I did not fail to urge against the *principle* on which Clarence

depends—that of mutual coöperation designedly entered into for mutual benefit; or, in other words, a partnership in each other's labour—all those usual objections to which I myself had been compelled reluctantly to yield. I need not repeat them; but I will record some of Clarence's replies. He would say, "I am not contemplating a society of learned Jesuits on the one hand, and a people of Paraguay Indians on the other—such a society is a type of weakness and imbecility, not of strength—but a society where the rule which governs all is made by all, understood and voluntarily obeyed by all. An intelligent obedience to such a rule I do most unhesitatingly aver to be the most desirable element in each man's character and happiness that you could name. It implies no undue submission (as you object), no absorption of a man's individuality—any more than citizenship or patriotism. A rule which our own reason approves of is not a restraint; it is a chosen course of action; as freely chosen as any course of social action can be. But where I strike, as with a sledge-hammer upon this objection, is here: The development of the individual, you say, is to suffer, is to be repressed. Now, I maintain that it is precisely the development of a noble individuality which will lead to this more *social society*. And again, it is precisely this society that must develop the highest individuality.

"Who feels so intensely his own personality, who has so large and grand an individuality, as the patriot whose whole soul is given to his country? But to descend to commonplace men and times, let any man but join a club, or any association for a common purpose, and he feels his self-importance augmented directly. How can it be otherwise? Our life and our personality are coextensive. We live only *as persons*. If I am a citizen of Athens, all Athens, so far as I can embrace it, has gone to swell my personal or individual existence. There is no possible antagonism between the Individual and Society, none of this kind, that there can be a great society and little minds; for just in proportion as the relationships of the individual to others, or to the whole society, are augmented, in precisely the same proportion is the individual being of each man augmented.

"I see you acquiesce in this as a general principle, and you

are preparing some *yet* and *but*. Stop them for a moment, and let me say a word on that other popular objection, that if we had not the present inequalities of fortune, the same trials, the same dependence upon each other's voluntary aid, there would not be the requisite means for cultivating the affections; our friendships would grow cold; and even the opinion of others would have little effect upon us, since we should no longer have to solicit favours of each other.

"We meet with this style of objection from men who claim to be eminently practical; and just note how eminently theoretical or hypothetical it is. Look at our existing society.

"The services which cement friendship are *reciprocal* services. A feeling of dependence is scarcely compatible with friendship.

"And again, where do we see the desire of esteem in the opinion of others acting most powerfully? Precisely where it seems to have little to bestow, except this very esteem. In fact, it is the thousand subtle and indefinable services that men who live together must always be reciprocating that constitutes the great value to us of the good opinion of the society in which we move. What does an English gentleman suffer in his substantial or material comfort from being black-balled at a club, or excluded from any particular circle of society? And yet the power of public opinion to punish could hardly be better illustrated than by just such a case. To the cultivated mind the esteem of mankind becomes valued for itself. Nay, we need not go to very cultivated minds. The common soldier knows no greater pleasure in life than to be praised for his courage by his fellow-soldiers. The praise adds nothing to his rations.

"I cannot suppose that any one contemplates a state of society in which there shall be no such thing as property, and no such thing as mutual gifts and services. But the gifts which pass between wealth and poverty might be supposed to cease, and they would cease without any detriment to our social affections. What is more notorious than that wherever a pecuniary interest appears upon the scene, friendship retires. Whether you take money from me, or whether you give it, the transaction is alike fatal to our old bond of amity.

"No friendship can survive the gift of gold. The generous can indeed forget that they have given, but the grateful can never forget that they have received. No! The man who brightens with a smile when I approach him—whose hand grasps mine with cordiality—whose good opinion is a boon and support to me—whose talk, whose very presence gladdens me—he is my friend. He gives me joy—he gives! This other, with his purse, he cannot give. He lays a load of obligation on me that I can never get rid of. This gold turns my friend into my benefactor. And oh, ye gods! protect me from a benefactor as you would protect me from a foe! I should be grateful—very grateful. I should serve him to the uttermost—I should put my neck beneath his feet—and I should be apt to pray him, once for all, to press upon it as heavily as he could.

"What under the sun is more pleasant to behold than the home-bred affection of brother to brother, or sister to sister! On what trifles does it feed when it is really at its strongest! How near to extinction is it when the 'disparity of fortune' and 'the dependency on each other' affords the so genial condition for its development!

"See the affection in its native home—how confident, how indestructible it is! And the services rendered and interchanged are—mirth for mirth!—the sport enjoyed together—the common lesson, the ride, the run, the emulation, the strife. For it is a plant so hardy that the gusts of natural passion or momentary anger cannot injure it—rather seem to promote its growth. Hardy and graceful, it bends and rises, and blooms, and laughs again; no flower of the field so braves the wind.

"Now follow it into the world where it is to be nourished by the sterling benefits which the disparity of fortune enables to be given and received. What a degenerate and miserable thing it has become! How suspicious and distrustful, hard and captious! The prosperous one of the family is already accredited with pride and coldness before he has even shown these unamiable symptoms. Let him be generous as he will, his prosperity cannot be forgiven him. Between him and the less fortunate, all those light, pleasant evanescent acts of kindness, which are the daily food of love, are rendered impossible. The benefactor can

no longer ask for them—his request would be a claim; and the recipient can give nothing, for he feels that he owes it all. The freedom of interchange and intercourse is gone. When a brother lies under the cloud of adversity, he soon ceases to be lovable. His need and his irritability both make of him an unwelcome guest. Not suddenly is the door closed on the old familiar face; but it opens to his hand, with more difficulty, each succeeding visit. Without a repulse, without a harsh word bluntly said, he yet feels that the entrance has become embarrassing. It requires an effort to press down the latch, or to enter unsummoned. I see him raise the knocker timidly with his hand—pause—replace it silently—and walk unobserved from the door. The dispirited man at length resigns his fraternal claim, and the affection of his youth is transformed into a dull and smouldering animosity.

"Oh, why, Thorndale, do you set yourself in opposition to a faith in the future? Neither you nor I are conspirators. We preach no revolution; we incite to no discontent. We say that the prosperity and intelligence of mankind is leading to—other prosperity and higher intelligence. We offer additional motives and hopes to all the noble efforts which are being made to ameliorate the condition of the less fortunate of society. And for ourselves, we have a faith that not only makes us hopeful of the future, but which explains the past, and teaches resignation to the present.

"It seems so bold a thing to say that crime will all but cease by the mere progress of our prosperity and our intelligence. Yet what are the all but invariable motives of those acts of violence and fraud which the criminal law takes cognizance of, and which a criminal jurisprudence punishes? How horrible a thing is murder! Yet I tell you what has often struck me as still more horrible;—the paltry miserable motive for which murder is committed; the piece of money that the dead hand, or the rifled pocket, must relinquish to the murderer. Men kill for this! I can hardly call to mind, in the annals of our own jurisprudence, any one deliberate murder, in which this, in one form or the other, was not the motive.

"Go through the dismal catalogue of crime. It is always

want, or some *power* that gold has over want, which forms the condition in which only the crime could be developed. The plotted seduction of a young girl seems at first to come from a quite different quarter. But look closely into it; you see that the poor thing has been *bought*, and then flung aside.

"Look at that which has been called the 'vice of great cities,' the source, in its turn, of every species of theft and corruption, and indeed the most prolific source of evil I could name. You have a class of women whose very trade (the means 'to take care of themselves') is to propagate the vice they live by. It is their very business to break down the modesty of youth in every city of Christendom—modesty which is as natural, as graceful, and as conservative in the one sex as in the other. That very wise opinion so current amongst our youth, that discards chastity from the list of manly virtues, whence did it come? From any Epicurean *philosophy*? I think not. Well, what is the origin of this moral pestilence that walks through our streets? It has precisely the same origin as other pestilences or plagues which occasionally desolate our cities—want! Men and women may at all times seek pleasure unwisely or intemperately; but the *trade* of the prostitute, the foulest blot on our civilization, does not arise from our passions, but from want. Thank Heaven! one sees there is hope here for the world. Murder and theft, and every vice that crowds our jails and peoples our madhouses, spring from a condition of things which is slowly altering even while we are looking at it."

CHAPTER VII.

REMINISCENCES OF CLARENCE—RETURN TO ENGLAND.

"THERE is," said Clarence, "in South America a grass which has this peculiarity, that the young plant grows up sheltered in the sheath of the old one. The old blade of grass withers, and the new one is seen already prepared to take its place. For a certain time the new grass and the old appear to divide the field between them. Such is the mode in which new systems or principles spring up amongst us. They grow under shelter of the old, and the transition is so gradual that a time intervenes when we can hardly say here also, whether it is the old grass or the new that predominates in the field.

"The spontaneous passions of man—love of power on the one side, trust and admiration, and craving for guidance, on the other—build up some sort of government, generally of the despotic character. But, under the shelter of this spontaneous form, reflection upon government itself becomes possible. There is, in the first place, something to *reflect upon*—the want and the purposes of government which experience has now taught; and there is that degree of security and of leisure and safety which renders possible the existence of the reflective man. Thus new ideas spring up, and a wiser polity gradually pushes its way into the world. So too in religion. Spontaneous passions and wild imaginations first construct for us a celestial Governor oftentimes of dark and terrible nature; but here too, by this spontaneous and imaginative faith, the action of a religious sentiment becomes known to us—contemplation upon religion itself becomes possible—and the ideas of Governor and Creator are afterwards modified as our knowledge becomes enlarged, and as our own humanity becomes improved."

Clarence is one of the very few men whom it has given me pleasure to hear converse upon religion. This I attribute as much to the perfect sincerity of the man, as to the cheerful and exalted character of his piety.

I liked one saying of his that he repeated more than once: "In religion, as in astronomy, we begin with a complete antagonism between earth and heaven; the stars are exclusively celestial, and those bright luminaries are infinitely more exalted in place and nature than the poor globe we tread on. We end, however, by discovering that this earth also is one of the celestial bodies. It, too, lies in the heavenly region. Lo! we are already amongst the stars! God is here too! The Eternal and the Infinite!—behold, they are around us!"

At another time he would say: "Great as is the truth of Immortality, I cannot possibly agree with those who represent all our goodness, and virtue, and piety, as *dependent on it*. It is because I have a love of man and a love of God, that I dare claim this hope of immortality. Of course this hope reacts in augmenting and establishing every noble sentiment. But I must have something that I admire and love for its own sake, or what is extended existence to me? If I have no love for others *here* —no piety to God *here*—on what account can I wish or expect that my existence should be perpetuated?"

"The love of God," he would say, "is no fictitious or dreamy sentiment. Our whole life is God's gift. And pray mark this: As the greatness and happiness of man's life develops, *the gift is greater, and the love is greater.* I could wish those who think there can be advancement in human life, and not increase of piety, to ponder this. It takes but a breath to utter, it would take but a line to write it; but its significance seems to me immense."

Again: "Our scientific knowledge is not only *new Power* over the forces of nature—it is *new Education* for the mind of

man. God's universe, better understood, is precisely that teaching of God about which there can be no possible cavil. If He exists (and who *can* doubt it?) this certainly is the manifestation of himself to us. Now, unite these two together. On the one hand is Science teaching us to *know* God; on the other, a Human Life growing ever more kindly, active, social, more opulent in all glad emotions and noble sentiments, prompting us to *love* God as the giver of it; and how can you possibly doubt that Religion must advance?"

"St. Boniface, we are told, walked along our pleasant earth, with St. Jerome's treatise, *De Bono Mortis*, constantly under his arm. I cannot much blame St. Boniface. Pleasant as the green earth was, with its azure and beclouded sky above it, the race of men that surrounded him was coarse and violent, and utterly averse to that ideal of excellence he had formed. What could he do but place that ideal safely in another world, and wait for death for the fruition of it? Even the St. Boniface of our own day may be excused if he shows the same tendency of thought. But this is noticeable, that the pious man of our own age sees more and more to admire and love *in this world, in this life*,—sees more of Heaven here; and in future times a more perfect form of human society will be evolved; and the St. Boniface of that epoch, the pious man of those times, will close his *De Bono Mortis*,—he will see his ideal, or aim at it, *here also*. His eternal life will have already commenced—he will have put on his immortality."

Clarence was fond of quoting these noble lines of Milton, in which the poet depicts the religious sentiment of Adam in his Paradise—

> "A creature who not prone,
> And brute as other creatures, but endued
> With sanctity of reason, might erect
> His stature, and upright with front serene
> Govern the rest, self-knowing, and from thence
> Magnanimous to correspond with Heaven,
> But grateful to acknowledge whence his good
> Descends, thither with heart, and voice, and eyes
> Directed in devotion, to adore
> And worship God Supreme."

"Magnanimous to correspond with Heaven!" "Does it not," he would say, "stir like a trumpet? And it does require a magnanimity, a courage of the soul,—a courage due to the 'sanctity of reason,' to correspond with Heaven, to walk 'erect' in the presence of our God, but grateful to acknowledge whence our good descends.

"Does not this express what each of us, in his noblest moments, has felt?

"I boldly claim for the *future* generations of mankind, that religion which our best and purest have claimed for themselves, *when they shall be saints in heaven.* In that state they confess that Goodness and Piety are their own ends,—not preparation for any other state of existence. They will become so here. This life will cease to be regarded chiefly as a preparation for another, because it will have become identified with that other. If we are immortal souls, we are immortal *here*:—death is but our great progression;—let us begin to live as the immortals should.'

I used to say, there could be no possible objection to his claiming for some remote posterity the religious faith of the saints in heaven—if he could make them, or prove them to be, complete saints in other respects.—But I need not dwell on my own antagonism to Clarence, for he very soon had to encounter a far more formidable and uncompromising opponent than I could be. *Seckendorf* joined our party.

It was here that I first made acquaintance with that extraordinary man, pitiless destroyer of all our day-dreams; that is, if they pretended to be any thing else than dreams, and laid claim to his conviction as truths. If he might look at them as the dreams of others, or as parts of human life, he tolerated, and even admired. Such was the prevailing temper of the man. There was no line he more frequently quoted than one, to be found, I believe, amongst the occasional poems of Voltaire,—

"Ah, croyez-moi l'erreur a son mérite."

Some day I shall try to recall the conversations of Seckendorf.

It shall be no disagreeable exercise of memory. But I will not commence my task just now.

I gained much from the clash and conflict of opinions, as carried on by two such intellectual champions as Clarence and Seckendorf. But after a time I wearied of the strife, and was glad to pursue again my solitary route.

I went forward into Italy; Clarence and Seckendorf returned to England. I spent some months at Rome, some at Naples and Sorento, and visited the other principal cities of Italy.

Why did I return to England? I had no home *there*, more than in any other part of the globe. Here I had the Alps,—what more could mortal man ask of nature? Here I had Rome, with her Vatican, her St. Peter's, her churches, her galleries,—Rome old and new; what more could I ask of art? On what spot of the earth could a solitary man find so much *to take him out of himself*, —the kindest office that can be done to him?

Moreover, when I thought of returning to England, my heart began always to beat with disquietude. The whole island seemed but the abode of one little person. I had said that I would not visit Sutton Manor again till my cousin Winifred was married. No tidings of any such event had reached me.

But besides that force of habit which leads us back to our native country, I had one friend in England, or one whom I loved as such. Whilst upon the Continent, I had received a letter from Luxmore, in which he spoke of the great "crisis of his disorder" being at hand; by which I understood that the poem on which he had been long engaged was about to be published. What success it would meet with, and what effect success or failure would have upon his plan of life, I was solicitous to know. I think, on bending my steps towards England, I had no more definite aim than the wish to see Luxmore again.

I often think of him, even here. I was not destined to be fortunate either in friendship or in love. There is something weak and effeminate, I suspect, in my character. I clung to one person. My friendship has been almost as exclusive as my love, and both sprung up from early and intimate association. We were boy-friends together, Luxmore and I.

CHAPTER VIII.

LUXMORE THE POET.

"Rise with the lark; your motions shall obtain
Grace, be their composition what it may,
If but with hers performed."

THESE lines come unbidden to my ear. They were favourites of Luxmore. They are very graceful. I like that harmonizing of man's devotion with the *bird's*, and God looking favourably upon *both*.

Of Wordsworth it may be said that his faith has so ample and so strong a wing that the thinnest and the lightest air sustains it. A weaker wing would fall fluttering down through the rare and ethereal medium in which his broad pinion floats so serenely.

Wordsworth, Shelley, the whole host of meditative poets, rise up before me. Luxmore loved them all, and I think, in turn, believed in them all.

"Of Shelley," he would say, "I am not an admirer of a large portion of his writings; though there are poems of his, which have more affected me than any others I have read. The poetry of Shelley sounds to me like some wandering voice high in the air, and half lost in the echo of the hills. Only some snatches of intelligible melody descend to me, and they are very beautiful; the song is scarcely human; it comes as if from some wild spirit of the elements. The voice passed over our heads, proclaiming that Jupiter was *not*, that all above was bright vacuity, and bidding man be god unto himself.

"You may be all
You *will* to be—happy, [illegible], majestical."

Ay, but this ideal he is to *will to be*—this 'happy high majestical'—Whence came this? How was it our philosophic poet never asked himself that question? He *had* these thoughts in his soul; he had this ideal, but he knew also that he never produced it, never summoned it there. What was this but the God manifested in his own soul, a manifestation akin to, and even greater than that which he refused to see in nature? Oh Shelley! Shelley! if you were bent on dethroning a Jupiter, whom a terror-stricken multitude were adoring, was this a reason for refusing to worship Him who had created that 'Love you loved so well?'

"There were some few who started to their feet as the voice of the poet, half lost amidst the clouds, passed over their heads. They started, but soon, smiling at their folly, lay themselves down again. Let Jupiter be there, or not—or nowhere discoverable to human vision; man is not a god, nor his own Fate. Man and worm creep out together under the warm sun. Let that sun withdraw its light and heat, both man and worm creep back together into the dark mould. If man knows nothing else, he knows himself *as creature*—if the god-like is in him, then the higher creature. Be happy, high, majestical, but know this, that faith in your own Future can be but another name for faith in God."

I give to Luxmore without scruple the name of poet, for though he is entirely unknown to fame—though his poem, alas! failed, and perhaps not a verse of his is remembered except by a few personal friends, yet he had the peculiar characteristics of the poet—had at least the weaknesses we generally attribute, justly or unjustly, to the poetic character. Wherever there was beauty or a noble emotion, there, I think, was truth for him. Philosophic or speculative inquiry seemed to end with him in its own mental excitement. A grand or beautiful thought was like any beautiful thing in nature, to be admired for itself. Philosophy, like Love or War, did but "add another string to the lyre."

From earliest youth, and when we were yet boys together, it

was his secret ambition to be enrolled amongst the poets. Bitter, therefore, was the disappointment which ensued when, after long and elaborate preparation, he found that all his melody and all his metaphor were unable to arrest the attention of the world. From the tribunal of public opinion there is here no appeal. Judging with the partiality of a friend, I myself had anticipated another verdict; but á verdict once given on this matter of poetry is unassailable. If you write to *instruct*, and the public will not be instructed, the public may be wrong. If you write to *amuse*, and people will not be amused, you have not a word to say for yourself. And be quite sure of this, that if you have not amused your own contemporaries, you will not amuse posterity.

Luxmore felt and acknowledged all this, and he at once succumbed. The failure was indeed complete. When the day arrived that the precious volume, prepared with such a labour of love, was to be given to the world, he had strung his nerves and steeled his bosom to endure manfully the shock of hostile criticism. He expected much censure mingled with the praise. Not a word came to his ear of either praise or censure. Dead silence. Total neglect. For this he was not prepared, and his heart sunk within him. Against hostile criticism anger, or pride, or vanity would have interposed some shield; hope would have still survived. But no enemy had done this. The blow came from the hand of Fate itself, and it laid prostrate all his hopes. The dream of fame, the glory of his life, was gone; his melodious occupation was gone; some new kind of futurity had to be constructed—some *other Luxmore* must live out the term of his natural existence.

"There was no room," as he said plaintively, "for self-delusion. I had stood forth, shell in hand, to charm mankind with minstrelsy. Not one of all the passing crowd would pause to listen, or even look aside to see what manner of man it was who had put 'his singing robes about him.' Nothing remained but to drop what in me was mere mummery and masquerade, and be as soon as possible one of the undistinguishable throng."

"I am smiling," he said once to me, "at the recollection of a certain midnight scene still very vivid in my memory. I see myself alone in a garden. A lantern is on the ground. I am digging a deep hole in the earth. I am certainly not digging for hidden treasure; neither am I an assassin, burying, in the dead of night, the body of his victim. Yet I dig deep, and from time to time look stealthily around to see if any one is watching me. This hole, this pit, this grave is at length completed. I draw from under a neighbouring tree a sack which I had deposited there, heavy with its secret burden. This I lay, not without some solemnity of action, in its destined grave. It is indeed a dead thing: it is my dead poem; and here I bury it—safe at least from further disgrace. Here I commit it to the earth. 'Dust to dust!' I exclaim as I shovel in the mould; 'ashes to ashes!' as I stamp it level with the rest of the soil."

After this honourable burial conferred upon his defunct production, and in a mood, I suspect, of sheer despondency, he had yielded to the wishes of his father, and enrolled himself a student of law in one of the Inns of Court. When I returned from the Continent he had taken up his abode in the Temple, and spent his mornings as an industrious pupil in the chambers of a special pleader.

It was a strange place to go in quest of my poet. Those dark quadrangles where the lawyers congregate have always seemed to me a species of "intellectual factory," where a peculiar race of ingenious men manufacture, with infinite toil, an artificial system of jurisprudence, whose complications are infinitely afflictive to the rest of mankind. First, historical tradition, that should long ago have ranked with the curiosities of antiquarian learning; secondly, sound common sense, equitable maxims that rule intelligibly the conduct of all mankind; thirdly, a confused mass of statutes, so verbose no ordinary man can see the meaning for the words;—such are the materials these intellectual artisans place together upon their looms. Yet they get devotedly attached to the web they weave. They fall into a kindred error to that of certain dogmatic theologians; they think because the necessity

and desire for some law support all their strange devices, that these devices are absolutely indispensable to the support of law.

It was a strange place to seek a poet in, or any one who had learnt to love thinking for the truth itself that was to be acquired by it.

In search of Luxmore, I found my way into the pupils' room of a special pleader. I have no means of knowing whether all such rooms are like the one I entered. This might have been a bad specimen of the "factory;" yet those who inhabited it were men, as I afterwards learned, who had taken high honours at Oxford, and held what is called a good position in society. It had a most gloomy uninviting appearance. Young men who, at their own homes, sit in easy-chairs, and are waited on by assiduous domestics, might here be seen perched on tall leathern stools, such as the stationer's clerk tucks his legs under, with a huge wooden desk before them, dark with age and begrimed with ink, and cut and carved like a school-boy's form. Every paper and book that lies upon it is covered with a coal-black dust. The window looks out on some blank wall or desolate passage,—or would look out, if it were not fortunately rendered almost impervious to vision by its own dirt. Here the accomplished scholar from Cambridge or Oxford, with Æschylus still ringing in his ear, and Newton's *Principia* still occupying his thoughts, sits down to dreary books of *Practice* and *Precedents*,—surely the most dreary things that printer's ink was ever employed upon. One would not say that a very finely graduated course of progressive studies had been provided for our ablest men. And yet, mark what a natural charm there is in *work*,—in a real thing to do! Into this pupil's room come the papers of a new cause, and there is a friendly scramble for them. It is real work. Here is the actual conflict of plaintiff and defendant to be carried on, by their help, in a court of justice. The accomplished scholar takes up the jargon of pleading with perhaps more zest than he had ever opened his Thucydides. Here is a real contest,—nearer to him than the Peloponnesian War,—the war of Declaration and of Plea,—Replication and Rejoinder,—I know not what. Those

dreary calf-bound books of *Precedent* and *Practice* grow instinct with life; for there is a human interest which they are (however justly or unjustly) to determine. He sets to work. And now, if the garden of Eden—instead of that desolate blank wall—lay out there before him, he would not see it. There is light enough for books and paper, pen and ink; it is all he will want for many hours.

Pity so natural a zest had not a better element to grow and prosper in. As to my poor friend Luxmore, he too was not averse to labour. He was doing his utmost when I entered to fix his attention on his *Stephens* or his *Chitty*. With not, however, so absorbing an interest but that he gladly carried me off with him to a small suit of chambers, occupied at present as his private residence. We climbed up a dark lofty staircase till we reached all but the topmost landing-place; then he drew forth his latch-key, and we entered into his own most *unlovely* retreat. How different from the little cottage-parlour I used to find him nestled in when he was—a poet in possibility! It had, however, one advantage for a studious man; though in the heart of London, it was quiet as the grave.

When we had entered, he bade me notice, with a mock air of triumph, that on the shelves of his library there was not a single book that was not either law or history. Not a poet was admitted. Even his Latin and his Greek were confined to Cicero and Demosthenes,—the *pleaders* of their day. His only walk was to Westminster Hall. He did not think it quite safe to trust himself, he said, in the Temple Gardens.

Then he descanted very amusingly on the perfect stillness of his very learned domicile. "No lane in Devonshire could be more quiet; no cottage in a Cumberland valley more secluded. Nay," he continued, "it is a great mistake to think you get quiet in the country. Did I not always find at my cottage window some old crone telling her interminable story to her never-satiated neighbour? And did I not catch myself often listening to it? Or was there not some sauntering damsel, with her tin can swinging and creaking on its iron handle, who would pass and repass twenty times a-day to get water from the spring. I rather liked at times to see her, and hear her singing to the creaking can;

but then I was very idle in those days. Or else there was to be seen coming down from the lane opposite some red and roaring child, cramming bread-and-butter into its mouth, cramming and roaring at the same time. No one ever knew what the noise was all about, and as the urchin's appetite was evidently unimpaired, no one seemed to care. I learnt myself to be a little amused at such display of harmless passion as he volunteered. He was not always sole actor in the drama. No such sights or sounds intrude here. Here we sit in profound abstraction. Nothing but abstractions. No place so quiet—above ground—as these, my studious chambers."

Notwithstanding this boastful renunciation of poetry and of nature, we had not sat long together before the "old love," and his late bitter disappointment, became the subject of our conversation, and, in spite of some effort at irony, he treated the theme with a great deal more emotion than so devoted a student of law ought to have displayed.

"But I am cured now," he finally said; "I am cured, Thorndale, I am indeed. It seems a century ago since I was the prey to that turbulent and insane passion for fame,—insane at least in me. My lip curls with derision as I recall the folly. Was it I indeed who was plunged in despair because the world would not read my sonnets! Simpleton! How often had I said, What care I for the sons and daughters of wealth? How often had I sung out the old stave,—

'My mind to me a kingdom is,
Such great delight I find therein.'

But the sons and daughters of wealth held me in their power,—they would not read my poems. I was a mere slave after all.

"And yet this passion was none of my seeking. Is it not strange that the love of fame should be given, and no answerable ability,—the instinct to soar, and no wing? I can remember that, in my earliest boyhood, I paced my father's garden and the quiet lanes behind our house, muttering the 'I also!' to myself. A certain noble mansion stands at the corner of Piccadilly, with a statue reared in front of it; I have passed that house and looked up—how my cheeks burn as I make this confession!—

and I have said, 'Great general! I am your contemporary,—I am a poet. Kings, generals, statesmen, poets,—the age is ours!' Fortunately I kept the secret of my greatness close within my own heart.

"Well for me I did; it spared me some humiliation. When the prophet at length stepped forward to reveal himself to the world and not an ear listened, and not an eye turned towards him, it was some consolation that he was able to steal home in peace. No outcry of any kind pursued him; no one knew how great an experiment had been made! So far it was well. But oh, Thorndale! the downfall there was within!—within! The life-purpose gone, the beloved occupation gone.

"Ah, me! how pleasant was the illusion while it lasted! Pleasant beyond all power to describe, to walk amongst the hills, or by the side of rivers, musing immortal verse. I envied no one. I had my great task. What a proud elated spirit was often concealed in that simple figure that stole along with slow and modest footstep, shunning all observation! I sought no honour *yet*—I kept my *incognito;* but I was the true prince—and I felt like a prince.

"Pity that the day of trial must come, and that the illusion could not last."

It was inexplicable to me that Luxmore should pass at once from poetry to law. Could he find no intermediate stage? I put the question.

"They took me," he said ruefully, "when all things were equally indifferent; they did what they pleased with me. If they had proposed hanging outright, I might have gently expostulated, but I should have yielded in the end. My father had set his heart on my being a lawyer. I am one day to be a celebrated advocate—an orator forsooth! For such celebrity I care not two straws. Were I as certain of attaining it as I am that it is utterly out of my reach, I should not value it a rush. But here I am a student of the law, and I will be nothing *but* a student of the law—if I can."

His resolution was kept for some time. It gave me pain to see him labouring at a vocation so foreign to his tastes and capabilities. But he kept steadily to the new task he had assigned to himself, and would hear of no other plan of life. Poetry was held steadily at bay.

One day, however, this Tempter waylaid him in a very insidious manner.

I think I see him as he described himself to me, returning in dreary mood from Westminster Hall, where he had been to hear some case argued, on the pleadings of which he had been engaged. I see him creeping slowly back to the Temple, wearied with the heat, and din, and jostling of the court, and utterly unable to think another thought about his pleas and his cases. As he coasts along by the shop-windows, he looks up from time to time at that strip of dim and defaced azure overhead, which is all that here remains to him of the natural sky; and he takes advantage of the projecting step of some doorway, or of an iron-grating in the pavement, not trodden on by the passers-by, that he may pause for a moment, without being swept away by the crowd, to look up even at this poor residue of that fair region where the clouds are wandering. And now, as he is coasting thus along the Strand, he halts before a bookstall, because it offered an excuse for standing still, not from any curiosity to look at its literary ware. He does look, however; and opens and prys into several volumes, till he begins to think that the proprietor of the bookstall, who has been eyeing him, will feel aggrieved if he departs without making any purchase. A torn and dingy little volume, very portable and very cheap, presents itself as a suitable purchase for the occasion. It bears the title of "Shelley's Miscellaneous Poems," a cheap piratical edition, that often finds its way to the bookstall. But of course the size of the volume alone determines his selection. He invests some eighteen pence in the perilous commodity, and walks off with the forbidden fruit in his pocket.

Luxmore has done with the pupils' room for that day. He ascends his own flight of stairs, and enters his own dark and dusty retreat. Seating himself at his library table, he may enjoy at least that perfect stillness he applauds so much. There is not a

sound to be heard. Drawing from his pocket his new purchase, he notices that, soiled and dirty as the book is, it could have been very little read, for half the leaves are uncut. He will, as he rests himself from his walk, cut open the remainder of the leaves, and then lay the book aside. As he proceeds with this mechanical operation, he peeps into the volume here and there. Gradually both the eye and the spirit of the man settle down upon the page. What is it that enchains and enthralls him? He has stumbled upon one of his earliest favourites, "Alastor, or the Spirit of Solitude"—so full of the passionate love of nature and of beauty, and, to his mind, overrun with so many associations from his own past history. There, in the silence of his dim chamber, he reads on undisturbed; I see his chest slowly heave, I mark a suspicious moisture in his eye. That library table, and all that is on it, and all the dreary learning mustered on the walls around him, are utterly forgotten.

The old brass lamp of Aladdin never wrought such miraculous transformations as did that dingy little volume in the hands of its entranced reader. The solitary silent room—lo! it was full of music, full of beauty. Vision after vision of mountain, and sky, and stream was passing along its walls. Those walls were not. And the dim air which lay so thick upon the windows—it was gone, and he was out in the broad bright world; he was amongst the mountains, by the seas and the rivers; he was in those palace-homes of Humanity, which that little magic book, this new lamp of Aladdin, was building up so fast around him.

The mischief was irreparable. When the music of the poem ended, when the spell was over, when the magic book was closed, and he looked again on the four walls that surrounded him, he could scarcely believe that he had ever consented to this voluntary but terrible imprisonment. What! was he, a worshipper of nature, simply because his own hymn was not wanted—was he to turn self-banished from all her glories? He would rather be a shepherd, and watch sheep upon the hills. Somehow he would break from this horrible impri-onment—would break forth into the real life of man, and the eternal realities of nature.

When I next climbed his stairs, and tapped at his door, I was answered by a loud, ringing, manly voice, bidding me to enter; and on entering, I saw Luxmore striding to and fro, clad in some terrific-looking waterproof garments, an oil-skin cap upon his head, and flourishing in his right hand a keen and glittering axe. He had resolved to emigrate. He would clear the forest and the jungle. He would grow corn where corn had never yet been grown. The banks of the Mississippi already lay in imagination before him, and he was just then making trial of some of his newly-purchased accoutrements. He laughed heartily at the bewilderment which, I suppose, my countenance expressed. "I am for the woods, Thorndale," he exclaimed. "Will you go with me? Leave this philosophy of yours, as I shall leave this labyrinth of law. Let us go where the great rivers are flowing. Believe me, no wood can be so thick, no swamp so deep, no wilderness so impenetrable, as these studies we shall leave behind."

I, in reply, entreated him to stay with me in England. I thought him wise in relinquishing these ungenial studies; I counselled him to devote himself to letters. I implored him to come and live with me. There was enough, I said, in the chest for both. A poet and a philosopher did not want the treasury of a Crœsus. "Stay with me," I said, "and write another poem. One verdict is not a final decision in the courts of criticism, any more than in those of Westminster Hall; we appeal, and again appeal—not to posterity, which is folly, but to our next volume! Come, live with me. 'Go halves,' as the boys say at school. I want your companionship, your friendship, far more than you can want any thing on earth that I can contribute. It shall be yours to pitch the tent where you will, and strike it when you will. We are both somewhat nomadic in our dispositions, and, for my part, I would rather that another chose the route and the camping-ground than be compelled to choose myself. Stay with me till the next poem is written. What lovely spots there are in England, no one knows better than you. Like the Persian monarchs, we will have our summer and our winter palaces; they are already built for us amongst the hills of Cumberland, and on

the coast of Devonshire. Pledge yourself to poetry and to me, for at least so long a time—and may the next poem be for ever writing!"

Luxmore pressed my hand with emotion; it was the only way in which he could express his thanks. "I too," he said, "if our positions were reversed, could offer, I think, as you do; and you, in my position, would refuse, as I must." Then, in order that he might put his refusal on grounds to which I could not object, he declared that his present project of emigration was one that he greatly preferred to the scheme I designed for him—that of cultivating letters at home. "No!" he exclaimed, "I will live a free and manly life with the grandeurs of nature about me. I will feel poetry; I will not write it. This passion for poetic fame is fatal to one's peace. It shuts you up from real friendships, real loves. You muse upon a thousand beautiful affections, you sympathize with imaginary griefs and joys, and meanwhile you yourself are forgotten by every living soul. I will have none of it. And as for this your England, I disparage it not—but only think what glorious things there are lying out in the wide world which I have not yet beheld. I have never been in a tropical climate. Could I quit the world without having once seen the palm-tree spread itself beneath its native skies?"

My entreaties were in vain. I had to listen to his schemes; he would not listen to mine. He had indeed some relative in the United States, and the wherewithal to purchase a few acres of land. So much there was of practicability in his enterprise. But then I soon after learned that, although bound for the banks of the Mississippi, he had taken his passage to Rio Janeiro! He must see the incomparable scenery of Brazil, and the mountains of South America. He would work his way round afterwards, by land or by water, to his final destination.

What can one augur of such an emigrant? What are you now, Luxmore? I doubt not that you have seen a tropical sky, and that the vision of the palm-tree under its blue heavens has been realized; you have seen the mountains of South America, but have you ever "worked your way round" to that farm on the Mississippi?

CHAPTER IX.

A POET'S MEMORANDA.

Day after day till Luxmore left London did I climb the stairs that led to his rooms. There we sat and talked, and packed up things for the voyage. I cannot say that our conversation much facilitated this last operation, or often had any connection with it. Luxmore would sit on the corner of an open packing-case, and there hold forth on all manner of subjects. His mind had recovered all its former elasticity. Many a thing he said comes back associated to me with that never-to-be-filled packing-case.

Sometimes we sallied forth together to see the "sights" of London. Was it not his last opportunity? We bought a "Guide Book of London," and explored its wonders like two travellers. Where he went, I went; to the Tower, to the Tunnel—many places I had never seen, and have already forgotten.

One morning, as we were sitting in his chambers, and he was looking over and tearing up sundry old manuscripts and loose pieces of paper, a small memorandum or pocket-book fell out upon the floor. "May I read?" I said, observing, as I picked it up, that it was partly filled with verse. "No! no!" he replied, "not now. But you can take it with you, and read it, if you like, when I am tossing on the Atlantic."

The next moment, however, he had taken the book from my hand, and was reading aloud some verses from it. They were a very angry farewell to his unfortunate poetry—to his harp, as the phrase ran. They were written soon after the failure of his poem, and whilst he was sojourning, in no very cheerful mood, somewhere by the seaside. Here they are—

"THE POET TO HIS HARP."

"Pernicious toy! struck with so feeble hand,
The note but reach'd to the fond player's ear;

Barren, I fling it on the barren sand,
And curse it here!

Most foolish, fatal 'instrument of woe!'
That, while it prompts the melancholy thrall
To sing a thousand joys he does not know,
Robs him of all.

Where is my youth? Gone in a song unheard—
Gone every stirring manly enterprise;
For real passion, lo! an empty word,
And dreams and lies.

And woman's love!—Ah, cruel trick of song,
That fills the heart up to the very brim,
Nor lets the man die out, though all have long
Been dead to him.

Delusion followed by a strange despair!
Life lost—hope lost—in solitude I dwell,
Like some pale anchorite whose faith—whose prayer—
Died in his cell."

"I dare say they sound tame enough," he said, when he had finished reading the verses. "I know they were written with my heart in my throat. Generally I wrote slowly, but these verses, I well remember, came to me almost as fast as the pencil could trace them on the paper; for which reason alone I should suspect them to be worthless.

"It is only time," he continued, "and the long and loved labour, that produces what is worthy to live. Oh that I, with this outstretched arm of mine, could engrave some few lines—some few—on the marble or the brass! Death might strike it down the instant after."

Aware, the moment he had uttered this last rhapsody, of the flagrant inconsistency into which he, who renounced all poetry, had been led, Luxmore dived down his head into the great packing-case before which he happened to be standing, and became suddenly absorbed in the operation of packing. I spared him.

After some interval he again took up the memorandum-book. It was the last, he said, of many such that had been carried about

with him. "In times past," he continued, "when I was still a poet—in possibility—every object seen, every transitory thought, had, or might have, some value for me; 'it might be gold some other day.' Every pleasure came double; and that reflex image of which was to make its appearance in my verse, was not the least prized of the two. Even painful and distressing emotions have not been without their consolation, for I have said to myself, 'I am glad I have felt this, I know now what it is.' I had the habit then of jotting down, in some such book as this, any stray thought in prose or verse that occurred to me. That is all over now. I have no longer any *use* for my thoughts. I shall still wander on the sands, and pick up the shells and the bright pebbles as before; *but there is no grotto building in the garden at home;* one by one I shall let them fall back again upon the ground."

Notwithstanding what he said very prettily about there being no grotto building in the garden, it is evident that the scraps of verse in this little book (which I still, and shall always preserve,) were written after the failure of his poem, in the interval between that event and his being entered at the Temple. They have allusions, more or less direct, to that disastrous event, and have a desponding tone of thought quite foreign to the usual style of his poetry.

He had been asked to write some verses in a lady's album. He had declined the honour, but had ruminated, as he went home, on the subject, and wrote the following stanzas:—

"Ask poetry of him who shares
The poetry of life;
Shares in its hopes, its loves, its joy,
Its angers and its strife.

Or ask of him who can recall,
With many a fond alas!
The pleasing, painful memories
Of days that do *not* pass.

I have not lived! I struck the chords,
Childlike, to hear them ring.
I have not lived! then how could I
Give music to the string?"

Then he adds, in a sort of parenthesis,—"Yes, I wrote before I had lived, and see that too, now, as one of my follies. And yet —mark how the matter is entangled—you want *your youth to write with*, as well as to live with. You want, too, your youth to enjoy your laurels if you win them. Love and Fame, I find few care much for them except in youth." Which reflection seems to have suggested the lines that follow :—

"The youth is sitting by a river,
He turns to where the stream *comes down*.
'Flow on! sweet Time! thou bounteous giver,
Flow faster still, and bring
My myrtle wreath, my poet's crown!'
—'Tis thus I hear him sing.

By the same river sits the man,
But 'tis the current that has pass'd him by
I see him silent turn to scan.
No longer to the river does he pray;
Something he follows, with a curious eye,
Half weed, half flower, it bears away."

I notice that, like many other poets, he is a great favourer of youth. Here are two verses that contrast the boldness of this season of our life with the timidity of age, in the region of speculative or theological inquiry. I doubt whether fair justice is meted out to the old man.

"In youth we climb the hill, and trace, we think,
Upwards the stream of Truth. We find the spring.
Alone we kneel, or, as we stoop to drink,
Hear but the rustle of some angel's wing.

Age comes; we drink with angels on the hill
No more. Contented in the vale we dwell;
And jostle through the village crowd to fill
Our broken pitcher at their stagnant well."

I make the following extract from the little pocket-book, because it shows how a melancholy humour had been creeping into his own speculative inquiries, and how he, too, had been sharing in our conflict of opinions. Both our great Futurities are here canvassed, embraced, and dismissed. At least, so thought the writer

at the moment. Happier times brought, as I well know, happier and more stable convictions.

. . . . "A straggler from all folds,
I roam in unclosed pastures. I have sought
The bondage of a Faith, yet still am driven
Back to the unwelcome liberty of Doubt.
—Hail to Utopia! Happy golden Time
That will, but will so slowly, come. I, too,
Hear the glad music of the onward march.
It comes this way. It dies upon the wind.
It comes not. While I strain my ear, it sounds
Fainter and fainter, farther, farther off.
—All hail celestial climes! Rapt on this faith
I rise, I also, with the throng of saints,
And take my place in Heaven.—Trembling I sit,
Conscious of dust and mutability.
Not mine these seats eternal of the gods:
Mine nothing but this trance, this dream of thought,
In which gods, too, appear and pass.—Will Death,
With soft mesmeric breathing on my brow,
Wake to new life? or, with slow moving-hand,
Touch this wild dream into the perfect sleep?"

What a critic would say to this allusion to the mesmeric influence, I cannot tell. I feel as incapable of criticizing Luxmore's poetry as I should my own.

The chrysalis and the butterfly has been a favourite image with the poets, and from time immemorial it has been dedicated to hope—the hope of immortality. How came it that my friend Luxmore, whose philosophy was generally of a cheerful character, should make so perverse a use of it as he has in these lines? He sees a silkworm spinning its cocoon, and makes the following reflection:—

TO THE SILKWORM.

"You, too, soft, mute recluse, a thread can spin
Subtle as thought, and bright as poetry.
Weave on! weave on! Ask of no passer-by
How the web looks to him: 'tis gold within.
There, in your golden orb, close folded lie;
There muse on change, there wave the future wing,
Wave it in dreams, and dream eternal spring."

I once asked him why, since his verse was not successful, he did not write prose. The answer was characteristic. He said,—

"Thorndale, I could not write prose, if by prose you mean a didactic expression of settled systematic opinions. I have no systematic opinions. It is not that, in general, I am indisposed to believe; but one belief destroys another. *There are too many truths.* And there are truths of negation as well as of affirmation. I cannot help it. There are some subjects on which the more I read, and the more I think, the more bewildered I become. To me it seems that our world is veritable poetry,—suits admirably, and suits only, the poet's verse; for there are things most beautiful and grand in it, and these individually may be faithfully reflected in the poem. But philosophy attempts to embrace the world as a whole scheme, and philosophy fails,—only impresses on it an irremediable confusion, the result of her own limited intelligence.

"A poet does not say to mankind, This, and this only, is true, and you will find it consistent with every other truth I shall proclaim. He says, I feel this, at this moment, to be true; so much of the living world I can portray to you. You ask sincerity of utterance from the poet, not systematic thinking. He who writes in prose comes forward to teach other men the final results of his own inquiries—results supposed to be all congruous with each other. Such final results, such congruous scheme of thought, I, for one, never hope to obtain. Meanwhile, here and there flash across my mind unmistakable truths, or generous sentiments, which surely it is well to utter, though in a partial and disjointed manner. If I kindle a noble thought or feeling in any human breast, I have not written quite in vain.

"And tell me, Thorndale, have you not observed that there is a certain freedom of utterance allowed to the poet which is denied to the prose writer—for this very reason, that he is not expected to follow out to its last logical result every opinion or sentiment he expresses. Truths that have not yet found their place in any recognized or approved scheme of philosophy, are tolerated from one who is not held responsible for schemes of philosophy. Have you not observed that our boldest thoughts

are put forward in snatches of verse? Verse, like the mask used on the Greek stage, sends the voice farther, and partially conceals the speaker. What if one *use* of the poet be to give some notes and fragments of truths which he himself, as little as any other, can yet harmonize into a complete system? Such idea has occurred to me when reading some of our own poets. As to myself, I have gained more philosophy from Wordsworth and Tennyson than from all the grave treatises which the Reverend Josiah Springfield used to put into our hands."

"If I had been born an idolater," Luxmore said at another time, "I might perhaps have been amongst the first to suspect that his godship was mere wood and stone. But if another raised the sacrilegious spear, I am sure that I should have rushed forward for the protection of the idol. What have I then to do with teaching the strict stern truth to others? I leave that task to other men—to you, if you persist in undertaking it."

"I know not," I replied, "that any of us can do very much. Some of us will do little enough, and yet even that little may be worth the doing. Before the hay is finally stacked, it is tossed about in the sun and the air, and very little hands may be seen busy in the field. If too hastily packed together, it would smoulder and corrupt. I too, with other children, toss about the hay in the field. A stronger arm will stack it. It is a trivial service, but not a needless one."

"Very modestly said, O my philosophic friend," answered Luxmore. "Toss, then, this hay about; only do not blind yourself, as I have seen some little children do, whilst throwing it too thickly over their heads.

"God fashions some in one way, some in another. Me he made—so far as this thought-power is concerned—a much musing, but weak and useless creature—all ear, all eye—and plunged me in this maze of beauty and of wonder. I have had no other business than to look, and dream, and eternally admire. And I will still admire, earning the while the needful daily bread, with daily and inoffensive toil."

CHAPTER X.

CONCLUSION BY THORNDALE OF HIS AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

I LOST my friend. I bade farewell to him in the great steamer, as it lay off Southampton, which was to bear him across the Atlantic. What would I not have given to detain him? I loved him as a brother, and as an elder brother. I was accustomed to yield to all his humours. If he said Walk, I walked; if he wished me to sit with him, I sat. I felt a pleasure in this sort of submission. The mutability of his temper never vexed me; whilst the utter frankness of the man, the full heart, the incessant spring of life and thought within him, were to me inexpressibly delightful. Would that, by any grappling-hooks, I could have bound him to me!

When I parted with Luxmore at Southampton, I went across to the Isle of Wight with no other than the old companion—the box of books. Even those books, how much more would they have yielded to me, if the social affections had not been so utterly baffled and repressed!

I was unfortunate in friendship as in love. The exhilaration of general society I have occasionally shared. But what my nature craved was some attached companion, living under the same roof with me, to make of my dwelling-place a *home*. Wanting this, it seemed that all other enjoyments were robbed of their natural zest.

More desolate and life-weary I never remember to have felt, than I did in my little cottage at Shanklin. But just as the question, What was I to do with this great gift of life? had reached its climax of embarrassment, there came intimation that the gift itself would probably be soon withdrawn. The difficulty would be solved in a very decisive manner. Symptoms of ill-health, which I had been able to disregard whilst in the company of Luxmore, now forced themselves on my attention; they became more serious every day.

I could not but remember that my mother died of consumption; and these symptoms seemed to assure me that I had inherited the peculiarities of her constitution.

Since my return to England I had not even written to my relatives at Sutton Manor. I allowed them to think that I was still on the Continent. Now it became necessary, on some matter of business, to communicate with my uncle. I wrote. Amiable messages came in return; abundant regrets to hear of my ill-health, and an especial chiding from Winifred for my unsocial habits. Unsocial! I think that the pain of solitude was at this time, more than any other cause, fostering that malady under which I was growing weaker every day.

Was that drama of the Moth and the Flame entirely played out? Yes, I thought so; yes, and yet a scrap of writing in her hand, containing a kindly word, such as she might bestow on any old friend, had a strange power over me. But let ill-health and a fevered brain bear the blame, if Hope, and wild imaginations such as Hope creates for her own support, did at this time revisit me.

I can recall one singular delusion. I was reclining on my couch on a sultry day. The window of my cottage was open, and it looked directly into a garden. In this garden I saw the figure of a lady standing amongst the flowers, and occasionally bending down over them. Her back was turned towards me, and I could see only the figure and one light tress of

hair that had escaped between the bonnet and the silk mantle. That little tress was enough to set Imagination at her work. The most absurd fancies took possession of my mind. What if it were Winifred? She had heard of my illness; she could not hear of it with indifference. What if her affections were still disengaged? what if, secretly, they had all along *been* engaged where she herself was most beloved? She had heard that I was suffering—in illness—and alone; she had resolved to come and see at least her old friend and playmate. Yes, it might be—it must be—it *was* Winifred Moberly! That fair tress could belong to no other; I had seen the winds playing with it a hundred times in the park at Sutton Manor. She had persuaded some of her family, or some relative, to accompany her. She had left them behind at the hotel, and had come on alone. She seemed to be occupying herself with the flowers, but she was only in reality preparing herself for her interview with her stricken cousin—stricken in health—stricken, as she knew, in more than health.

I watched breathless—my heart beating violently—till the figure should turn towards me. It turned—looked up a moment at the cottage, and walked trippingly away. It was a fair young girl—very fair—but not Winifred. Some flowers in the garden had attracted her, it seems; and as I sate out of sight, the open window led her to conclude that there was no one in the house, and that she might gratify her curiosity unnoticed.

Winifred Moberly was in her own beautiful garden, or sitting in her own drawing-room, with many friends around her. Why should she concern herself with the sick exile out here?

How could I be so mad as to think it? Yet, madness or not, my thoughts, for several days, ran in this direction. What if she should come?

"O come, come!" I murmured to myself. "Lay your hand upon my shoulder. Arrest, detain, restore me. Give me health—give me hopeful thoughts—give me *faith*, as well as *life*,—you can!"

And then again I bethought myself, that my life had so long run in one sad and monotonous tenor—I knew not how I should support the sudden turmoil of a great joy. "Folly! Folly!"

I exclaimed. "Why do I suffer such delirious thoughts to intrude on me? What should Love do here in the very ashes of a man? A great happiness would be to me a great trouble; I have not been cultivated for happiness."

Such contradictory and most needless soliloquies was I uttering from my sick couch.

Consultations now ensued with this and that eminent physician. Consumption! Ay or no? And at length the decisive Yes! and intimations that the disorder was assuming a very peremptory form.

One moment of sharp and confused agony as this broke on me! then a calm, which has not since deserted me. Never had I suffered from such utter depression of spirits, never felt so hopeless in my quest of truth or happiness, never felt so entirely without task or occupation, aim or purpose, for the coming days, as in this last retreat in the Isle of Wight. I have no wish to recall the hours I spent there, or the thoughts that there afflicted me. And now suddenly life was over! except just to watch the daylight down. No task, and no joy, would any more be wanted. One sharp confused agony, as I have said, one sudden turmoil, as the little vessel swung round through the dizzy whirlpool into her last port,—then a brief space, which the eye could easily measure, of smooth water, was all she had to traverse.

And now I am here in my last beautiful harbour of refuge, and that solitude, which has been both a pleasure and an affliction, is now only a pleasure.

No, Lady Moberly, I will not have a *medicus*. Bernard, it seems, has betrayed me. He has been writing boastfully to some of his friends in England, that he is now physician and apothecary, as well as valet, cook, and I know not what besides. And so my lady, in her sprightly vein, writes me word that if she does not soon hear that I am under proper medical surveillance, she

will come over to Italy herself, bringing with her a doctor in each hand.

Very kindly said, Lady Moberly, and I think kindly felt; but we defy you. Bernard and I will go on in our old way.

The day is never long. I have indeed ceased to take note of the measurement of time. One hour is more genial than another; —thought flows more rapidly, or these damaged lungs breathe somewhat more freely at one time than another; but where the present hour stands in the series which makes up day and night, what the clock reports of the progress of time, I have ceased to ask myself. There is but one hour that the bell has to strike for me.

BOOK III.

CYRIL; OR, THE MODERN CISTERCIAN.

"The instinct of repose,
And longing for confirmed tranquillity."

WORDSWORTH.

CHAPTER I.

THE CISTERCIAN MONK.

THERE stands in my terrace, its branches partly hanging over the wall, a beautiful acacia-tree. I am told that it is of a rare Asiatic species, called by some long name, which I shall certainly misspell, *Acacia julibrission*—Latinized Persian, *gul*, a rose, and *ebruschen*, silk; because in the spring it has a blossom with long depending stamens—a sort of silken rose, or *silken tassel*, as some call it. That I shall see the blossom is not likely.

To my taste, the tree is so beautiful that I doubt if the combination of the *flower* with it would be really an improvement. Not only is it a charming object in itself, but it is most fortunately placed. Seen from the villa, it is thrown with most grateful contrast upon the blue sky, and mingles most happily with the prospect of the distant mountains; whilst on the terrace itself it casts a most acceptable shade, and that on the very spot you would select for your seat, as commanding the most perfect view. I often have my chair or sofa brought underneath it.

When I sit here under the acacia, and look downwards and towards the shore, there is only a small portion of the coast that is visible to me. The bay runs inward, and I lose the coast-line; but at one place it makes a slight curve outward, and I am able to see any straggling fisherman, or rambling pedestrian for a few moments, who may chance to pass over this spot. If the person walks steadily on, it is a very short time that I hold him in my field of vision.

But along this spot there sometimes passes, in slow and measured step, the solitary figure of a monk. It is always the same monk. It is a youthful figure, and by this time I know the step. He wears, too, a garb not very usual,—the white habit of the

Cistercian order. This appears to be a favourite spot with him, for he sometimes pauses here, looking at the scene, or rapt in his own contemplations. I could hardly give any intelligible account of the strong feeling of interest I have in watching the figure of this solitary and youthful monk. As he stands there in his seclusion, and I sit here in this hermitage of mine, how much there is of similarity between us—how much of contrast! How differently we *come to be made!* He little suspects, while he stands there in perfect solitude as he thinks, that he has come within the field of vision of one who has been watching for his appearance, and who is making him the subject of endless speculations.

I have the advantage of him probably in this respect. Whilst I can sympathize with him, he would have nothing but reproof, or pity, for me. He would regard the Protestant hermit up here —if he knew any thing of him—with some repugnance, as being more or less a heretic; whilst I, on my part, have always had a strong and secret sympathy with him and the life he has chosen.

One reads of some Buddhist saint, that the prince his father, in order to wean him from his absorbing piety, offered to give him immediately all his wealth, and bade him at once take possession of the royal treasures. The saint replied: "If my advice were followed, all this gold and all these jewels, and this wealth, would be placed upon wagons, taken to the Ganges, or the Yamuna, and thrown into the stream; for they cause only sorrow, lamentation, grief, crime, and disappointment." How this carting of our wealth into the Ganges, or the Thames, would comport with our theories of Progress of Society, one does not see. But assuredly this proud determination of the high contemplative soul to rid itself at once of all the shackles that want or cupidity would hang about it, is one of the noblest sentiments of the individual mind. It is also one of the earliest that history takes note of.

It is one of those *irreconcilable congruities* of which all human life is full. Do we not move and live by constant antagonism? and is not one part of society in necessary antagonism to another?

Be that as it may, there are movements of every kind in this infinite world of ours. There is room for all.

The great whole shapes itself by its own laws. Yet we must each of us be shaping. Well, that too is one of its laws; it thus in part shapes itself.

"I cannot mould these light and fleecy clouds into any shape, blow as I will," cries a young child of Eolus; "they shift and change at every instant." "Blow on! blow always!" replies the elder god. "It is you who mould them nevertheless—such moulding as they take. Child of Eolus, blow on!"

I have just returned from the gardens of the *Villa Reale*. A carriage puts me down at the entrance, and I walk *very quietly* along the gay and fashionable promenade, till I reach some seat that is sheltered, and favourable to repose. All have not that last quality. There are some of white marble, supported on a brick pediment, painted bright scarlet—very pretty, I suppose, to look at, but very ill suited to my purposes. As I creep along, I pause from time to time, leaning on the railing that surrounds some one of the statues which decorate the gardens.

I never till now felt myself quite at home in a scene of this description. In vain I used to say to myself that the very crowd concealed me, that my appearance was precisely of the very kind to pass unnoticed in the crowd—that, in fact, no one did see me. I was conscious that I had not the air and manner of the place, that a certain abstraction of mind, or stranger-like feeling, made itself apparent, and marked me out for what is called a "nondescript"—such as young ladies steal one glance at, then turn away their pretty heads to hide a smile of ridicule, not very fearful, and which they themselves could not explain. A nondescript, I suppose, I always have been. Man of fortune—man of pleasure—man of business—man of letters—nothing of the sort. It would have been a puzzle where to put me on the roll of men. Now I can look around me quite calmly on all mankind, and all womankind too. The question, "Who and what are you?" has

a ready answer. It is read in the emaciated visage of the man. I am described, I am catalogued. This dying-out is a recognized occupation amongst us. I can now sit and look about me as unabashed and apathetic as the most accomplished of idlers. I can even scan and criticize these modish people themselves, and speculate quite composedly upon them.

It is a race one gathers little from. Empty as a bell, and as monotonous. Some one writes that the listless coxcomb seems as if he had grown tired of his part. I suppose that the fashionable men of imperial Rome had the same fatigued and apathetic air as our own idlers; and that when they came to enjoy the beauty and the breeze of Naples, they too were just as incapable of any such simple enjoyment. Simple enjoyments retain their charm only to the occupied and the earnest.

I find myself turning from the silks and satins that float past me, to watch a group of ragged children, wild as young goats, that are playing outside the *grille* which separates the gardens from the street. Their untutored nature affords at least a more varied spectacle. One of the group, a little girl, is sharing a green and sour-looking apple with a boy who has *begged a bite* of it. Oh, what a bite he takes! A full half of it is gone. She only once, and in silence, glances at the hugh devastation he has made; and proceeds, without a reproach, to munch the residue of her sour dainty. What greed in the fellow! What a native untutored ladyhood in that silent, brief glance at the devastated apple!

I like these statues in the public garden. They form a mute society for the mute and solitary loiterer. They give him also, to the eyes of others, a manifest excuse for loitering and musing there. He may lean upon the iron rail that encloses the stone god or goddess, and whether he meditates or observes, or whatever thoughts or emotions may be stirring the depths of his soul, he stands there a manifest worshipper for the time being of some Diana or Apollo. His pensive humour is thus disguised; and I take it there is no greater departure from good behaviour than that of fronting the world with your own earnest thoughts.

"If there is any antidote," poor Luxmore used to say, "which

is at all times effective against the poetic mood, it is the presence of a fashionable woman. I was never caught riding my Pegasus by one of this order that I did not dismount in trepidation, and walk rapidly on, utterly disowning any connection with it. The fair sex," he would say, "stands to us in the two most opposite relations imaginable. They are the most ideal objects in our world of thought; they are the very embodiment of whatever is artificial and conventional in civilized life. I hold it orthodox doctrine to believe—for Milton has taught it—that the flowers in Paradise were created as Eve's especial dowry, and that such of them as she was permitted to carry away with her, have descended in due course of inheritance to her daughters. The rose is woman's ensign, her crest, her universal emblem. She is the spirit of beauty here below. Nay, what, I ask, is our angel of heaven but some beautiful girl seen paler in the celestial light—paler, brighter, not more beautiful? Such is woman in our ideal world; she peoples heaven, or makes earth seem like to heaven.

"Now look at her," he would say, "in all the glories of millinery, and invested with the omnipotence of fashion. Oh, ye gods! convert us into apes, or dancing-masters, that we may not sink under the glance of her ridicule! Well, but she is very charming here also, very pretty in all this lace and satin. Yes, and with her quick bright glance of exquisite impertinence, how well she rules the manners and the talk of every drawing-room! Every coarse ungainly folly flies at that bright smile of derision which she so proudly throws around her—every coarse, ungainly folly, and also every earnest, free, and manly thought. A soft modulated cynicism whispers around her; a bland, courteous, hypocritical adulation. Before the lovely *woman* we may be mad enough; for we take the lyre, and we kneel and worship. Enter the decorated *lady*, we stand erect, and bow graceful, if such art is in us, and change the poem for the pasquinade."

To some such tirade I replied that it was the male coxcomb only that I should venture, or feel disposed to assail. There is a certain ostentatious imbecility in his character that renders it utterly detestable——

"Detestable enough!" he cried. "See that supremely idle gentleman drawn in his luxurious carriage; he is drawn along the earth by two of God's most beautiful creatures (those horses should be immortal!)—and he sits stern and lethargic, feels, or affects, the most perfect indifference to all that state and all those means of enjoyment which, nevertheless, I and the rest of the world are called upon to admire.

"Now this I hate. I am to admire this man twice over; first for his gilded trappings, and next for his supreme indifference to them. My honest friend, the purple-breasted peacock, swelling with uncompromising vanity, spreads to me his whole orb of feathers, and struts like an emperor before it. Him and his purple pride I like. He *is* magnificent; let him know it, and rejoice. But this other most unnatural bird displays to me what pomp he has—or borrows—and walks himself with sniffing disdain before it. After applauding his magnificence, I am to applaud still higher because he flings my applause back into my face.

"I am no reformer of societies—have no faith in imaginary systems—think a M. Fourrier simply an ingenious lunatic; but if his phalanstery threatened no greater evil than the extinction of the race of coxcombs, male and female, he should have my permission to try his experiment. These youngsters we see tapping their lazy heels with their absurd cane, or poisoning the fresh morning air with the hot stench of their tobacco-smoke, are not the breed of men I am solicitous to preserve.

"Never have I met with such weary dreary gossip as from young men of what is called fashionable life. It is not nonsense, for nonsense requires some invention; it is mere parrot-like noise. They travel mightily; they pass from Paris to Vienna, from Vienna to Rome, from Rome to Constantinople, and you shall hear from them always the same tattle they would have amused you with in Regent Street. Cosmopolitan indeed! as I sometimes hear them call themselves. Cosmopolitan as dogs are, who are as much at home in the streets of Paris as of London."

When I had quitted to-day the Villa Reale, Bernard thought fit to drive me through a part of the town of Naples. Life in the Toledo Street cannot be accused of want of animation. With what noise and fury the old game of buying and selling is carried on here! What variety of parts and characters in this perpetual masquerade! Masquerade it is not. Each one lives most thoroughly in his own limited personality. That is one of the most striking things in life. Just as a cat or fox is most entirely and solely a cat or fox, and has no thought of being any other beast whatever, so that noisy huckster is entirely the huckster; and if the Virgin Mary will be kind, and prosper him in his bargains, he will live and die contentedly as a huckster.

Every man carries, and can carry, the burden of his own grief. Thoughtful men, of the prophetic order, would take up the burden of the whole world. No wonder that they cannot bear it—that it crushes them to the earth.

I am glad to regain my own retreat—this elevated and beautiful sanctuary of mine.

How still it is! what a sacred serenity! I can understand how ecstatic visions and mysterious voices may visit the lonely imagination. A very little more, and I too could hear the whisper of some spirit in the air, whispering to me my own thoughts. It is in such a calm as this that the voice of the angel becomes audible.

This calm, that seems so natural, and puts on the aspect as if it had been, and would be, eternal—I have bought it with a whole life of turmoil and unrest. So it is. Yonder *sea* may be eternally serene, but my *felt* serenity has the tempest for one of its conditions.

Eternal calm would soon be eternal sleep. This often recurs to me when thinking of our ideal futurities.

We will make such a garden of this world, says some gentle enthusiast, that all good and peaceful affections, and none but the good and peaceful, shall flourish there. Only the angelic part of our nature shall be developed in this Paradise. I look through the golden gates of this new Eden; with hand raised before my eyes, to shade them from the perpetual glory, I look through, and in the serene air and eternal summer of the place I do at length descry the angelic inhabitant. I see him beneath the tree of life, pillowed on his wing—and fast asleep!

There stands my Cistercian monk on his favourite spot.

In him there are unspeakable fears that perpetually sustain illimitable hopes. A constant sense of escape from peril, gives constant sense of the near-attained heaven. The element of the tempest is, or has been, there in abundance.

There he stands serene, self-centred. He will tell you that he was born but yesterday, and will leave the world to-morrow. Yet such as he stands there, he is the product of all the centuries and half the nations of this world. Not only the Hebrew, but the Egyptian and the Persian sage, the Indian and the Greek, have contributed to his religious culture. Yet he feels himself alone, a transitory wayfarer through a quite foreign world.

And to himself how simple and beautiful is his own life. Some manual labour (this the Cistercian rule requires), his prayers, and some charitable offices, give employment to his days. All his vacation-time is spent in heaven. Prayer is at once his means and his end, his occupation and his joy.

"Progress of Society" concerns not him. No genuine saint was ever solicitous about the future destiny of this poor planet. He has no salvation for this terrestrial humanity. He has one for you and me, for this and that human soul, for all who will obey and tread the narrow path by which, one by one, they shall pass onward into bliss eternal.

What is Utopia to him? Why should he care for the well-being of successive generations of mortal men? The eternal beatitude of one immortal soul outweighs it all.

What is Utopia to him? Sentence has been passed against this world, the execution is only delayed; flames will consume it; and, for final result of all its painful history, lo! his little flock of angels winging their way into the sky!

Your bright terrestrial futurities would only disturb his thoughts. He wraps the world in shadow, that he may better see that future home amongst the stars to which he is bound. I find the piety of my Cistercian monk to be one of the most beautiful things on earth, but I could secure no place for it in an imaginary society such as the hopeful Progressionist depicts—a society of cheerful activities, of general temperance, of established equity. It would have performed its part in promoting the advent of such a society—in forming the future man; but it would vanish and be absorbed in the success of its own work. The perfect saint would become the perfect man; the worldly character and the heavenly would blend in harmony. This monk's piety lives necessarily in a world of sorrow and of penitence, and its paramount sentiment is that of renunciation. "Thrones, sceptres, crowns," are metaphors which at times run wildly enough through his discourse—descended to him probably from the earlier notions of the Hebrew Messiah; but they do not express the real nature of his spiritual joy. This is wrung as much out of Sorrow and of Penitence, as out of Love or Hope. Not of gold or of velvet is that crown made which the saint presses on his brow, and carries with him triumphant into heaven.

I see my monk kindling the sacrificial flame before the altar. He throws in his wealth; he throws in his pride. He had thrown in his love to woman first of all. At each renunciation the flame burns higher and higher. Such fuel there was on earth to feed this flame! How will it burn in that other sky where there will be no guilty pleasures, and no sorrow-laden happiness to throw upon the pile?

From my watch-tower here, I often observe how, as the day goes down, the sea becomes illuminated by the moon, which till then had shed an unnoticed and ineffectual light. At first a luminous track, scarcely perceptible, glimmers over the trembling waters; but as the sun still farther retires, the broad pathway of light grows bright, distinct, and permanent. I find it difficult to believe, when my eye is fixed on this new and beautiful radiance, that it is really growing darker and darker all around me; and that this luminous pathway to the skies, thrown, as it were, upon our troubled ocean, becomes visible only when the earth lies in darkness or in shadow.

When my Cistercian monk appears on this curve of the shore, stands there in meditation, and then slowly departs, I follow him in imagination to his cell, and speculate on the causes which may have conducted him to that last retreat. Has he sought a shelter there from the temptations of the world, from the turmoils of life, from the violence of passion? Or has he shut himself up to tame the restless intellect? And is it the conflict of human opinions that he has sought to avoid?

Whatever may have been his motive, Philosophy herself, I think, would bid him rest in the retreat he has chosen. The Angel of Goodness stands at his pillow, and Truth waits for him in the antechamber. With how sweet a smile, even on his delusions, will she welcome him, when the life-dream is over!

What different strains of reflection does the monastic life suggest! For me, I jot down my thoughts as they arise. I am conscious that there is an apparent inconsistency between them. Yet, if it were worth while, I could show that the inconsistency is more apparent than real. You sketch in two figures or objects in a landscape—there seems no coherence between them. Fill in the rest of the picture, and they perfectly harmonize. It is so with our thoughts.

CHAPTER II.

A VISIT TO THE MONASTERY.

In my ride yesterday I passed a group that could not but arrest my attention. It consisted of two monks, one of whom, much the younger of the two, had sunk exhausted by the road-side; the elder monk was kneeling by him, supporting the head of the fainting man in his lap.

I stopped the carriage, and, leaning forward, asked if I could possibly be of any use, at least in conveying one or both of them to their monastery? The ready Bernard was of more use than I, for he had alighted from the box, and before any one had time to remonstrate, he had applied a flask, whose contents were not drawn exclusively from the crystal well, to the lips of the exhausted monk. It revived him instantly, but he was still so weak that my proposal to carry them to their monastery was accepted. The elder monk assisted his companion into the carriage, and then followed himself.

On looking at the pale sufferer, I recognized in him the same youthful monk whom I had been in the habit of watching from my terrace.

Few words passed during our ride. When we reached the monastery, the elder of the two invited me to enter. Curiosity, and perhaps some interest deeper than curiosity, prompted me to accept the invitation.

How still it was within those high walls, and along those courts and cloisters! Here the hum of human life seemed hushed by some mysterious terror hanging in the air. No sound of joy, no voice of affection, no spontaneous utterance.

The very greeting given to the two returning monks was a monotonous ejaculation in a dead language.

Retirement from the world I can understand; but why should these walls shut out the view of nature on every side? Is there guilt on the brow of those ethereal hills? Or does the genuine saint of the Catholic Church see already, in all this beauty, nothing but a world in ashes and a condemned planet? With head bowed down, and looking neither to the right nor to the left, he has but to steal through it safe; he, for his single part, to steal through the general ruin and perdition—safe!—safe!—safe!

The younger monk retired immediately to his cell. The elder monk remained with me in conversation. He gave me some account of the rules of the community. He and his brethren were of the Cistercian order, and adopted the Benedictine rule in its original strictness, working with their own hands, and supporting themselves entirely by the cultivation of their own land, of which he intimated they had not an acre more than was necessary. Most of the simple articles of clothing and furniture they required were manufactured by themselves, and all procured directly or indirectly by their own labour. He was solicitous to impress upon me the distinction between their order and that of the mendicant friars, who carry round their sack from door to door, and whose mode of procuring subsistence he seemed by no means to approve. A few of their number, who possess a certain amount of medical knowledge, employ themselves more particularly in attendance upon the sick. The community could also boast of having some learned brethren amongst them, whom the rest very willingly relieved of their share of manual labour, in order that they might devote their time to study. There was much in this *social organization* which one could not help admiring. If Clarence had been present, he would have told the good monk to throw down these high walls—to let in the light and joy, and beauty of nature; to have the musical voice of children heard upon the turf; to let in the love of woman, and make a happy world of it at once.

If such a thought passed through my mind, I certainly did not

give expression to it. As we were conversing, a message came from the younger monk; he would be happy to see me, and thank me for my poor services in his private cell. He had quite recovered from his temporary indisposition, the result merely of too long a walk, taken in his vocation of visiting the sick, and of a diet altogether too abstemious for health.

I entered a little cell—study and dormitory both—most simply furnished, but clean and neat as a young maiden would have wished it. A pale youth in the white robes of his order, was sitting there. Hitherto this monk had only spoken a few words in a low voice, and those in Latin. When he now addressed me, he spoke, to my surprise, in English.

But he not only spoke in English, the voice was perfectly familiar to my ear. Through all the disguise of the monkish dress, the truth at once flashed upon my mind, and I exclaimed, "What! Cyril—you!" At this exclamation, a mutual recognition immediately took place, for illness had thrown a temporary disguise over me also. I had not seen Cyril since that meeting in Wales.

If I had given myself a moment's time to reflect, I should have hesitated before pronouncing his name; I should have been afraid that the recollection which *I* should awaken would have been painful and embarrassing. My anxiety, however, would have been very needless. The previous states of mind he had passed through (as, I believe, is the case with most convertites) seemed to have been obliterated from his recollection. He spoke as if he had been a confirmed Catholic all his life; he already manifested no other anxiety than to assist me in becoming one also.

A conversion which a few years ago would have been thought unaccountable, has now become a commonplace event. The road to Rome (with various diversities in the track) has been trodden by many of my contemporaries. The Calvinistic tuition of Evangelical parents—*the Book* all in all—Criticism—Rationalism—Skepticism—return to *the Book* with aid of Church

authority, traditional faith, and a living, Heaven-appointed Priesthood—such are the chief stations in a route that has been lately a good deal traversed. I wonder what posterity, a hundred years hence, will say of this phase of our intellectual condition. "On the wings of what logic did these our ancestors fly?" they will perhaps exclaim, "How did they contrive to reason themselves back to the abnegation of their reason?" But there are other wings than those of logic, and other powers than that of reason. A great Hope, or a great Fear, once kindled in the mind, will *not* be destroyed, and in one way or the other will *remake for itself* whatever postulate it needs for its support.

I expected to hear much of the unity of the Church, of the necessity of obedience in matters of faith, and other topics of a kindred nature. I was agreeably disappointed. Doubtless Cyril is a firm believer in the Catholic Church, and all these topics have weighed with him; but I suspect that it was the life of the monastery which he especially sought in joining the Catholic Church. He wished to surrender himself to Faith and Piety—to have no more questioning—to make of his religion a *life;* and this was the method he adopted.

"I myself entered the Catholic Church," he said, "by the gate of the monastery. A retreat from the world, which should not involve the intolerable condition of absolute solitude, and which should be accompanied by punctual offices of devotion, was what my heart craved, was what my soul needed. The Catholic Church opens this fold within the fold. Say it was my weakness which made this retreat so inestimable to me; with utmost candour and unfeigned humility I will admit it; but, whether from weakness of faith, or strength of devotion, I not the less stood in need of it. Thus only a peaceful, pious, harmonious life seemed possible for me."

"And you have gained what you sought?"

"Oh yes! yes! Thorndale, I have! I have! I cannot describe to you what I feel in my happier and more favoured moments; what I feel when the simple chant of our choristers lifts my soul to heaven. Yes! to heaven; for in these moments it is fruition more than hope that is given to me. Ineffably sublime

must be the home of angels and of saints, but to my present capacity for bliss this humble earth suffices. To my ear this chapel melody tells all that is ringing elsewhere from innumerable harps of gold. Shall I confess it? I have already moments of ecstasy higher and more thrilling than I know how to sustain. Some poet's image, learnt in other days, is floating in my mind, of an angel-harpist, muffling between his wings, which he draws close before him, the very strings of the harp he touches; its music is so piercingly sweet. Some such image I might adopt to shadow forth this state of repressed, and all but intolerable, ecstasy." And as he spoke there stole over his pale and emaciated countenance a glow of rapture, to which, I think, the ardours of the poet or the lover would seem tame, trite, and evanescent.

Think coldly or contemptuously—as you probably will, if you are a strict uncompromising advocate of truth—of many of the doctrines interwoven with his creed; but tell me if, looking around you at the existing crowds of men, you can anywhere find a more beautiful *life* than this which Cyril now lives. His hands have their labour, his heart its charities, his soul its aspirations. It would be idle to object that, if all men were to retreat into a life of celibacy, there would be soon no living world to retreat from. All men, we know, will not adopt, nor feel the least disposition to adopt, any such mode of existence. If a few choose to live apart thus, and to set in many things a peculiarly high example to the rest of mankind, they are doing a good service to the world. Very praiseworthy is the active navigator; he comes and goes, and brings the treasure of all climes together; but he who keeps the beacon-light upon the hill—he, too, is at his post.

On my departure, Cyril inquired where I was living, and finding that it was not an abode likely to introduce him into much mundane society, and as quiet withal as his own monastery, he proposed to find his way to Villa Scarpa. I know the motive that will bring him here, but he shall be very welcome never-

theless. And he shall preach or teach his Catholic faith if he is so minded.

And this, then, was the solitary monk I so often watched and speculated on, as I sat here under the acacia-tree! My poor friend Cyril! he whose past history and trials have constantly dwelt in my mind, as amongst the saddest of tragedies I have ever personally become acquainted with.

CHAPTER III.

A MENTAL CONFLICT.

THERE is a contradiction—denied by no one, deplored by many—between the books and teachers that, in our generation, contribute to form the religious conviction of every inquiring youth. Books which he is not only permitted but invited to peruse, tacitly or openly contradict each other, and contradict that teaching which he has received from schools and catechisms. The evil is irremediable. Every one who reads and thinks at all must enter into the conflict, and reconcile his various teachers with one another as best he can. The evil is irremediable, but it is an evil nevertheless.

A pious and affectionate youth may, without blame on his part, commence his career of independent thinking by a rebellion against some of his most sacred feelings, by a violence done to his best affections. His peace of mind is disturbed, and the harmony of the family circle is broken, by an invisible enemy, who has stolen upon him in the very hours of study and meditation. Those earliest and dearest friendships, as well as those first and sacred convictions, which should have lasted him his whole life, are put in jeopardy at the very outset.

For some time our inquiring youth keeps his doubt a close prisoner within his own bosom. At length, one day, being more daring or more despondent than usual, he gives expression, in the family circle, to some of those skeptical questionings he has been secretly revolving. As soon as the words have passed his lips—how those lips trembled as he spoke!—he feels that it was not an opinion only he has uttered, but a defiance. And it is not an answer, but a reproof, that he receives. An elder brother frowns, a sister weeps, a parent solemnly rebukes. Sad

and inauspicious entrance on the paths of inquiry. He retreats into himself, perturbed, disdainful, with a rankling sense of injustice done to him.

Beyond the family circle the case is little better. In general society he soon learns that the subject of religion is altogether inadmissible. There is but one thing more distasteful to well-bred people than a religious sentiment or opinion, and that is the least show of opposition to it. You must think over these matters—if you *must* think—in perfect retirement. The one half of society requires that you respect its faith, the other half that you respect its hypocrisy.

If it happens that, whilst our youth is still in this state of doubt, the needful business of life—commerce or a profession—carries him off to quite other trains of thought, no great harm seems done. A subject of inquiry to which nothing invited but its own disturbing interest, is gradually laid aside, and he joins a consenting or conforming multitude. Yet, even in this case, the question mooted in his earlier days has never been decided; forgotten it may be, not decided. Two English gentlemen, it has been said, may be intimately acquainted for years, and yet never know each other's religious belief. The probability is they never knew it themselves.

If instead of yielding to the *business*, our youth yields unfortunately to the *pleasures* of life, and becomes a libertine, it is possible that the sort of half faith he retains may even render him a weaker and more vicious, as it will certainly render him a more miserable man, than if he had been left from the commencement to the mere teaching of moral prudence. For he has an old enemy whom he calls Superstition, and whom, in his jovial hours, he defies and derides. In the hours of lassitude and disgust this old enemy steals back upon him,—returns in the shape of a remorse ineffectual to reform, but powerful enough to disturb. Repose is denied to him; a calm hour of reflection has become impossible to him; and he recurs to a ruinous pleasure, not only for its own sake, but as an escape from himself. Mere terrestrial morality has this in her teaching, that she is at all times ready to

receive back her penitent. Her prudent counsels, and her limited rewards, are still repeated as calmly, still offered as freely as at first. If her pupil has riotously wasted his share of Nature's bounty, she still holds forth what poor residue remains to tempt him back to wiser courses. A half-extinguished creed wakes up its smouldering fires at the approach of the renegade, and scares him back to what is still oblivion, if it has ceased to be enjoyment.

But if neither the occupations nor the pleasures of life step in with their counterbalancing attractions, there may ensue a state of religious doubt, which it would be too painful to describe, and to which no certain term can be assigned. It is a mental anguish sustained and perpetuated by ever-shifting views, now tending to faith, and now to denial. It has no alternative of fervour and of hope, such as the religious man is familiar with who broods at times over his own frailty and unworthiness. It alternates only from perplexity to perplexity; from fear to the defiance of fear. It may be nothing less than the blight of a whole existence. When I have heard men enumerate the evils of our imperfect state, when they have summed up the several items in the account, as war and disease, corroding cares, incessant rancours, poverty, and all the wide-spread anxieties and animosities that our commerce generates, I have thought that I could still add one other evil to the list, which, in point of intensity of suffering, may surpass them all,—this of religious doubt.

With some few men this gloomy contest, carried on apart and alone, has absorbed all the energies of their intellect. Coerced into silence, they gain no help from other minds; the cloud hangs over them perpetually; no word from another disperses it for a moment: perhaps they are ashamed to confess the secret terrors they more than occasionally feel. They seek no distraction; for them there is no oblivion; they must front their enemy with a steady eye, or they sink vanquished, and lose entirely their own self-respect. Perhaps there is no interest or pleasure so absorbing as to shelter them during one whole day from some recurrence of their sad and interminable controversy. They live on, knowing nothing of philosophy but its doubts, and retaining nothing of religion but its fears.

Such a one, when I knew him, was Cyril. A youth of more blameless manners there could not be. His parents were distinguished for their evangelical piety, and were delighted to watch the development of his ardent and unaffected devotion. His nature had entirely responded to the religious training he had received. How came doubt, it will be asked, in such a mind? What skeptical works was he likely to read? And if he had been persuaded to read any such works, would they have produced any other impression on a person of this description than pain and offence? Let their statements or reasonings be what they might, such a person would only have been stung, irritated, wounded by them,—not convinced or shaken.

But the enemy may approach in a far more insidious manner than by a direct attack. His father took a great interest in the subject of Reformatory Punishment, as it is sometimes called. (The combination of reformatory and educational measures *with* Punishment, would be a more accurate expression for the object which such philanthropists have in view.) Schemes of prison discipline formed the most frequent topic of conversation at his own home. The house was full of books treating upon this subject in every possible manner, either investigating the *Rationale* of Punishment, or proposing new methods for the moral restoration of the criminal. In short, it was the paternal *hobby*. Now in works treating on the subject of criminal jurisprudence, there will invariably be intermingled ethical discussions on the nature and objects of Punishment itself, and on the meaning which is to be attached to such words, for instance, as *Retributive* Punishment, and of *Penalty*, when imposed in order to secure obedience to a promulgated law. As I understood him, the perusal of these books, together with the constant reiteration in the family circle that the reformation of the criminal himself was never to be lost sight of as one of the ends of punishment, forced upon his mind the perception of a strange contrast between the ethical principles which his father advocated when discoursing upon this favourite topic, and the ethical principles which he advanced or implied when he expounded his Calvinistic divinity. Cyril, at least, could not reconcile the two. He could not help saying to himself—though he recoiled at first with horror from his own

suggestions—that his father claimed for a human legislator, principles more noble and enlightened than those he attributed to the Divine Governor. The idea was at first repudiated; it was thrust back; but it would return. The subject was not allowed to sleep, for every fresh visitor at the house called forth from his father an exposition of what he deemed to be the true principles of criminal jurisprudence. To punish for revenge, he pronounced unchristian and irrational; he admitted no ends for punishment but the protection of society and the reformation of the criminal, which also was the best protection for society; nor would he allow that the first of these was an end which could be legitimately pursued without being coupled with the second.

That the future punishments of God should have for one end the reformation of the offender, does not appear to be a heresy of a very deep dye, nor one that ought to have disturbed a pious mind; but it shook the whole system of theology in which Cyril had been brought up. If punishment has in itself wise and merciful ends,—if it is conducive, or accompanied by measures that are conducive, to the restoration of the criminal, what becomes of all those ideas attached to the word *Salvation*, in which he had been educated?—I only indicate the train of thought awakened in Cyril's mind. Those only who have been educated as he was, can understand the terror and anguish of heart which such a train of thought brought with it.

The first murmur of dissent he ventured to raise against the system in which he had been educated, was on the doctrine of *Eternal Punishment*. It was the doctrine he most frequently discussed with me. The more he studied it, whether in works of ethics or works of religion, the less could he assent to it. Yet the denial of it shook all the rest of the system; his doctrine of Atonement must be entirely remodelled; in short, he was plunged into the miseries of doubt.

I became acquainted with Cyril—as I formed the rest of the few acquaintances I made at Oxford—by meeting him at Luxmore's rooms. The two men were not very congenial. In one respect there could not be a stronger contrast. Poor Cyril was tormented every hour of his life by the anxious question, What he was to believe? On right belief must depend his future safety. My poet, where he could not see the truth, left the truth with God—left it with confidence *there*. Cyril had the terrible responsibility thrown on him, at his own peril, to see the truth himself. You would say that the one felt this responsibility too much, the other too little.

Luxmore was interested with Cyril at first, but soon wearied of him; and Cyril, for his part, could not understand, and was not a little scandalized at the perfect tranquillity with which the poet would admit, on some most momentous subjects, his profound ignorance. As I had manifested more sympathy with him, and certainly more patience, Cyril transferred his confidence to me. I could not refuse him what poor comfort there might be in talking over his difficulties and affliction: but I confess that I also grew very weary of a companion who constantly recurred to the same querulous and painful subject of conversation. It was with a feeling of dismay that I, at length, heard his low tap at my door. But he was of so gentle a nature, and so thoroughly *good*, that I could never find in my heart to receive him otherwise than cordially.

Shy, meditative, and yet of ardent temperament, Cyril was one of those who know no half friend-ships. He must either pass you without revealing himself at all—cased in impenetrable reserve—or he must open his whole nature to you, and let you see every wound and every weakness. Men of such quick susceptibilities seek, with a sort of feminine instinct, to lay their heads on the shoulder of some one who stands firmer than themselves. I certainly was not that pillar of wisdom he should have chosen; but as he had selected me as a sort of Mentor—as one calmer at least, if not wiser, than himself—it was surprising what an air of moderation and serenity I assumed. I smile to myself when I recall how readily I adopted the character assigned to me. How

cautious and discreet I became! How fixed and stable, that I might give stability to another!

I remember him one day bringing to me, in a quite breathless state of excitement, a work of Dr. Chalmers. It was his *Bridgewater Treatise*. The Doctor argues there (as many others have done) for the great doctrine of Immortality, on the ground that there are spiritual faculties in man, which, in his present condition, are but partially developed, and which, in fact, are but partially adapted to his present condition. Everything, he says, tends to prove a future state, in which such faculties will have their full development, both from the advance of the human being himself, and from the higher world in which, and by which, these faculties will be exercised. This argument he illustrated by the condition of the child whilst yet in the womb, and quoting a description of the fœtal state from some medical authority (in which the adaptation of the fœtus for a yet higher stage of existence than it then occupies, is set forth and ingeniously applied to this very subject)—Dr. Chalmers concludes with these words: "Such are the prognostics of a future destination that might be collected from the state of the fœtus; and similar prognostics of a destination still future might be collected from present appearances in the life and condition of man."

Cyril brought me the book, with his finger on this passage, and pointing it out to me, with an air of troubled triumph in his countenance, he said,—"I believe it! It is most true that, so far as our spiritual life is concerned, we are here in a sort of fœtal condition. The analogy is permissible. But, good Heaven! am I also to believe—what Dr. Chalmers and his Church will proceed to tell me—that the conduct of this *spiritual fœtus* is to determine for ever the condition of that higher being who is to be born into some higher world! I have a greater reverence for Dr. Chalmers than for any living man; but how am I to reconcile the argument in his book with what he and all his Church teach in the pulpit? He argues here for our immortality on the ground that we have faculties for a higher and more spiritual

life than can be here fully developed. I admit the fact; I constantly maintain it; of nothing am I more thoroughly persuaded. Oh! what to me would be this earthly existence if I did not believe that it would usher me into another, where the knowledge, and worship, and love of God shall fill my whole soul! But how can I, or any man, use this argument for our immortality, and at the same time maintain that *this life*, where our spiritual powers are thus scantily developed, shall be the only trial-scene for determining the eternal condition of that *other life*, where our powers will be thus exalted? Is the *status* of a man in the eternal life to be wholly and irredeemably determined by his conduct in this mortal life, in which it is confessed that the very faculties peculiarly appropriate to that eternal life are but imperfectly developed, and cannot be fully exercised?

"We say, indeed, with truth, that the man grows out of the boy, and each subsequent stage of existence must be influenced by its predecessor. But, on the other hand, if the subsequent stage brings with it new powers, it cannot be wholly determined by the state that preceded. The man does in fact recover from the faults of the boy. And most certainly you would not judicially determine that the conduct of the boy should forever decide the condition of the man. In like manner, how can any one assert that the *Immortal* is to suffer eternally, without possibility of recovering himself from the conduct of the *Mortal?* Are higher faculties to be given for no other purpose than to feel greater pain, and anguish, and remorse than the sinner could have done in the state in which he sinned?

"I cannot be wrong!" he exclaimed; "it is as clear as any demonstration in Euclid. And yet"—(his tone of triumph changing suddenly to one of anxiety and distress)—"I dare not say that I am right. How can I separate myself from such men as Chalmers, and forego the hopes of the Christian Church, and that sweet community of faith in which I have lived? If this present life does not decide the destiny of the future life, the whole system of Divine truth in which I have hitherto believed crumbles to the dust."

To appreciate the distress of Cyril, it must be borne in mind that he had been brought up in the conviction that unbelief was a sin of the greatest magnitude—that it could not fail to incur all the penalties of extreme guilt, as the unbeliever was cut off from the only means of salvation. Say that *he was wrong*, then his very denial had sentenced him directly or indirectly to that final doom he called in question. His unbelief had incapacitated him from seizing upon the sole means of escape. This terrible responsibility was for ever with him. A voice would peal incessantly in his ears—"You *may* be wrong, and then"——

He has confessed to me, with burning blushes on his cheek, that the sight of an open grave, newly dug in the earth for the reception of that dead body—the like to which he too must soon become—has filled him with a secret terror and consternation. He had perhaps met such an object in his morning's ramble; he had approached to the brink; he had looked down into that dark, steep rectangular pit, significant of so much. There it lay as the sexton had just left it, ready for some defunct brother on whom it would close for ever; there it lay, black and unsightly in the broad sunshine. He thought it cowardice to flinch from looking down into it; but he brought home with him an image which haunted him throughout the day. And in the dead of night, when there was no busy world, and no broad sunshine to compete with the vision, he would find himself standing alone by that open grave.

Other theological difficulties, no doubt, occurred to him, now impelled unwillingly along the path of hazardous inquiry, but our conversation generally revolved on this subject of eternal or retributive punishment. There may be two theories, he would say, about the sentiment of justice; but you cannot have two conflicting ideas of *the just*, so as to have one justice for jurisprudence, and another justice for theology.

"But they toss me," he would exclaim, "from the idea of a judge and a judicial sentence to that of an offended Deity, whose infinite anger is roused against sin. If I ask for explanation of the justice of the sentence, I am told that we cannot measure

God's righteous anger. If I ask for explanation of this anger, I am told that it is *just*, and that man *deserves* whatever punishment it inflicts. Surely the penalty imposed upon the offender is like every other part of the Divine economy, the dictate of an eternal and immutable wisdom. Surely it was from the beginning, and ever must be, such a penalty as is in perfect harmony with the good of the whole of His creation. For me, I can submit—submit with the resignation of a child—to whatever punishment a Divine wisdom has appointed, for I am confident that it has been appointed, like all other things and events in creation, for the good of each and all."

Cyril had not failed to pursue his subject into those metaphysical discussions upon the nature of the conscience and the moral sentiment, with which it is mingled up. He had been told by some who had a reputation for profound thought, that he should find the answer to his difficulties in a more abstruse system of metaphysics than that which Locke teaches, or Paley implies. It was with sincere desire to find relief for his perplexities that he applied himself to writers who have a credit for greater profundity. Especially he laboured to understand the exposition (followed or appealed to by many English writers) which Kant gives of the Conscience or of the sense of Duty.

But from this quarter he got no aid. The conscience may be precisely what Kant describes it to be; but though it may give us an intuitive knowledge of right and wrong, it does not give us an intuitive knowledge that we shall be *punished* if we do wrong. And it is this last which Cyril had to seek for. So far as he could understand the matter, it was the belief in future punishments that educated the conscience on this particular; not the conscience that gave us belief in future punishments.

Say with Kant that there are in our nature two voices, neither of which admit of any explanation—both self-authoritative. The one is, "Seek your happiness;" the other is, "Do your duty." But "do your duty" does not directly imply that you will be punished if you do not. For if it did, it would instantly become

one with that other voice, "Seek your happiness." It would have lost (in the very moment of its birth) that self-authoritative, absolute character which had been assigned to it. The sublime imperative sense of Duty would be reduced instantly to a calculation of our own interests. Cyril did not presume, he said, to pass judgment on the metaphysics of Kant, or of others who have given this account of the moral sentiment. He limited himself to the safe and indisputable proposition, that this stoical theory of morals gave to the sentiment of Duty a final and absolute character, and could afford no peculiar assistance to those who have to discuss the doctrine of future rewards and punishments. It leaves our knowledge of these rewards and punishments to be gathered from quite other sources. You are to do your duty independently of these.

"Do not," Cyril would add, "confound *disapprobation* with *punishment*. The good man must always disapprove—the highest type of stoical wisdom must always, without mitigation, disapprove—of vice and crime. But when and how the ideal good or wise man shall *punish*, depends on many considerations. Least of all does he punish all criminals alike, and without any regard to their own possible amendment."

I cannot describe, and do not wish to describe, the depth of terror and affliction which Cyril felt as his earliest faith was being rent from him. A soul athirst for piety seemed driven from the only Temple in which it could worship. He grew restless, gloomy, at times even morose.

It became very difficult to converse with him. If I assented to any of his new views, he recoiled from my assent; he was afraid to find himself right. He immediately began to quarrel with the terms of my assent. If I controverted his skepticism, he became vehement and angry, railed at the hypocrisy of the intellectual classes, and overwhelmed me with eloquent tirades on the love of truth. Some philosophers there were, he said, who delighted to show that nothing could be *proved;* there were others who delighted to use their philosophy, and knowledge, and ingenuity in showing that nothing could be *disproved;* that

what seems most absurd to the man of common sense may yet, from a certain point of view, wear a perfectly rational aspect. Amongst this latter class he would sometimes rank me.

The cloud was darkening over him. At length he rarely came to my rooms. Hearing he was unwell, I went to see him. I asked him after his health; he did not answer the question—took no heed of it; his thoughts were elsewhere. "Oh, Thorndale!" he said, "to pass long sleepless nights—sleepless and in pain—and not to know *how to pray!*" And as he pressed my hand he burst into an agony of tears. He had my most sincere sympathy; but how distressingly powerless did I feel in my attempt to relieve him!

Soon after this I quitted Oxford, nor did I see Cyril again till I accidentally met him on the sea-coast at Wales.

CHAPTER IV.

THE INTERVIEW AT BARMOUTH.

I WAS at Dolgelly in Wales, when, accidentally hearing that Cyril was passing his time alone at the neighbouring watering-place of Barmouth, I rode over to see him.

It was evening when I reached his lodgings. He was absent, but I had not sat long at the window of his apartment before I saw him toiling up the steep ascent that led to it. He had just come off the water, and wore, as I had occasion to remember, a rough pilot-coat. I observed in him, as he walked slowly towards me, an air of greater lassitude and distress than the fatiguing ascent on which Barmouth stands could account for; but this expression was dissipated the moment he perceived me. His step quickened, his countenance lighted up with joy. Never have I been greeted with so cordial a welcome. One would say that I had brought health as well as joy at once into his solitary lodging. He told me, speaking very quickly all the time, that he had just returned from a long day's sail. He, with a man and a boy to manage the boat, had sailed out he said, "due west —Columbus fashion—to discover new worlds; but thinking it prudent to return before night-time, such discoveries had been postponed to a future time." A bolder voyage, he said, or a longer one, he, a mere landsman, had never undertaken; and then to meet with an old friend on his return! And again he grasped me by the hand, greeting me with an excitement I could not quite comprehend.

We sat down to our supper. He was in excellent spirits. When well, and free from his overhanging care, he had wit at command, but I had never known him before indulge in such sallies of mirth. I was congratulating him on this revival of his

spirits, when something in the pocket of his pilot-coat, which he had continued to wear, apparently incommoded him, and he drew forth, and placed upon the table, what seemed the fluke of an old anchor, a mass of iron of no little weight or magnitude.

I jestingly asked what could have induced him to collect and carry about so extraordinary a specimen of the treasures of the deep, or whether he had not brought home by mistake the ballast of the boat in his pocket. But I received no answer. The production of this ponderous curiosity had suddenly changed the whole demeanour of the man. A disturbed and melancholy air had taken possession of his countenance. He had put down the mass of iron on the table, and was gazing on it intently. The next moment, hiding his face in his hands, he had thrown himself across it, bursting into tears.

I was struck dumb; I knew not what to say, nor which way to look; I could understand nothing of all this passion, and hesitated whether to ask for an explanation. When, however, he had somewhat recovered himself, he freely gave me one.

"How *this*," he said, pointing to the fluke of the anchor, "could have been left in my coat-pocket, or how I could have drawn it forth, forgetting for a moment *why* I had placed it there, seems to me incomprehensible. But you shall now hear all. Indeed I *must* have told you. O Thorndale! I came down here, to this remote place—will you believe it?—I came here, to this beautiful sea, to plunge myself in its depths—to lie, a dead and senseless thing, among its weeds and rocks. How miserable I have been, need I tell you after this? O God! it was but an hour ago that this horrible design was frustrated; and already I can hardly believe that I was the madman who had resolved on it."

He paused; his own emotions overcame him. For myself, I was as much astonished as grieved at what he had told me. I should have thought that the religious feelings with which I knew him to be so thoroughly penetrated—that even his fear of death—would have withheld him from such a project. But it was this very fear of death, and his agony of doubt, that had made life miserable to him—so miserable, that it seemed he could no longer endure it. Mere despair, and the rack of conflicting thoughts, had led him to his rash purpose.

Cyril divined the tenor of my thoughts. "You are surprised," he said, when he resumed his account, "that I should have ever formed so desperate and criminal a resolution. I am surprised myself. And yet it was slowly formed; and it gained its strength in this and that hour of silent and irrepressible agony. This fear of death, I have said to myself, which haunts me perpetually, is it not a part of *life*?—with me so interwoven with my life, that I shall never escape from it but by throwing off existence altogether. Unreal terrors! I believe them not; *but I cannot kill these shadows*—they come and go as they please. And what if they are indeed shadows of some dreadful reality? Better know the worst. Better dash open at once these mysterious doors that lead out of life, and see what lies behind, than sit here trembling every moment at what they may disclose; open some day they assuredly will. Strange thoughts, Thorndale, have been mine, and such perhaps as you will hardly credit. If it should be my fate—I have thus ruminated within myself—if it be my fate to look up to God from some wild infernal region full of pain, I will still and for ever look upwards with only love and reverence! I shall then know that such is his will; I shall then know that such a destiny, being a reality, must be in accordance with his infinite wisdom. I will think no thought but that of resignation; I will worship still. I shall be happier in hell, whatever hell may be, with resignation at my heart, than here on earth, with this agony of doubt for ever on my soul."

"Pain," he continued, "or any ordinary grief, as the wasting of disease, I could have borne, I think—borne as patiently as others bear them. I could have been content to live on, without anything of what men call pleasure; or to have resigned my being altogether—to have breathed a while beneath the sky, then lapsed into the natural quiet of the grave. But that natural quiet of the grave it was not permitted me to expect. Imagination has reanimated the dead thing there—reanimated for some unconsuming torture. That soft, mute, inoffensive worm, which feeds on the senseless ruin of our flesh, Imagination has transformed into some worm that dieth not, preying in-

cessantly—on I know not what—something most capable of pain, and incapable of extinction. But if you suspect all this to be imagination—if you do not believe it—you will say, why this terror? O Thorndale! if I *did* believe it, I should soon cease to fear; my whole soul would be absorbed in the great work of salvation."

"My dear Cyril," I could not help interposing, "one would think, whilst listening to all these sad confessions, that you had some terrible guilt upon your conscience. What crime have you committed? what unlawful pleasure have you ever sought? Let your own conscience utter its strictest sentence; what so dreadful thing have you to fear?"

"Our own conscience!" he replied. "What loose talk is this! How measure out God's judgments by the individual conscience, when it is known to all of us that the good and pious are precisely those who condemn themselves most strictly and severely, while the hardened villain, free enough in condemning others, generally contrives to acquit himself? Moralists and philosophical lecturers, playing with their subject quite at their ease, tell men to act up to the dictates of their conscience, and to live at peace with God. Poor guidance! Our conscience gives back to us what it has learnt, and we must always ask ourselves *what has taught, or should teach, the conscience?* Since I have been here, whilst wandering about this very neighbourhood, I have talked with men who, being uninstructed, are as fearless as any beast of the field of any after-life. I envied them!

"For me," he wildly exclaimed, "show me the blackest criminal on earth; I could absolve him from the terrors I cannot defy for myself. Yes! And I *have* lived blameless as a child—I have lived only in study and meditation. Study and meditation! Headlong passion, sin and its remorse, would have guided me into a better haven; but, my dear Thorndale, I shall never, if I diverge into discussions like these, get through the brief and miserable history of this morning."

He proceeded thus with his narrative:—"There are some dear relatives of mine to whom my death would be nothing so painful

as the knowledge that I had sought it voluntarily. This pain I wished to spare them. It was my object, therefore, to accomplish my design in such a manner that my death should appear the effect of accident.

"I told you that I sailed this morning some distance out to sea, and you see this tell-tale iron. It was my purpose to fall, as if by accident, out of the boat. I had some days ago, picked up upon the beach this fragment of an old anchor; and the thought occurred to me that it might serve once more, and for the last time, for another sort of anchorage. With this in my pocket, I was shotted for a sailor's grave. The deep sea would for ever keep the secret. I should sink, and there would be no opportunity for any effort on the part of the sailors to save, or on the part of the poor swimmer, prompted by his own natural instincts, to escape from death.

"When we had sailed out as far as was practicable, and were about to return, I rose from my seat, and took my stand near the head of the boat. I stood there, holding by some of the rigging. There is always a considerable motion in the vessel when it tacks. What more probable than that a young landsman, standing in the position I had chosen, should lose his balance and fall overboard? I stood near the edge; I swayed dizzily over those waves, so soon to be for me the waters of oblivion. The moment was come! I had but to raise the fingers of one hand—to relax my hold upon a single rope—and those waters would be flowing over me. Were they, would they be indeed, the waters of oblivion?

"No! I felt that they were not. It was not only in that green sea that I was about to plunge; and yet I should have madly plunged. But my *accident* had been even too well arranged. The sailors saw my peril; one called on me to sit down while the boat tacked; the other took me by the arm to guide me to my seat. The moment of action was lost.

"Mechanically I regained my seat. You will ask why no second effort was made; or perhaps you will be curious to know what thoughts occurred to me when I resumed my seat. I will tell you honestly. I fell back into a mere stupor. The mind, I suppose, strung to its utmost tension, suddenly gave way. I sat

gazing on the waters in mere stupefaction; it seemed impossible for me to think. I sat motionless, and without a thought, till the boat knocked against the shore.

"Judge what I felt when, returning in this desolate mood to my solitary lodging, I found you here. To be greeted at that moment by a friendly voice, was almost more than I could bear. I wonder that I could sustain myself at all, and that those tears which have since betrayed me did not break forth at once. Oh Thorndale! we talk of angels from heaven, sent down to minister to us; and I suppose we do not talk altogether unwisely; but there are times when the fellow-man who puts his hand in ours is more to us than the angel could be."

When Cyril had concluded his sad narrative, I did not venture to make any comments on it: I merely repeated my sincere congratulation on the frustration of his design, and on his own subsequent abandonment of it. My sole endeavour was to allay his present agitation. I quietly removed out of sight that huge piece of iron which had brought him back to some of those topics we were discussing before it made its ominous appearance. But this was no easy task; it was, in fact, impossible. The old chord had been struck, and it continued to vibrate.

"You congratulate me," he said, "on my escape, and you say truly that the design has been abandoned. It will never again be renewed. Already it seems as remote from me as if fifty years had intervened. But to what life is it I am restored. Will peace of mind be ever mine? Oh, very gentle, tender, and thrilling are the first approaches of religious fear! It is the mother teaches. And what are future worlds, what is eternity, to the child's imagination? Will not *she* be there also to shield and protect? Standing at the mother's knee, how sweet is the solemn awe with which we look upwards and around, seeking the mysterious Power in every shadow that appears! But this fear, so gently taught, grows and expands with the expanding intellect, and with the wider range of the universe thrown open to the man. At length one dark terror fills eternity. The child's fear—the shadow on the wall—has grown to this!

"Will peace of mind be ever mine? I dare not court distraction; only in the toil of inquiry do I find a certain repose. Pleasure I shall never seek. Beneath the first flower I stooped to touch, I should hear the hiss of the serpent. There might be guilt in it, and no man shall ever say of me that I sacrificed my faith for any of the baser joys of this life. Strange and perplexed condition! I feel that if I were to live a fasting monk, I should after all my penance, die in doubt; that if I were to be surrounded by all the temptations of the voluptuary, I should, with all my skepticism, live a monk. But I weary you—I will forbear."

He did not forbear, however, but proceeded in the same sad and distressful strain far into the night.

I tried to persuade him that, having the love of God, and goodness in his heart, he had the essential elements for a pious life. "Live well," I said; "you will live out these doubts. Live well! you will live into whatever higher truths are attainable by man."

"*There is but one name given under heaven whereby men shall be saved!*" I heard him mutter these words to himself. Then aloud to me he said, "You have dwelt too much, Thorndale, amongst the abstractions of philosophy to know the anguish of mind that I have felt, and shall always feel.

"And amidst all this misery of my own," he continued, "I am quoted by my family and friends as a monster of impiety and guilt. I am frowned upon, avoided, expostulated with, and pious ministers reprove me—for intellectual pride! They ask me tauntingly if philosophy can satisfy? As if I ever vaunted of philosophy, and the satisfaction it could give! Others solemnly abjure me not to trouble the faith of others. I am silent; I trouble no man's faith. Might I not retort that their faith has troubled me? And this enforced silence robs me of half my strength."

At length we separated. The next morning we were to have breakfasted together. I went to his lodging,—he was gone. He had packed up his portmanteau in the night, the landlady told

me, and departed with the break of day. Not a message, not a scrap of paper was left for me. He was gone; nor did I ever see him or hear of him again till I met him in the habit of a Cistercian monk. That eventful day, I presume, had been the crisis of his disorder; and he had betaken himself to some new scene, and perhaps more propitious society, for the cultivation of happier trains of thought.

How all this flashed upon my mind as I saw him the other day in the cell of his monastery! The little room at Barmouth rose distinctly before me; I sat again at that table from which the supper had been removed, and on which there lay between us that huge piece of iron!

CHAPTER V.

VISITS FROM THE CISTERCIAN.

I WAS pleased this morning to see the Cistercian—my former Cyril—steal quietly up to my terrace here, and enter my parlour with his *pax vobiscum*.

It was the first time, he said, since taking the habit, that he had entered any walls but those of the monastery, except on some mission of charity. "I do not think," he added with a smile, "that you are likely to seduce me back into the world, for you live here, I understand, a perfect recluse yourself. Is it well to live so entirely alone?"

"Not well, certainly, to *live* alone ——."

"No, nor to *die* alone," he replied. "I speak, however, only for myself; I had ever a love of seclusion, and a fear of solitude."

I have not received any precise account of the process by which Cyril became transformed to the faithful Catholic he now is. Nor am I very solicitous to learn. The reaction having once taken place, I can understand that *appetite for belief* which comes back and grows upon us. The only sentiment I can feel is that of sincere congratulation on the peace and happiness he has obtained. How changed from when I last saw him in England! No tempest of the sea, and no returning calm, could present a stronger contrast.

It would be idle to ask why he could not have secured the same rest by simply going back to his early form of faith. Thousands obtain in that Protestant and Calvinistic faith all the religious peace and fervour which a monastery ever bestowed, or ever received and sheltered. I suppose that he could not go *directly*

back,—the road seemed that way barred; let us rejoice that he found some other road, though, to our apprehension, a more difficult one.

The doctrine of Purgatory, no doubt, favourably distinguished, in his regard, the Old Church from the New. I was a little curious to discover how he had solved for himself that problem which beyond all others had disquieted his mind,—the nature of future punishments. Solution, I suspect, of such problems, we learn gradually to dispense with. Cyril expresses himself occasionally with due orthodox severity, and yet I am not displeased to notice a certain amiable inconsistency, drawing him farther to the side of mercy than even his present Church would warrant.

"*All religion hangs on the belief in God's righteous anger against sin.* Once quibble that away, and you may be Deist, Pantheist, Atheist,—what you will—it matters little."

Cyril repeated these words very emphatically, as if he wished me to understand that they contained the chief result of his own bitter experience.

Afterwards, when touching upon the article of Purgatory, he said, "A salvation *after* this world has been left, I, as a Protestant, always desired to hope. But the Protestant creed did not permit such a hope. How often did I lay myself down to sleep with a sense of guilt upon my mind, and rise up in the morning with the same sense of a burden on my conscience, because I was striving to believe what I now hold with the most pious and happy conviction,—the undying love and mercy of God.

"Not but that our Church," he continued (anxious lest he should become too lenient in his interpretation of her tenets), "retains, and must ever retain, that more awful doctrine which stands alone in yours. An infinite terror there must always be in the armoury of the Church. Very charitable it might seem to marshal the unthinking crowd in some holiday procession, and, heading it along the broad highway of life, declare that *this* is

the road to heaven. It is not. The little flock of Christ are oftenest driven through the sharp, and steep, and narrow defiles: they bleed, they faint, but they are lodged safe at last."

He said at another time, "Even Infinite Love and Infinite Compassion must strike a guilty race with terror and remorse. This transgressing world, since the day of its sin, has seen, and could see, nothing so awful as that mild Presence which walked forth from the village of Nazareth. Under that naked footfall the earth trembled, and it trembles still.

"It trembles because it is impure. It rejoices as it throws off its impurity. If I told the sinner in his sins that he would one day, and through the intervention of that very Being, be a glorified saint, he *could not* believe it. The infinite terror of his guilt must come, and pass away before he could believe it. But," he added, speaking in a lower tone, as if it were some *inner* doctrine that he ventured to announce—"but I think it has been revealed to me that every soul that God has made shall finally be brought under the dominion of wisdom and of love. This I have at length authoritatively learnt in the stillness of my monastery, and in solitary walks by the sea-shore. If I were to say that Christ himself had taught it to me, you would smile at my enthusiasm; yet something like this I feel to be the truth."

It is ever thus: When we do not dare to think for ourselves in any other way, it is the spirit teaches.

"Fear first," said the Cistercian, "then Hope is the impulse of a Christian life. Last of all, the *Christian life itself* is its own motive. There comes a time when neither Fear nor Hope are necessary to the pious man; but he loves righteousness for righteousness' sake, and love is all in all. It is not joy at escape from future perdition that he now feels; nor is it hope for some untold happiness in the future: it is a present rapture of piety, and resignation, and love; a present that fills eternity. It asks nothing, it fears nothing; it loves, and it has no petition to make. God takes back his little child unto himself—a little child that has no fear, and is all trust."

The last stage of Christian experience, as Cyril describes it, approximates very closely to what Clarence sometimes announces as the religion of Utopia. In both, religion is not pre-eminently the relation between this life and a future life, but, pre-eminently the relation felt between the soul and its Divine Creator. The mere duration we assign to the creature does not enter into the *essence* of the relationship. It begins here, and is further developed in the hereafter.

Cyril has been with me again. I must call him and think of him as Cyril. What his new and monastic name is, I have not inquired. Cyril must serve for me.

This time our conversation ran on what must ever be a favourite topic with men of his class—the necessity of a revelation, and of an implicit obedience to it. Religion, according to Cyril, is founded upon Truths which are not deducible from any other known truths, and which have been, and perhaps continue to be, supernaturally revealed to the human mind.

In the course of his conversation he referred to his own past experience in a manner that interested me very much. I shall just string together, without introducing my own part in the dialogue, my reminiscence of our morning talk.

"Our first step in religion cannot be an act of the understanding; for we are children before we are men. Our first belief is an obedience.

"Nature you say, has so far settled the matter for us: a child must be taught most things by its parent in a dogmatic or authoritative manner. Every father is in that sense a Priest—and a priest in science, and in history, and in every department of human knowledge, as well as in religion.

"But here lies the difference between religion and all other subjects of human knowledge: The very evidence for its truth lies in those inner experiences which can be known only to the religious mind.

"It matters not, therefore, whether you are considering the child or the man. The first step in religion must be an implicit faith, an act of obedience. What the father is to the family, the Church is to the rest of mankind.

"A Protestant tells his son to examine what he calls the 'Evidences,' but sends him to the examination with the profound impression on his mind that it will be a most perilous business for him, if he comes to any but one conclusion. I do not quarrel with the parent for thus attempting to forestall the convictions of his son, but I say that it is a cruel inconsistency to set him on the task of examination at all—to tell him that it is his duty to inquire (which must be more or less to doubt), when his plain duty is to act and live steadfastly by the faith he already has. *Religion brings its own evidences.* 'Do my will, and ye shall know if it be of God.' The Protestant is familiar with that text —why does he not act faithfully on it? The piety he cultivates in his child will reveal to him, as he grows up, living truths, to be learnt nowhere but in that piety. I do not forbid to this or that man, and certainly not to a learned priesthood, discussions on the historical evidences of Christianity, or on the coherence of its several dogmas. But I confidently assert that each Christian man comes to know the truth of his religion by its fruits within his own soul. He, of course, *then* supports and teaches it from the conviction of his reason; but this conviction of his reason grew up from an act of obedience—from an obedient faith. There is no other way in which a man can be inducted into that spiritual experience, into that communion with God, which becomes afterwards the very reality on which his reason builds.

"I shall be called a mystic," he continued, "but I fearlessly avow that my proof of the very existence o a God—of a God that can be made the object of religion, of prayer, of devotion—lies in my consciousness of a spiritual communion with Him. How not believe in Him? I believe in Him as I believe in the human voice I hear. If the Divine voice does not fall upon my outward senses, I hear it in my soul.

"But how could this spiritual communion commence but in an act of obedient faith?

"Our religious system is, so to speak, like our own beautiful satellite—a globe of light, perfect in itself, and revolving in perfect harmony with the terrestrial globe; it is not like an edifice built on the earth itself, the first step rising only just above the earth.

"There are many who assert that Reason is, at all events, a necessary and sufficient authority for the first great article of religion. To my mind it is not so. Not *necessary;* for we all believed in God before we could reason upon the subject: not *sufficient;* for let any man have effaced from his mind (by neglect of all spiritual communion) that idea of a personal God he had obtained from his parents or the Church, and he will find his reason alone insufficient for its reconstruction or its revival.

"To me there is no spectacle more afflictive than that of a sincere and philosophic Deist. I see him busy with both hands moulding and setting firm upon its pedestal the Divine Image which he is the next moment to kneel down before. Not two days together does he pray precisely to the same God. He is framing his divine conception even while he is uttering his petition. If a more ardent feeling steals over him, and carries him away from what is more a discussion than a worship, he owes it to a quite other source than his philosophy. Some chant from the people's church is heard softened by the distance; it floats upon the air, and his soul floats on it, and fortunately he does not ask himself whence it came."

"I need not tell you," Cyril said, "that I have passed through that state in which we have to reconstruct our piety by the efforts of our own reason. Fearful at one time of losing all the inestimable benefits of a *cultus*, or habitual worship, I resolved to frame some simple ritual of my own. It was indeed a very simple rubric that I devised. Upon a piece of ivory, about the size of half-a-crown, I wrote on the one side the single word 'God,' and on the other side the word 'Immortality,' God and Immortality! Could I have chosen two words of greater significance? Then, drawing a silken cord through a hole pierced in the ivory, I suspended this amulet about my neck. It lay concealed under the waistcoat. If at any time the silken cord should be visible, it would attract no peculiar attention.

"It was my habit then, and perhaps is still, when alone and thoughtful, to thrust my hand into my bosom. On every such occasion I should touch the silken cord. I should be instantly

reminded of the words written on the ivory. This would direct my contemplation. Besides which, every night I should have to remove, and every morning to replace, my sacred amulet, and I resolved never to do this without some moments of reflection being given to its two sublime inscriptions. This was my rosary, my church service, my matins, my chimes, my ceremonial to keep the spiritual part of me from quite dying out. Confess that it strictly accorded with the *simplicity* of the reason. Could Clarence himself have devised a more unexceptionable liturgy?

"For some brief time my modest ritual seemed to answer very well. Lofty subjects of thought, and exalted hopes and sentiments, were revived and sustained in my mind by the touch of the silken cord. But, unhappily, I was at this period speculative as well as pious, analytic as well as contemplative. 'Immortality!' I would sometimes say to myself, 'What is it to be immortal? I aspire to be transformed into something higher than man—not merely to be perpetuated. If transformed, what becomes of my identity or close connection with my own past existence? If no great essential change takes place in my very nature, how do I know that I am not committing the same egregious error in asking for immortality *there*, that I should most assuredly commit if I petitioned for it *here*?—I will not recall the array of miserable objections that began to haunt me when I thought of this side of my medal. Reason was less and less acquiescent. One day I took my ivory, and with a firm and yet no irreverent hand, I drew my pen across the word 'Immortality,' and wrote instead the word 'Resignation.'

"'God and Resignation!'—this formula was surely unassailable. But now the other uncancelled inscription began to call up interminable questionings. I never doubted of the existence of God, but I asked myself what conception I, judging by the mere reason, could form of Him. The touch of the silken cord became now the signal for still more painful and terrible perplexities, and for a far more profound disquietude. 'How personify the Infinite,' I said to myself. 'Does not the notion of personality itself imply contrast, limitation, and must not a person be therefore Finite? Or how personify at all, but by

borrowing from the creature, and framing an ideal out of human qualities?'

"At one moment my conception of God seemed grand and distinct, and my whole soul was filled and satisfied with it. Suddenly I was startled and abashed when I traced in it too plainly the features of humanity. Those I hastened to obliterate, and the whole image was then fading into terrible obscurity. I remember one day our common friend Luxmore saying, in his wild poetic manner, that the ordinary imagination of God was but the shadow of a man thrown upwards—the image of our best and greatest—'seen larger on the concave of the sky.' Conscious that there was some truth in this, I endeavoured all I could to refine and subtilize my conception of the Divine Being. God was not precisely the benevolent and the wise being, but the *source* of all benevolence and all wisdom. On every side my conception expanded into infinity; on every side it was escaping out of the field of vision.

"Have you never, when lying down at night, instead of falling to sleep, fallen into a curious state, (the result, I suppose, of an over-exerted eye or brain,) in which some image, or succession of images, will rise before you unbidden, and then gradually, in spite of any effort to detain them, rise and melt into the air. In such a state I can remember once to have seen a gigantic sculptured head, like that of the Jupiter in the Vatican, appear before me, as if on some cloudy pedestal. There it stood, distinct and most sublime. But even as I looked at it, and just because I looked intently at it, this grand head, upon its cloudy pillar, rose, vanishing into air as it ascended. The moment after I saw it again in its former position and distinctness, and again it rose upward, seeming to ride on that very motion of the eye, which was nevertheless following it. I found it impossible to arrest the image or this upward motion of the eye; and it again rose dissolving into thin air. It is but a feeble illustration; but in this same way my grand conception of the Deity would appear, and even whilst, and because, I looked intently, it would rise and vanish in the infinite space. Yet, when I looked again, lo! it had resumed its place in all its original power and majesty.

"One day, in my rambles, as I sat down by our river Isis—(I can see the very spot before me now, and the sluggish barge that passed me at the time, and the miserable horse on the towing-path, and the bargeman standing by the funnel of his cabin, the very image of stolidity and content)—one day as I sat ruminating on these themes which the ivory amulet had called up, I felt, once for all, that the reason was utterly unequal to the task I had imposed on it. That silken cord, slight as it was, seemed to be strangling me. I drew it from my neck. I took my ivory amulet in both my hands, and snapt it in two. I threw the pieces into the running river. Thus ended my *cultus*, or ritual according to the pure reason.

"No! no! Thorndale, it is quite true that contemplation of God is the highest religion; but the sentiment, to be complete, requires the consciousness that God also contemplates you, personally, with approbation, with love, not anger. Without this addition—which you will not get out of your philosophy—the contemplation of God has little more religion in it than the contemplation of nature. It is nothing but the contemplation of the universe seen as the idea of the creator—a grand subject of meditation, but not in itself religion any more than the contemplation of the universe is religion."

I have stated Cyril's Catholic views in as simple and philosophical a manner as I could. Whatever may be decided upon the philosophy of his views, I am sure his life is most happily chosen.

At this moment if I could change positions with any one, it would be with Cyril.

That story of the ivory amulet reminded me of some passages in my own life. How often have I wished—how intensely do I long at this present moment—for some *cultus*, some worship, some mode of devotion in which the heart can go forth to its God! Prayer, in its highest significance, is not petition: the petitionary form merely expresses desires which are themselves the very life of devotion,—trust, dependence, hope.

I suppose we all feel thus in any calm reflective hour. At least if we have ever felt this longing for devotion at any time of our lives, it will never cease occasionally to return.

I remember when I was in Switzerland with Seckendorf, that keen and profoundly skeptical man said, alluding to some monastic building seen in the distance: "Thorndale, if you and I could cease thinking our perplexing thoughts for four-and-twenty hours, we might, as the sun went down, walk together arm-in-arm, into yonder monastery."

Cyril intimated to me that he should not quite forget Villa Sarpa, but that I must not expect to see him often. I did not understand whether the rules of his order, or rules that he thought fit to impose upon himself, would prevent him. Perhaps his conversation with me, bringing back unwelcome memories, disturbed the perfect harmony of his life.

I never see him now, as I sit under my acacia-tree, in his old haunt upon the sea-beach. Has he suspected that my terrace commanded the little promontory on which he liked to pause?

BOOK IV.

SECKENDORF; OR, THE SPIRIT OF DENIAL.

"We are such stuff
As dreams are made of; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep."

SHAKESPEARE.

"Ah, croyez-moi l'erreur a son mérite."

VOLTAIRE.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION TO SECKENDORF—HIS ATTACK ON CLARENCE'S UTOPIA.

I MUST transport myself to Switzerland, and back to that pleasant time when I was enjoying the society of Clarence on the borders of the lake of Lucerne. It was then I met with Seckendorf. As I entered one morning the studio of the artist, I found my friend engaged in conversation with one who to me was a perfect stranger. He was evidently, however, an old acquaintance of Clarence. He was a man advanced in years, tall, with gray hair, with keen gray eyes, a large nose, and a somewhat ruddy complexion. He walked erect and had a singularly commanding appearance. I took him at first sight for a military man, or for some German baron. I was introduced to him by the name of *Dr.* Seckendorf, and soon found that he spoke English with the fluency of a native. There was, however, a foreign accent slightly traceable in his speech, and my first impression was not altogether erroneous. He was a German by birth, and although known in England as Dr. Seckendorf, an eminent physician and physiologist, he assumed, when travelling abroad, the title, which he claimed by inheritance, of *Baron von Seckendorf*. How these apparent contrarieties came about, was afterwards explained, when, in a happy moment of expansion and communicativeness, he gave us some details of his early life.

I was not a little chagrined at first at finding a stranger in that chair by the easel which I had intended to occupy myself. My first impulse was to take flight: Clarence would not permit this; and the Baron's or the Doctor's manners were so frank and cordial, that I was soon on a footing of perfect familiarity with our new companion. Two men more opposed in their

philosophical speculations than Clarence and Seckendorf, could hardly have been brought together; yet they were excellent friends.

Seckendorf's philosophy stood as firm as a rock, and as hard and as barren. But he had no objection that you and others should cover up this rock—these hard bare facts of life—with whatever verdurous imagination you could get to grow there. If you brought to him Elysian pictures, whether of this world or the next, and held them up to him, for his own conviction, as realities he was to believe, he coldly repelled you, or he beat you down with his sarcasm. But if you spoke of them as convictions of the people—if you spoke of the great religious creeds of the world as portions the most remarkable in the drama of human life—you had his sympathies directly. As elements of this life, there was nothing he seemed to admire so much as our great imaginations of another life. You would think then, to hear him talk, that he was some great high-priest himself, some Egyptian hierarch, who, if he did not precisely believe all the mysteries and miracles he promulgated, had a sincere and not ignoble desire that others should believe.

This made him so perplexing an antagonist for Clarence, to whom he delighted to show that the *terrestrial* progress he hoped for, was incompatible with the *celestial* expectations he still desired to retain. But whether on terrestrial or celestial ground, they totally differed; yet, as I have said, they were old and excellent friends. They had, too, many tastes and studies in common. The Baron was fond of art, and the artist had been making incursions into the study of physiology. Clarence learned much from the scientific physician, and Seckendorf, I am sure, liked his artist-friend the better for those noble faiths in the destiny of man which he, nevertheless, unmercifully assailed. The two men alternately revealed each other's strength, each other's weakness. What animated controversies took place between them! We three sometimes sailed upon the lake together, sometimes climbed the mountains, or we sat in Clarence's studio, drinking endless and delicious cups of coffee; but whether on the lake or the mountain, or imprisoned by the weather in Clarence's room, we were sure to break out into all manner of discussions,

scientific, artistic, socialistic—I know not what. There was no end to talk. And the talk never wearied, for it was infinitely diversified. Both my companions were men of most varied culture. To me the frank exhilarating intercourse of such minds was a pleasure as novel as it was great, and in every way an immense advantage.

I could not undertake to revive our conversations, so as to follow the rapid play of question and answer, objection and reply; but I can recall much of what Clarence, and still more of what Seckendorf said in our numerous discussions. As I write on, the pen will assist my memory. I am not sure that those who write altogether fictitious dialogues, and who, in order to keep alive the attention of the reader, distribute to each speaker short and pungent passages, give a fair representation of real conversation, such as it takes place between intellectual equals. It generally happens, I think, that there is either very sharp practice, and a rapid interchange of answer and reply, (which would be quite bewildering if accurately reported,) or else one of the speakers gets for a time the right to be listened to till he has fairly developed his idea, subject, of course, to brief interruptions from those who are critically watching his progress.

Of course the first thing that occurs to my recollection can be no other than Seckendorf's attack on his friend's Utopia. I have said that, as Clarence looked forward to some new arrangement to be gradually brought about between capital and labour, he occasionally used language which confounded him with Socialists and Communists. Seckendorf, in his attack, did not always care to discriminate, or would perhaps have denied that his friend had any right to the discrimination he claimed. His attack, therefore, was often of a very *slashing* description, and more justly applied, as I thought, to other speculators than to Clarence.

"Do you not see," Clarence would say, "that the intellect is everywhere opening to the great idea of the *good of the whole?* And do you not see that our industrial arts are putting into our hands the power to realize the idea? The new power, in fact, assists in germinating the idea."

Seckendorf would not *see* any thing of the kind. But before

I can introduce his denying-philosophy, I must let Clarence discourse a little farther in his own hopeful way. This he would do in something of the following style.

CLARENCE.

Our mechanical inventions have been accused of lending their aid principally to the men of capital and the men of wealth, and thus widening the breach between the rich and the poor. The accusation is unfounded, and for this reason: Whatever is gained in the lower stages of civilization—as the decent healthy mode of life—is of far more importance than additions afterwards made to refinement or luxury. Every addition to the comfort of the poor man approximates his condition to that of the rich, far more than any addition to the rich man's luxury can still further remove him from the condition of the poor. Therefore our great mechanical inventions, by multiplying homely commodities (as they have done to a surprising extent) for the lower classes, do far more towards raising *them*, than they can do towards raising still higher the already civilized classes. A man is little better than a beast without certain essentials of clothing and habitation. These being obtained, subsequent improvements in his condition are of less importance. More is done for the poor by multiplying cotton garments, than can be done for the rich by substituting silk for cotton. Every brick that is laid in a poor man's cottage, is of vastly more importance to him than any amount of decorative architecture can possibly be to the man who has already a sound roof over his head.

But if it may be still said that our mechanical inventions, by favouring the accumulation of capital in a few hands, give at least increased *power* to wealth, and in this manner aggravate the inequalities of rank, there is, at all events, one invention, one machine, which is constantly occupied in effacing inequalities, and in teaching wealth how wisely to use its power. The Printing Press is constantly occupied in extending the intelligence of the Few to the Many. It is scattering abroad our intellectual wealth; it is raising all classes to an intellectual level; it is, as a necessary result, awakening new sympathies amongst all classes, and binding *all into one whole*—one whole

to which all have to render a service according to their power. Intellectual equality, in very many noble ways, is tending to redress the inequalities of wealth.

The Printing Press, with other mechanic arts associated with it, gives us the *Cheap Book*—newspaper, pamphlet, call it what you will—call it generally the *Cheap Book*. It stands, you say, for an infinite variety of matter, and every description of idea, good and bad. It stands, I know, for a whole system of education. The Cheap Book is our University for the People; and not so very bad a one either. For Parliamentary education, I think, we may wait long; nor am I in the least solicitous about it. The voluntary beneficence which we see in active operation is far preferable. A teaching to read is already accomplished, or nearly so, for all classes; the rest will be accomplished by the poor scholars themselves. Knowledge, as it extends, becomes more and more *a want*, and the want will lead to the increased acquisition.

Through whatever schools or universities any man passes, that essential part of his education which makes him a thinking being (if a thinking being he ever becomes) is a very simple business. The faculty of reading, some discipline of memory and attention, access to books, and association with others who are also reading books—this is all that can be *done for him*. The next and vital step he takes for himself. It is the solitary perusal of some thought-stirring volume which marks to every man his true entrance into intellectual life. The day when he took his Locke or his Bacon, and spread it upon his knees, and grappled with it alone, and thought it out all over again for himself and in his own fashion—this was his intellectual birthday, the true commencement of his thought-life. The book which not only gives us its thoughts, but stirs our own within us, is our first, and last, and only veritable teacher. And the thought-stirring volume, with the power to read it, will soon be in every man's hand.

Now, if people begin to think together and to feel together, they will also begin to work together. There is no form of co-operation recognized as desirable, that would not also be possible to such a people. I will not venture to declare what organ-

ization of society may in future be accomplished, but I do most unhesitatingly assert that this faculty, generated in each one, of thinking for the whole, and sympathizing widely with others, must lead to some new and happy organization.

SECKENDORF.

There are persons, my dear Clarence, who find it a very interesting occupation to plan imaginary communities, and shape for all others some precise methodical existence which it pleases them to approve. Harmless occupation, since, thank Heaven! they shape nothing but their own nonsense. It is a very poor fragment of human life that any one mind can embrace, and mould, and *organize*. The real organization of society is accomplished for us, much as the seasons and the climate that we live in *have been organized*. The infinite variety of nature laughs to scorn your little *garden-plots*. You may hedge and ditch as you will, you will not turn into little garden-plots all our great world of wastes and forests, and redundant vegetation. For me, I would rather be a wild dog in a forest, with the chance of being devoured by the first bigger dog I met with, than I would live shut up in one of these model moral communities. I become a rebel to all morality when I am so demoralized. All very well if we were a parcel of polyps, and had one stomach in common, and your only task was to drench this well with black broth. But we happen not to have one stomach in common, much less one mind.

CLARENCE.

But I am no Communist.

SECKENDORF.

You are for new organization of some kind,—you are for binding us closer than before,—forging new chains for the coupling of us together. I wish that some of you schemers of new societies could be caught in your own trap,—caught and penned in your own Dutch Elysium. These ardent schemers contend and fight for their idea, their scheme; and the fighting for it is pleasant enough; they are the last men who could live in their own Utopia. They remind me, in this respect, of the battle-

loving Crusaders of olden times. These steel-clad warriors, armed to the teeth, went forth to fight for the Madonna,—went forth, mind you, to fight,—meanwhile the Paradise they were to win by their swords was of the most peaceable description. These valiant pikemen never once asked themselves whether indeed they greatly desired to sit down quiet and docile, like good children, in the presence of that sweet *Mater Dolorosa*, whose picture they constantly saw in their churches. What they were to do—these steel-clad pikemen—amongst the doves and the cherubs—never crossed their thoughts. Simply they loved fighting,—and here was the Madonna to fight for. Battle!—and the battle itself a work of piety!—what could the heart of man desire more? Our own enthusiastic champions of some millennium of perpetual peace and social industry are much of the same temper. Here is something to contend for—here is their Madonna—and they contend zealously enough. But how would they look if they were really transported to their industrial paradise, where work and playtime should be meted out to them with due regularity, and their docile labours be rewarded (let us be liberal in our conjectures) with unlimited supply of plain clothes and plain diet. I think they would be curiously disappointed at the aspect of their sad Madonna. Was this the lady that had so often inspired their intellectual combats?

"*Idea of the good of the whole!*" All this my dear young friend, is but the old pastoral fable tricked out in philosophic phrase. It is some foolish Arcadia you promise us, and you think to justify the prediction by placing it a great way off. Why not promise it to-morrow, or the next age, as well as some centuries hence?

CLARENCE.

Simply because the education of the race is, by its very nature, this slow process. Man has *to make* the changed circumstance which afterwards re-makes him. The improvement which one age effects becomes an instrument to mould and educate the next generation.

SECKENDORF.

Yes! the age that invented this good water-proof clothing, of

which we have all of us here excellent specimens, was educating the next age to the habitual use and want of it. The age that invented rapidity of locomotion was bringing many modifications of business and pleasure to the next age. What a glorious education for its posterity did that age supply which first invented—gin or tobacco. But this is not precisely the sort of *education* of which you have been speaking. You speak of ideas already in the world, and their dissemination by books. Now, we can pretty well estimate at once what this can do for us.

What, according to your own account, does this much-talked "education of the people" consist in?—what is the simple fact? Certain books now read by the leisure class will be read by a class who have less leisure, read at least not *more* attentively than they are at present. Meanwhile choose me any half dozen of the best books whose circulation is to be extended by the increased activity of the Printing Press,—you will not find that any two of them are in perfect harmony or agreement,—you will have (taking them all together) a perfect Babel of conflicting doctrines, tastes, sentiments, opinions. What new or surprising unanimity of action will you get out of this? Lay hold of the first handful of books that may be now standing on your library table, and proceed to consult them as your oracle,—what a din of yes! and no! will assail your ears! Just as education spreads, diversity of opinion will spread with it. One sees no unanimity except amongst a multitude who do *not* think, and perchance amongst a priesthood who think *for* that multitude,—think how to guide and govern them. The moment men begin to reflect, they begin to differ, and precisely on those subjects which affect the institutions of society. Suppose all men became readers and thinkers, we should have a scene of interminable controversy opening wider and wider. What especially good result—what novel unanimity of action, I repeat—do you expect from that?

I make no moan about it. Life developes itself thus. The more complexity in the whole society, the more variety in the individuals. The individual can less and less embrace all that is developed in humanity.

I cannot expect, in the most complex development of life, to be able to trace that order, method, regularity, which I trace in

the simplest,—that method and regularity which is the foundation of scientific prediction. If I prick a man, he will bleed; what form his anger will assume, is not so clear. As we rise in complexity, prediction becomes less possible. When we observe in the tentacula or limbs of some simplest specimen of animal life a quite *rhythmical* movement, we pronounce such movement to be *automatic*, not voluntary or instigated by passion or desire, *because* of its exceeding regularity. If you could show me a society whose movements were quite rhythmical, I am sure I should see before me the very lowest form of human society. Increased thought and increased activity will not display themselves in a rhythmical society.

Men and women are to be all very wise, and therefore very good, and therefore very happy! Such very *moral philosophy* we teach to little children, and do indeed leave for the practice of a most remote posterity. On the ears of an old man nothing falls so light as these ethical abstractions, these vague eloquent moralities. They are pretty and teasing, as the snow-flakes that blind you for an instant with their brightness. Nothing lighter or colder falls through the air.

You are speculating, Clarence, on the development of the thinking faculty amongst all classes of men. Pray look around you. Scarcely one in a thousand of *any* class, under any circumstances, can be got to think. I have lived in most capitals of Europe; I have seen your highest and your lowest; I have mingled with all classes. I tell you that men do not love the labour of thinking; rich or poor, they love it not; it is a toil, a disturbance; it wearies, it afflicts them. Here and there the propensity is developed, and chiefly, like some other plagues, where the diet is low, and the dwelling is dark, and the air is stagnant. In some constitutions, whatever may be the surrounding circumstances, the fever will break out, and then it makes of the man—as chance or the multitude will have it—a god or a demon.

Your Cheap Book! your sheet of printed paper! A sail blown by all winds,—nothing but this rag of canvas, and a hull to move huge as a mountain. Gossamer sail, and a stowage like Noah's ark. Not much navigation here, I think.

CLARENCE.

But this hull, this ark, does sail! It moves! it moves!

SECKENDORF.

It rocks! it rocks!

I marvel, Clarence, that you do not see that the pensive labours of the brain belong, and must belong, to a small and especial class. You, who give them to all, of course calculate upon uniting in the same person manual and intellectual toils. You will do so when you can build a house, or make a railroad, by scientific delicate manipulations. Bring me a blowpipe, and blow me a bridge over the Thames. You cannot; you want the Cyclopian forge and the brawny Cyclops himself. Did you ever note a common bricklayer—how lightly he tosses that brick in his hand, chipping off with his trowel, if need be, a bit from this end or from that? A most light and facile operation, as it seems. Try it some day. That brick he handles and plays with like a toy, will scarify your hand, and jar your brain, and yet probably suggest a useful thought or two. We must wait till we build houses as we blow bubbles in the air, before the same nervous system will suit the man who builds the house, and him who lives meditative or pleasurably in it.

I, all cynic as I am, or as men please to report me, admire the results of civilization, and what the Labour of one class has effected for the Refinement of another. Our huge Hercules holds a graceful nymph in his brawny arms. I, the cynic, admire and would preserve the classic group. Poets and philanthropists think his brawny arms are tired—beg him to rest and relax—and, alas! alas! my delicate goddess falls into the dirt.

CLARENCE.

Not so; but in that classic group you seem to have in your imagination, does the brawny Hercules carry the nymph for some other, or himself? I think for himself. Refinement there fills the arm of Labour: the reward is not separated from the toil. To leave metaphor alone, I do not think it impossible that, in some future age, the Labour of all classes will effect the Refinement of all classes.

SECKENDORF.

You would divide the labour and the results of labour more equally; you would destroy both. You would divide the labour, you would double the distress of it. Set up in any human being two contradictory and antagonistic trains of thought and feeling, and all the luxury of the world will never fondle that man into peace and contentment. With harmony of thought and action, and nature's all-healing force of habit, there is no condition in which the human frame can be supported, in which life is not very tolerable. Men live in Kamschatka, boastful of their climate; men labour in the mines, forgetful of the sun; the citizen of London lives contented amidst smoke and bricks, and leaves clear skies, fresh air, and unpolluted rivers, to the pitiable savages who know nothing of commerce. But interfere with this kindly process of accommodation, and you immediately have querulous, distorted, feeble, miserable men. Trust me, Clarence, the man who works hard, and sleeps soundly, is not a creature to be pitied. Introduce desires with which his work is not compatible, and you will make him one.

Man was set down here upon the earth with none to help him—but man; with none to help him, and so much to do. "On his first entrance upon this newly formed planet," says a legend I somewhere remember to have read, "certain of the angels looked on with admiring solicitude. It had been rumoured that the new creature was to be in some measure rational, and so far resembling themselves; and when they observed how very little preparation had been apparently made for his reception in the planet he was to occupy—not a blade of grass anywhere growing that he could eat, and the very tools he was to work with lying a formless mass buried in the earth—they naturally watched the progress of affairs with increasing wonder and suspense. What new power, or what auxiliary creature, would next appear upon the scene? Nothing of the kind appeared. The same man, the same creature, did all. It was the same accommodating human clay which rose into the philosopher, and roughened into the ploughman. Marvellous was it to behold. And when, moreover, they observed that the ploughman never wished to be the philosopher, nor the philosopher the plough-

man, they could contain their admiration no longer, and, striking upon their golden harps, they broke forth into a hymn,"—which I regret exceedingly to be unable to repeat to you.

The arrangement which gave so great delight to these angelic critics, our speculative philanthropists are disposed to set aside. Since man is everywhere the same original clay, why not everywhere developed into the same form? Whatever else he may be, he shall, at all events, be the meditative man. It shall be Clarence here, and Clarence there, and Clarence everywhere. Meanwhile we may note, that these meditative men—unless they happen to be living altogether for another world, which is the most fortunate tendency they can display both for themselves and for us—have really no occupation or amusement except that of reforming mankind. Each one of them requires a world to reform for his amusement—can be amused or occupied on no other terms. Of such a class of men one may say, in the language of the political economist, the demand must be necessarily very limited. I will not add, that the supply already seems excessive, lest my friend Clarence should take it as a personal allusion.

CLARENCE.

No one knows better than Seckendorf that it is not necessary for a man to be *only*, or preëminently, a thinker or philosopher, in order to share in such knowledge as thinkers and philosophers have given to the world. There is a certain universal culture of which each one already begins to partake. Every child may now know what Copernicus and Galileo discovered or taught.

SECKENDORF.

Every child, every fool may know it, and remain a fool. No one knows better than Clarence, that it is not that knowledge which has been merely drawn in by the ear, which can answer his purpose. He is looking forward to a self-governing multitude, each one of whom embraces in his comprehension the whole society, and takes his place therein, with full consciousness and approval of his own relation to that whole. It is knowledge, therefore, laboriously acquired, and inducing habits of thought—

it is the reflective character that he wants. Now, this reflective character, I take it, must necessarily be rare. It is a very low standard of it that most men attain to; nor is it, as I have said, compatible with the ordinary and indispensable avocations of life. Perhaps an illustration from our physiological studies will be more acceptable than my golden legend.

As you well know, it is only in the lowest forms of organization that we find the various susceptibilities or powers of animal life diffused indiscriminately over the whole substance of the animal. In certain zoophytes each part shall be capable of every function. One uniform tissue, in some misshapen creature, shall digest, shall feel, shall be susceptible to light, shall have the contractility necessary to movement, shall, in some sort, be hand, and eye, and foot, and stomach. When we rise to a superior organization, these several capabilities are withdrawn from the common substance, are lodged in a specific organ, and at the same time immeasurably exalted. In like manner, with regard to human society, the degree of reflective power diffused over the whole surface of it must necessarily be slight. If it is to be highly developed, there must be a special organ to which other organs are administrative—a select class for its peculiar localization and development.

I have heard you quote with great zest a line from your favourite philosophic poet—

> "What *is* one
> Why may not millions *be*?"

I will undertake to answer the question of the poet; first, because nature creates for variety, and this variety is interwoven with the very scheme of things: and secondly, because that "one" whom the poet has especially in view could not exist without the "million" very much unlike him. What educates a thinking man? Science and Humanity. Chiefly the last—the study of his fellow man. And what would he have to study, if all men had resembled himself? What would he have had *to think about*, if it were not for the passions, follies, and superstitions of mankind?

> "What is one
> Why may not millions be?"

Because the millions have lived for this one—not only toiled for him, but dreamt absurd dreams for him—acted the wildest tragedies for him—framed the most terrible superstitions to feed his reflection withal. A whole world of error, as well as of labour, go to make this one reflective man. "All men are to be wise,"—"easier for all to be wise than one." I tell you, Clarence, paradoxical as it may sound, that "all men wise" is tantamount to "no wise man." The materials of thought are gone—the materials which spontaneous humanity gives to humanity reflective.

CLARENCE.

Such materials live in history. Past ages are to society what past years are in the life of the individual.

SECKENDORF.

Live in history! Who cares for dead mythologies? The driest skeletons I know of. Who cares for druidical sacrifices, or the hall of Odin, or the worship of Nero? Let the dead bury their dead; it is the living who teach the living.

THORNDALE.

It certainly does not seem to be in the order of things, that what is most excellent should be most common.

There is more sea than land: three-fourths of the globe is covered with salt water.

There is more barren land than fertile; much is sheer desert, or hopeless swamp; great part wild arid steppes, or land that could be only held in cultivation by incessant toil.

Where nature is most prolific, there is more weed and jungle than fruit and flower.

Of the animal creation, the lowest orders are by far the most numerous. The *infusoria* and other creatures that seem to enjoy no other sensations than what are immediately connected with food and movement (if even these), far surpass all others in this respect. The tribes of insects are innumerable; the mammalia comparatively few.

Of the human inhabitants of the earth, the ethnologist tells us that the Mongolian race is the most numerous, which is not

certainly the race in which the noblest forms of civilization have appeared. As in the tree there is more leaf than fruit, so in the most advanced nation of Europe there are more ignorant than wise, more poor than rich, more automatic labourers, the mere creatures of habit, than reasoning and reflective men.

SECKENDORF.

We cannot pretend always to assign a law for such proportions; but, as a wide generalization, we may say, that what we call a higher excellence is a greater complication, and its manifestation must be more restricted, because a larger number of antecedent conditions are necessary for that manifestation. All matter has the property of inertia, or mere space-occupancy. It is doubtful if all matter has the property of gravity. All matter may have *some* chemical properties, but each specific chemical property (or that peculiar molecular movement or attraction supposed to constitute it) must have a restricted area of manifestation, since it is by relationships between these that chemical phenomena are produced. The phenomena of life manifest themselves in a still more restricted area, since the organic depends at each moment on the inorganic. Thus, as we rise in the scale, the requisite conditions being more multifarious, the more excellent thing is comparatively rare; and the same law is vaguely traceable in human society. Certain properties belong to all mankind, as to all living creatures; such, for instance, as pertain to self-preservation and the perpetuity of the race. They are as general as gravity in the inorganic world. But if certain characters are to be developed as the strong, the weak, the virtuous, the vicious, the tender, the heroic, then our common humanity must submit to certain subdivisions, just as the inorganic world had to submit to certain subdivisions in order that chemical phenomena should be displayed. And I think you will find that the higher we advance in these human characters, the more complicated must be the society out of which they are elicited.—But we will not lose ourselves in these generalities.

CHAPTER II.

THE SILVER SHILLING.

CLARENCE could not make head against the vigorous attacks of his keen adversary. He more than once rallied, but Seckendorf fairly talked him down. After some interval, I remember the controversy broke out again in some such manner as this:

CLARENCE.

You will never listen patiently, Seckendorf, or hear me to the end; you will never let me develop my idea completely. I cannot be accused of wishing to introduce novelties or contradictions into men's habits, by mere acts of legislation; on the contrary, it is the slow modification of habits and modes of thought which, I presume, will produce new legislation.

SECKENDORF.

Not listened patiently! Who, except that long-eared melancholy mule on which you ride about these mountains, and to whom I know you preach Utopia, has ever been compelled to listen to you so patiently as I have done? I wish you would look at real life with half the pertinacity you explore the ideal history of future ages. If, after thoroughly appreciating the organization of society that at present exists, you can invent a better, I will say you are not only a prophet, but a creator. That changes will ensue, who thinks of denying? In a world, where the very rocks are but records of change, what is it we expect to be stable? But I deny that changes of this kind can be possibly foreseen. The predictions of science are predictions of repetition—not of novelties; of repeated developments, not new developments. Who can foretell what new animal (sup-

posing new animals are still to be produced) will come upon the scene?

This (holding up a silver shilling), this is our last great organizer of society. Let us well understand what miracles this silver shilling is daily performing, before we think to displace it from the head of the Government.

You have amongst your collections of English poetry, a poem by one Phillips, "On the Silver Shilling." What he has made of his theme I do not know; I have only read the title of the poem; but a nobler theme no poet could desire. It is really a magical talisman, which transports me where I will, and finds me food and raiment, and everywhere a welcome. And there is something poetical withal in the sense of power which this talisman gives; for with what a halo of enjoyment does the imagination invest it! Mere barter, the exchange of one thing for another, is a poor limited process, and felt to be as much a loss as a gain. My Silver Shilling represents not this or that paltry commodity, but all possible shilling-worths of every thing on earth. This glittering coin gives me command, as with a sceptre, over all the varied products of human industry—up to a certain point. Is not this a perfect realization of Democratic equality? Each man, in his turn, commands, up to the amount of his coin, the whole labour of the community. Beautiful invention! Some god inspired it. Could any number of world-reformers produce me such an organization of society as this?

THORNDALE.

I suppose that Clarence would be contented with it, if you could but secure that the coin should fall into the right hand. If it always represented fair remuneration for some labour or service rendered to society by its possessor, then the power it gives over the labour of others would be a most equitable and admirable arrangement.

SECKENDORF.

In the main it does. It has introduced all the equity we can boast of in this matter of remuneration of labour. Talk of philanthropy! It was the Silver Shilling that knocked off the

fetters of the slave. How was the substitute of wages for the lash to be introduced till there was this "circulating medium" by which wages could be paid?

I am amused when I hear of *great ideas* governing the world. There are great facts governing the world, which, when men come to understand them, are then his *ideas;* but they governed the world long before he had worked them into his theorem. After many centuries, he gets some inkling into the laws by which society, or the planetary system, proceeds; but he had as little to do with the construction of the one as of the other. The man who first coined money knew as little what he was doing, as the ox whose image he is said to have stamped upon it. He was bringing in a new era—new relations between man and man—new forms, and new government, or organization of society. No doubt, as the Pagan would say, some god invented money—some Mercury or Plutus. These old heathens had a certain modesty in them, and always recognized in whatever shape it came, that the "Promethean fire" was not their own. Some god had given it, or peradventure had *stolen* it out of heaven; for to their benighted understandings, it did not seem that the celestial powers had originally intended to be very liberal towards man.

My dear Clarence, I beg of you to recognize this simple truth —which those who talk much about benevolence forget—that the great substantial pleasure of life is necessarily *effort for ourself.* My dear Clarence, we don't want your philanthropy—this working painfully for the general good. The philanthropic *end* is brought about in a far more genial manner; and mainly through the instrumentality of our Silver Shilling. Each man has all the keen enduring pleasures of selfishness—of strenuous effort for himself and for his family—whilst working out the very objects of benevolence. For your benevolent sentiment, whatever you may think of it, is, after all, a very weak and mawkish business, when set side by side by the genuine striving after self-advancement. The first passion of all organic nature is what we are pleased to call selfish; the sympathetic and the benevolent are beautiful creations, but are feeble in comparison, like reflected light.

Suppose a traveller, knowing nothing of this subtle "circulating medium," should come—say from the moon, if you will, for we must go far to fetch so unsophisticated a creature—suppose a traveller, ignorant of the subtle operation of the Silver Shilling, should visit our great cities, what a benevolent, what an angelic race he would take us for! Down comes the rain—if he should happen to alight in London, and be plodding through its endless streets—pelting, pitiless, drenching the pedestrian to the skin. Every one flies for shelter. But the rain pursues them. What are the delicate and the infirm to do?—this lady all elegance? Even yonder dandy you pity in his all too permeable attire. But no! every one does not fly. Here are men of heroic mould, heroic garments, cased to the throat in capes of oilskin, who take their stand with horse and covered carriage, ready and solicitous to bear off whomsoever wishes, safe and dry to his own home. Heroic men! they even came forth in greater numbers as the shower threatened. What company of saints ever performed so acceptable a service? Our traveller must indeed have visited other planets, if he ever met with such ready, constant, serviceable saints as these—who, nevertheless, are not reputed to be saints at all.

There is no end of the heroism he would see displayed in London. Here is a scavenger, up to his knees in liquid mud, shovelling the pestiferous mass into a huge cart; himself all mud, that others may go clean; and most unsavoury, that others may breathe fresh air. Greater self-denial can no man show—a more trying martyrdom no man endure. Our traveller, coming from the moon, where, doubtless, all is done for honour and the public good, looks eagerly for the "order of merit," which surely must be glittering round the neck of this burly philanthropist. In his enthusiasm, he perhaps snatches some moonshine of this description from his own neck, and, stretching from the pavement, seeks to hang it on the bosom of his hero. Quite unnecessary. The silver medal in his breeches' pocket had done it all.

How would Utopia ever get its scavenger? Is there any way of feeding and rearing a man at the public expense, by which one could develope him into a scavenger? What sort of *bee-*

bread, I wonder, would convert an ordinary worker, in our human hive, into so remarkable a "busy bee," one of so abnormal an industry? My notion is, that without the Silver Shilling one must go back to the days of the captive and the scourge —back to those times when nations warred with nations, and *stole* each other, and so got their scavengers and the like.

These men of heroic lives, these huge coal-heavers, and those who dive into sewers, or work in the dark bowels of the earth, what college, or what pious institutions, raised these self-devoted? The ale-house rears them; gin and porter inspire them; their speech is very rude; very little tenderness or sentiment of any kind will you get from that pavier, pounding with his huge pestle those granite blocks;—I am afraid he would pound your ribs, if they were under his pestle, with almost as little remorse. But see what they *do*. What are systems of philosophy, or systems of theology, your institutions, and your churches, to what these rude men effect—what only such men *could* accomplish? Admire with me how the magic of the Silver Shilling has constrained such men to the severest works of patriotism and philanthropy.

There would be no end to the astonishment of our moon-born traveller. Have you a want? Have you a whim? Down every street you wander, what kind solicitude to gratify it! Silk, and gold, and jewels, and bland servitors to offer them, and smiling at you as you carry them away. I know not whether his astonishment would be greater at all this practical philanthropy, or on the discovery of that beautiful invention of the Silver Shilling, by which it is all brought about.

CLARENCE.

Beautiful invention! terrible power! What is to become of him who has *not* the talisman? He must be the slave of him who has. Let us hope, one day, as Thorndale has suggested, that the talisman may be in the hand of every one; then the government of the Silver Shilling will be truly, and in the very best sense, democratic. And I think sometimes I see how this result will be gradually accomplished.

SECKENDORF.

Before you explain how this universal *money-hood* (which would be indeed a very agreeable addition to the old *brotherhood* we hear of so much) is to be brought about, let me complete my poem on the Silver Shilling, and show what sort of rule and government it has at present. What, in all our disputes, is the last umpire? Force! What is the ultimate ruler in every state? The Sword! And the Silver Shilling buys the sword. Note how the social mechanism works. When the *habit* of obedience (how much there is in that little word *habit!*) is from any cause broken, it is the military power which steps in to restore order and government. The rabble of every great city is constantly kept in peace by a certain visible array of the musket or the constable's staff. Even during the most peaceful pageantries, I hear at least the rattle of the sheathed sabre on the pavement. But how is it, since Force is supreme, that we are not always under military rule? how is it, that wealth and refinement are not subject to the harsh tyranny of the sword? Because our Silver Shilling *buys the soldier!* recruits him, marshalls him, buys him from the drummer to the general. Wealth still rules, and through the sword.

There is still another power, which boasts to have much to do with the stability and the government of society, and which, if uncontrolled, could at any time shake it to its foundations. There is a power which holds the keys of Heaven and of Hell. The priest can at any time excite a spirit of rebellion, which mocks even at military force, since the sword that kills the body liberates the soul for Paradise.

The priest—if we could see him pure priest—would be found naturally arrayed against wealth; he preaches an ascetic morality; it is to the poor he can always open the gates of heaven; the rich man is very often contented with the earth, and does not look that way, and is slow of faith. He could, at any juncture that was propitious to his teaching, revolutionize society. But our Silver Shilling buys the priest—has bought him long ago—puts him permanently on the side of order and of wealth. He whose natural function would be—with a believing populace at his beck—to lay civilization in the dust, is too civilized him-

self, has too pleasant a share of this civilization, to do any thing of the kind. He preaches a very modified asceticism, and, above all, he preaches to his long-eared flock a patient obedience to that wicked Dives, whom they are only *hereafter* to triumph over. Our Silver Shilling reigns supreme. It has organized our hierarchy. It rules in church and state, and reconciles them both.

Once more, and I have done. There is yet another power that rises in these later days to compete with the sword and the crosier—the power of the Pen. Men call it the Fourth Estate. In the strife between the *Haves* and the *Have nots*, what a new element is here! Will not the *Have nots* become intelligent, become literary men, and wielding this new force, cease to obey, and make rebels of others? What has become of our government of the Silver Shilling? Here is flat rebellion. Not so. The Silver Shilling *buys the literary man*. This written speech flows on without ceasing, flows on quite harmless. The clever *Have nots* are purchased, enlisted, set to keep the peace against the less capable brotherhood of the same order.

"Equality of intelligence will in some indirect way redress the inequality of wealth"—this is your favourite formula. Meanwhile I notice this, that such intelligence as wealth has and approves—that and no other—ventures to show itself abroad in speech or writing. If any other makes its appearance, the book dies out, and the speaker has a chance of dying too—starved out, if he is a poor man. I enter the drawing-room of an opulent citizen. I see there a wealthy blockhead; I see also, standing beside him on the hearth-rug, an intelligent, educated, professional gentleman. I listen to the conversation. The intelligent and educated man is dealing forth, with infinite pains, a species of *mitigated blockheadism*—and why? that he may bring himself down to the level of his opulent companion and patron. It is wealth, you see, that holds the spirit-level. That is the line of truth along which *Dives* looks. What falls below is folly, what rises above is worse; it is wicked and presumptuous folly. I tell you that there is not an old woman with our Silver Shilling in her pocket, who has not more influence on the expression, and consequently on the formation of opinion, than the greatest genius of your Fourth Estate.

Wealth is the god of this world. We are told so by the indignant satirist, and by the mournful preacher, and we are told so by the political economist, who understands the matter much better than either. It is the best god, or ruler, the highest *avatar*, the world has yet known. It is the dominant power; but it *extinguishes* no other great power, only moderates and subordinates. It buys the sword, it buys the pen—but employs too—and animates while it rules. From the king with his civil list, to the drummer-boy with his rations; from the great capitalist, or the great company, with their thousands of servants, to the decrepit old huckster who keeps an errand-boy—it is ruling, disciplining, marshalling—it is order, it is coöperation, it is government.

Improve, if you can, on this *organization of society.*

CHAPTER III.

THE WORLD AS IT IS—OUR FAITHS AS THEY ARE.

SECKENDORF.

I STAND here, the advocate for the world as it is, and our faiths as they are. For the world as it is, with its ignorant multitudes, and its wiser few, with its passions of hate and of love, its griefs, its consolations, its truths, its errors, and, above all, its great religious faiths, which are rooted in the sorrows and the wrongs of men. I do not ask if these are true; enough for me that they are here. Even your Utopian dreams, if I saw that they made ten men happy, should have a place in the catalogue. I like this wild world. I like the sinner, I like the saint; I like its uproarious youth, and its penitent old age. Nor am I overmuch distressed about the miseries of life. Every creature grows to its circumstances; the fur grows rough as the climate roughens. This marvellous force of habit is a provision against all fortunes or misfortunes. I have tried it. I—Baron von Seckendorf—have lived in a garret, on a herring. Not agreeable. But the *second* herring was very savoury, and vastly welcome.

CLARENCE.

You look upon our great religious faiths merely as parts of *life*—as great delusions, in short.

SECKENDORF.

They do not owe their origin to philosophy or science, so far as I understand the matter. But they are spontaneous products of the imagination and the passions of men, which philosophy and science would do well to let alone; and which that "intellectual progress" you boast so much of, would assuredly put in peril.

Philosophy, so far as I have known her, is a very keen critic, but a very poor creator. She may adjust with somewhat more precision the thunderbolt in the hand of some Olympian Jupiter. But leave Philosophy to herself, and there will be first no thunderbolt at all, and soon afterwards no Jupiter at all, or none that any ordinary vision can descry.

I like this great *life* men lead in the imagination. With all its turmoils and terrors, and unspeakable contradictions, it is still the scene of our grandest emotions, and our most intense mental energy. If the reflective man, prompted by his love of truth, should thread his way out of this turmoil and confusion—should escape from the noise and the labyrinth of popular superstitions—he will think himself into mere solitude and a barren desolation; he will gain no truths, and lose all this life. He may congratulate himself for a moment at his escape from the angry hubbub of conflicting faiths, but into what a blank and desolate region has he escaped! When in the course of my travels I visited the city of Damascus, I was struck with this,—that the moment I issued, stunned and wearied, from its noisy, tortuous, and turbulent streets,—the moment I passed through the gates of the city,—I found myself alone in the desert. The sand comes up to the very walls. Here, too, the desert receives us at the very walls of the city. Most men are glad enough to return to its noisy streets; they hasten back before the gate has closed on them for ever.

THORNDALE.

Desert or not, there is at least one great Truth that reveals itself,—the being of God,—a truth that rides high in the heavens, clear and bright as the sun at noonday.

SECKENDORF.

"Bright as the sun at noonday!" Is it always noonday with us, Thorndale? Is there always a sun in our sky to hide from us the dark and illimitable space beyond? Is there not also an Infinitude of Night and Stars? And tell me—in the widest view we catch of the universe—is it light or darkness that chiefly prevails for the vision of a man?

The existence of God is clear to demonstration—till we ask

ourselves what conception of God we can attain. *Reason*,—meaning thereby the unity of parts in a whole,—adaptation, harmony, is everywhere apparent; without it, I suppose, nothing exists that does exist. But the *reasoning Being*—how form this conception? To me *The All* seems to be the only representative, *for us*, of this Reason or Power; for it is hard to give any name to what transcends all human thought. But we will not enter now—

THORNDALE.

O Seckendorf! I must persist—

SECKENDORF.

Another time! another time! We will not enter now this obscurest, darkest chamber of human cogitation—the very cave of Trophonius, which whosoever enters, it is said, will never smile again.

Let us look abroad on the world as it is,—on men as they think and believe.

In Catholic countries, is it the market-place, or is it the church which often opens on it, that is the centre of the greatest and most exciting portion of human life? I am not asking how far morality and government depend on the beliefs for which that church stands representative. I speak of the emotions, the hopes and fears, the consolations, the glowing fancies, that bring a whole world of angels and of saints about us,—I speak, in short, of the enormous development of our consciousness, or psychical existence, which that building may typify for us. The tenets of our greatest church of Christendom and of the world may set at defiance the very testimony of your senses,—may absolutely triumph in their impossible and contradictory nature,—may throw scorn on all logic and consistency. Regarded as a system of truths, they may utterly baffle and confound you. But look at them as they live in the minds of an assenting multitude, utterly unconscious that they either contradict nature, or each other,—look at them as they animate, and govern, and stir that multitude with intense emotions of wonder, and hope, and fear,—opening to each narrow petty life a vista of eternity,—look at them thus, and it is impossible not to bend before them with a certain feeling of awe

and of respect. Take now away that church, and leave the market-place standing alone, how have you impoverished, how have you *pauperized* existence!

Scarce an act of life is performed in our Catholic countries which may not be in some way related to the unseen world. I do not say that the conscience is always very much enlightened or fortified by the unseen guides and companions which men have called around them. When the imagination gets very familiar with its gods, it brings them down to the level of a quite ordinary humanity. The gods and saints of our people in the market-place may have much the same moral opinion as the very men and women with whom they talk and chaffer, beg from, and steal. A Neapolitan is just as likely to call upon the Madonna to prosper him in his frauds as in his honest dealings. He cheats you and worships the Madonna, and cheats you with a freer conscience because he *has* worshipped. But take this worship from him,—you feel that half his life is gone.

In Protestant London no saints or angels float in the air. It is difficult to understand how any force of imagination could bring them into that atmosphere of fog and smoke, or how the seductive paganism of Southern Christianity could have kept its ground in your great commercial and manufacturing cities. But you have retained whatever of doctrinal Christianity could be well kept together in any one system,—you have mysteries, and terrors, and pious sentiments and hopes, which fill up the else desert spaces of your hard and money-getting lives. Catch me that black-coated, tight-buttoned gentleman, pacing rapidly from the Exchange. Open his coat—open his breast—look in. Surely there is the strangest medley of contradictions that Time—who has indeed had whole centuries for the work—ever welded together. This man is trotting up and down from bank to bank, from office to office, in restless search of money; and he is trotting along, so he tells you, at the same time, "to his abiding city," to his spiritual home. He makes bargains on the Stock Exchange, or elsewhere,—his very occupation is a perpetual gambling; and he grows richer year by year, and thanks God for it, and prays in the same breath to be made like—O heavens!—like him who is the great type of self-sacrifice!—like him who assuredly would

have told the much anxious man to throw his pelf into the Thames, and free his soul from such perilous bondage. What relation can there be, you exclaim, between this thriving child of commerce and the great Spiritualist who walked the earth eighteen hundred years ago? It is hypocrisy, it is delusion! Expose him to the world, expose him to himself! Be not too hasty. This is the sole poetry, the only sentimentality of his life. The man comes home in the evening, and by his fireside, in his warm parlour, with his slippered feet upon the warm rug, and his very heart glowing with his gains, he reads to his gathered household—I have heard him—his favourite homily about the lilies of the field and the treasure that thieves cannot steal! It is the poetry of his life. It did not lead him to renounce wealth; it rather assisted him, in many indirect ways, to make it,—gave him patience, and perhaps that conjugal fidelity to a not very charming wife which has not a little promoted his success. But what would be the result if you were to strip him of this grand incongruity? You would but extinguish what noble sentiment occasionally plays over the surface of his mind; you would but toss him without reprieve from meal to meal, from his bed to his ledger, from gain to gluttony.

THORNDALE.

I certainly would not pillage him of any faith he may possess. There is a spectacle I have witnessed in the streets of London that I like still better than this picture of your black-coated and tight-buttoned citizen. In a wooden stall or shed that opens on a level with the damp pavement, there sits some industrious cobbler. Apparently he is not too well rewarded for his labour, or he would obtain some better and cleaner abode. For though this stall, or stye, is open to the air, no current passes through it, and the most rapid pedestrian detects its thick and noxious atmosphere. Nothing short of a hurricane could purify it. In this wooden box, his face on a level with the feet of the rest of mankind, our cobbler stitches and hammers all day long. He has the ceaseless shuffle of feet before him on the pavement; the carriage-wheels on the road beyond are liberal of their noise and their dirt; and I suppose he finds but little to soothe him in the flow of that stream which keeps its unfragrant course along

the kennel. Six days in the week, and most hours of the day, you may see this man with his awl, and his waxed thread, and his lapstone, piercing and hammering the tough shoe-leather. That ceaseless shuffle of feet, that din of wheels, that flowing brooklet, form the scene in which he constantly lives.

No, not constantly—not half his time. I look again into my cobbler's stall. I see lying on the bench beside him—he can snatch a word even as he works—his "Pilgrim's Progress," or his "Serious Call," or perhaps some deeper polemic. Our cobbler, too, will flee from the city of destruction. That world which despises or forgets his existence, he too can heartily despise and renounce. Those carriages, with all their paint and gilding, what are they to him? They are carrying fools to perdition; they are rolling smoothly on that broad highway on which, for all the world, he would *not* travel. All here is wretchedness and contempt; no face smiles upon him; but he will come soon to the borders of the river Jordan—some bright and flowing river over which he will pass—and on the other side are angels beaming with love, waiting to escort him where "crowns, and sceptres, and kingdoms," are but faint and bewildering types of the joy he will partake.

SECKENDORF.

And which anticipated joy does verily something towards "redressing the inequalities of wealth." I think philosophy and science would be very much perplexed to do for this cobbler what his Bunyan and his Baxter have done for him. Philosophy can only tell the man to stick to his last, and Science can only whisper this cold comfort into his ear, that, three centuries hence, new substitutes for shoe-leather may bring a new substitute for cobblers.

But even highly educated, philosophical, or speculative men, do not always comprehend how large a portion of their intellectual lives they owe to popular creeds, which perhaps have existed for their minds, only to be canvassed, criticized, and finally rejected. Rejected they may be, but they have not the less occupied their thoughts. We may note that it has always been on this battle-field of theology—where, like the Titans of

old, men have warred against gods they would not acknowledge —that our speculative ardour, and whatever there may be of heroic in thought, has been called forth. Doubt—the state of mind trembling between faith and denial—is full of emotion. Indeed the religious susceptibility is kept alive by doubt. Uncompromising denial has also its heroism, when it advances against numbers and a mythology still in the ascendant. But denial that has thrown its last spear at the last idol, could be a hero no longer. It has become by its own success the commonplace of life.

Were its victory complete, there would indeed be a commonplace of life, such as the world has never yet seen. Wonder would have ceased; reverence and mystery would have ceased; where the classifications of science break off, there would be mere blank of knowledge, or phenomena not yet catalogued and arranged. The earth would exist for merely agricultural purposes, and our sky would be so many cubic feet of atmospheric air. Man, who—like the god Apis—was wont to pass now for a god and now for an ox, would know himself, once for all, to be veritable ox, and graze contentedly. The denouement is not interesting.

CLARENCE.

You describe very faithfully what a materialistic philosophy might bring us to—if such a philosophy could ever predominate. In such descriptions as you and Thorndale have given, and which you might easily multiply, I concur most cordially. I have a firm conviction that, by the very faculties which the Creator has bestowed on man, every social epoch will be found to bring forward the faith best suited to it. The Neapolitan fisherman and the English shoemaker have each of them a real genuine faith, and one which has great elements of truth in it. If they become more enlightened, the truths they believe will become more and more conspicuous, the error and the fable drop off. This is the only change I can anticipate. The Neapolitan will blend with his worship a higher morality, and the Englishman shall retain his hope of a glorious immortality, without the contempt or bitterness he must be excused for feeling

against a world that does not turn to him its most amiable aspect.

SECKENDORF.

Clarence must have *both* ideals—his terrestrial and his celestial Utopia—and he will not see that the two are incompatible.

It is a matter of fact, not of conjecture, of history, of daily observation, that man's faith in a future life grows out of the wrongs and affliction of his earthly career. What philosophers have talked of the immortality of the soul, or of divine "ecstasy," or of the contrast between the eternal and permanent and this changeful and time-begotten life—is a mere afterthought. The bulk of mankind have believed in a future life, because they have believed in a future judgment; because great criminals had departed from the world unpunished; because their own days were passing away, and no felicity had been realized. You imagine a time when there are no wrongs, and few sorrows, and you still expect this faith to survive.

Do you think that the belief in immortality could last a moment if stated as a bare fact of natural philosophy?

There lies a dead man! Nature does not revive that dead man. She has a quite different plan. *She makes another.* He is already here. The living son is carrying the dead father to his last rest.

You put out a man's eyes and he no longer sees; you damage his brain, and he no longer remembers; you kill him outright, and he is supposed to start up all sight and all memory! Confess this does not wear the air of probability.

But what is probability, or the course of nature, or the clearest testimony of our senses, against a passion-begotten faith! The strong desire, the untamable *wish*, the irresistible *fear*, these are the masters of our belief. The senses themselves are feeble when opposed to them.

When a creed is here amongst us—given us by tradition and the people—philosophers play with it as they list, and mould it to their taste. Let the popular passion die out, and what would become of the philosophic creed? It happens, however—happily or unhappily—that our passions, our wants, our griefs, are pre-

cisely the most permanent things in human life. Nor is there any class of men entirely exempt from them.

You delight to speak, Clarence, of the ideas of the Few extending to the Many. You forget the constant and most potent influence *of the Many over the Few*. I do not find that scientific men, as a body, have any peculiarity in their religious opinions. And most assuredly any departure from the popular creed which you find in this or that individual, is no proof of his greater intelligence or wider knowledge. Generally speaking, the man is less amiable, less conscientious, than others, not more able, more intellectually strong.

CLARENCE.

Nowhere, in all the wide range of our many controversies, do I so entirely differ from you as in this—that the progress of science, and of the scientific mode of thinking, has a tendency to destroy our belief in immortality. I am convinced that here the science of the latest age will be found to be in perfect harmony with the imagination of the earliest. Humanity is one whole, and develops itself under the God of Truth. But if you, Seckendorf, think otherwise, if you have persuaded yourself that science is incompatible with this faith—to you I say that, nevertheless, you ought to advance the cause of science and of intellectual progress. Say that man *has* only this life to live, surely he should live it to the best of his power—live it with Truth for his companion, and not delusion.

What a strange position is it that you take up! I am not to believe in Heaven because it is a dream of the imagination; and I am not to believe in terrestrial progress because this will dissipate the dream. The belief in immortality is a proof of the *childhood* of the human race; then if I speculate upon its advancing manhood, I am told that this manhood would be a hard, melancholy, impoverished existence. But let us have our manhood at all events. And whatever that manhood may be, it will surely come.

SECKENDORF.

Che sarà sarà, as one of your nobility bears upon his shield.

I will bear the same motto upon mine. I am not alarmed, I assure you, at any possible achievement of science or philosophy. I strongly suspect that faiths which spring from the *Unknown*, looked at through our own miseries and craving desires, will outlast any thing we have yet attained of scientific knowledge. But I am prepared for either fate. Nature will protect her own: she will be at all times in harmony with herself. If I have little faith in progress, I can contemplate without dismay the inevitable change and mutability that characterize our world. I am no prophet, as you are, Clarence, nor care to make proselytes to my own way of thinking. I am rather pleased to contemplate the vast variety of opinions, feelings, sentiments.

I have not taken upon myself to remodel the world upon my own convictions. There has been always room in this varied scene for a Democritus or an Anaxagoras; he, too, I suppose, had his part to play in it. To me it seems that the difficulty we have in dealing with subjects that affect human society results from the extreme complexity and variety of this same human society. We cannot embrace it. What we see is never the whole. Hence, to our apprehensions, its incurable contradiction. The chaos is in our own minds; no doubt of that. There can be but one chaos, that of the limited understanding.

CLARENCE.

Most true! most true! But our hopes lie precisely here—that our limited understanding extends its limits. The same power that created, is enlarging our intelligence. Thus the only chaos is slowly giving way to order and a complete unity. Order, truth, enlargement of comprehension, are but synonymous terms.

SECKENDORF.

To me it seems that it is one of the conditions of this creature, man—from the development of whose reason you expect so much—that he should be always in a maze of mystery and ignorance. The more of the labyrinth he explores, the wider and more intricate does the labyrinth become. The answer to one

question brings forward another, and another question, still more difficult of solution. For practical purposes we gather something from this or that science—something that converts to food and clothing, pleasure or occupation—but science itself, that intellectual view which embraces the whole of things, is utterly unattainable. Science, *as an intelligible whole*, is a mere delusion. It is an impossible aim leading along endless tracts of labour. A countryman who should start upon a journey to the horizon, would have as much hope of reaching some definite end of his pilgrimage.

We must all reason to the best of our power in the age and generation in which we live. We have something we call knowledge, and some rules, and methods, or maxims of scientific investigation—and with these we must work, or lie idle as dogs. But what thinking man—who is not the mere puppet of some *sing-song* of his day—has not felt, at times, the sad uncertainty of all his knowledge—has not felt that posterity may reverse all his decrees? What we call scientific methods, and universal maxims, are built upon special knowledge in this and that department of science. Hardly anything is safe.—It is *life* that is the end of life, not *truth*.

THORNDALE.

If science is a delusion, it is one at least which you yourself have not renounced; for you still prosecute it, and not without result.

SECKENDORF.

Whilst I live I must think. Such is the nature of some of us. Just as this poor mutilated centipede that is crawling upon Clarence's table must still continue to crawl as long as any vitality remains to it. See, it is but half a centipede, and yet it crawls on, and now I place this book upright in its way, and it thrusts its headless body against the barrier. It cannot advance, and yet continues in every leg the old action of walking. Mere contact of the surface it treads on, stimulates the now useless foot. Well, there are more of us than this mutilated centipede who keep walking, though we make no way.

CHAPTER IV.

THE INN ON THE RIGHI—SECKENDORF RECOUNTS AN INCIDENT IN HIS OWN BIOGRAPHY.

We three made together the usual excursion to the summit of the Righi. We slept at the inn that stands there in its solitary elevation, in order that we might see the sun rise the next morning over the mountains. Like many other tourists, we were disappointed. Morning came, but no sun. We found ourselves enveloped in a thick and drenching mist. In fact we were in the centre of a cloud, and one that gave no signs of dispersing. Consultation was held. Should we descend the mountain? Should we remain and take the chance of another sunrise? We were in possession of a sitting-room with an enormous German stove—a square pile of green crockery ware that half filled the apartment—and, moreover, supplied with no scanty collection of books in all languages. We determined to spend the day in this sort of imprisonment. The books were very little used. As soon as one of us had got upon a chair to examine the shelves of the library, another was sure to ask what discovery he had made, or he would himself immediately begin to talk about the book he had found instead of reading it. In short, they only served to start some new topic of conversation.

The cloud enclosed us the whole of the day; you could see absolutely nothing. If you opened the window for an instant, a cold driving mist entered that very soon satisfied your curiosity. We were rewarded, however, for our perseverance; for on the following morning the sun rose in full splendour, and we were witnesses to a spectacle such as never forsakes the memory of those who have been fortunate enough to see it to advantage.

I have said we were rewarded for our perseverance; but, for

my own part, I have passed few more delightful days than this which was spent in fast imprisonment in the inn on the Righi. Never did a dinner-party go off with greater spirit than ours; and when evening, and the coffee came, (always the propitious moment with Seckendorf,) our Baron, or Doctor, by whichever name he ought to be called, became most frank, cordial, and communicative. It was on this occasion that he gave us some insight into his early history. The conversation which ushered in this personal confidence rolled upon some of our old topics of philosophical discussion. Seckendorf took the lead.

SECKENDORF.

When I was a student at Berlin, Kant was our great metaphysical authority. I am not surprised (let me say by the way of parenthesis) at the supreme sway he obtained at one time, or the brevity of that sway. He gratified at once two opposite tendencies—the love of critical examination, and the desire for a steadfast belief. Those who delight in the destructive exercise of the analytic faculty, could find all they wanted in the *Critique of the Pure Reason;* those who demanded from philosophy a basis whereon to rest some cherished faith, moral or religious, found what they sought for in the commodious doctrine of the *Practical Reason.* But two such opposite factions could not long be held under the same banner. The system of Kant was rent in two. Some never forgot that chapter on what are called the "amphibologies" of the speculative reason. Others clung with tenacity to the "category imperative," and that astounding expedient for saving the freedom of the will, the introduction of the mysterious "noumenon," or being in itself. The intellect, which is cognizant only of *phenomena* and their laws, judges all things as under the dominion of law. In the will the "noumenon" reveals itself to our consciousness; and the noumenon, or being in itself, is not in space or in time, and therefore not under the laws of phenomena. From which admirable and lucid exposition, it follows that we must always *feel* ourselves free, and *think* ourselves bound or subject to the meaner laws of space and time.

Such profundities I also studied, not without a certain share

of enthusiasm, though with a dim obscure feeling, even while I was laying down my dogmas most earnestly, that I did not quite understand myself.

It happened that a citizen of Berlin, noted for his wretched and violent temper, finally ended his career by blowing out his brains. He chose a sentry-box in the public street for the scene of this exploit. Though life was extinct, the people nevertheless carried him into the hospital. I was passing at the time. I had some little knowledge of the man, and, mingling with the medical students, I entered with them into the hospital. The man was quite dead, and a post-mortem examination ensued. An eminent physician, passing through the room just as the operators were commencing their work, said, as he hurried on to some pressing avocation of his own, "Look under the *dura mater*, and see if there are not some osseous deposits." The operator did not fail to look, and lo! there were osseous deposits, "evidently," as they all pronounced, "of a very irritating sort."

I was struck with this incident, both because of the certainty and precision of the physician's knowledge, and because of the palpable cause here discovered of the violent and ungovernable temper of the unhappy man. I thought that the temper of some other men I knew would be a little more intelligible if one could only look under their *dura mater*. I passed in review several of my friends;—did not quite forget myself;—perhaps here also, I said, are osseous deposits of a very irritating sort.

On the next day I betook myself to a medical library. Of course the first book I seized upon was a treatise upon the brain. I soon after, however, settled down into a regular course of anatomy and physiology. Here, for the first time, did I feel, when talking about *man*, something like firm ground beneath my feet. Fool that I had been, I said to myself, to hope to understand this human and reasoning being by sifting and resifting *the last verbal proposition he enunciates in the schools*, instead of beginning with the simple facts which my very senses can testify for me. I laid aside for the present my investigations into *Being* and *Cause* and *Power*, and resolved to learn whatever could be learnt of a muscle, of a nerve, of an organ of sense. I felt I had been losing myself in a vicious method.

CLARENCE.

And you burnt your metaphysics?

SECKENDORF.

Not exactly. But I studied physiology. I entered with great zest into my new labours. I embraced the whole circle of a medical education. Out of mere vanity, or a species of bravado, I took my doctor's degree. Very far indeed from me at that time, was the notion of really entering this learned profession, and somewhat curious the incident that led to so unforeseen a result. But that is quite beside our question.

CLARENCE.

If it is not an "indiscretion," as the French say, to make such a request, I should like very much to know what the incident was that transformed you, a German Baron, with his sixteen quarters, into an English physician.

SECKENDORF.

Well, if it will at all interest you, you shall hear how a "baron bold," wealthy enough, and proud enough, was transformed into the somewhat eccentric physician I have the reputation of being. And, Clarence, you shall *moralize* the event. Make of it an illustration—if you can—of that predominance of the Intellect over the Passions on which you count so much.

The temperament of a man, the blood that is in him, is apt, I suspect, to overrule his philosophy. If this thinking faculty of mine had been lodged in some slender, feeble shred of a body—all nerve and sensibility—I should have doubtless taken, once for all, to books and meditation, and laboured, perhaps—I also—to obtain the reputation of a philosopher. But only measure me! —(*and Seckendorf, laughing at his own idea, stood up at his full height*)—I stand six feet some inches, the naked heel resting on the mother earth. Age has narrowed and rounded in my shoulders; but there was a time when I could have borne off a professor of philosophy upon each one of them. I had the thews and sinews of a tiger; I could have endured fatigue with a North American savage; I have fasted for three days, and then fed like

a boa-constrictor. Was this the digestion for a philosopher? Was this the organization for one who asks nothing of material nature but a headpiece to think with, and so much animal mechanism as goes to the moving of a pen? I could for weeks together spend the whole day, and much of the night, in indefatigable study. Then would follow a craving for physical excitement, an appetite for action, quite irrepressible. I would then ride the fleetest horses urged to their utmost speed; or I would repair to the fencing-school. The use of every weapon was familiar to me, but the sword and the foil were my favourites. The energetic contest of man with man, some sort of *fighting*, believe me, comes very natural to the human animal. Foot to foot, eye on eye, stroke on stroke, there is no excitement like the combat.

I was rich—I was noble; there was but one career that seemed appropriate to me. I, who had gone the round of scientific education, left my science, my learning, my metaphysics, my physiology, to buckle a sabre at my side and fight at the bidding of another! To be sure, I had the dear Fatherland to fight for. There was a crusade on foot against foreign domination. I was not without some sort of Madonna to sanction the old hereditary instinct for war.

My commanding officer was a prince of the blood, which did not prevent him from being a man of very weak understanding. I had a very sincere contempt for him; and probably, in some way, made this sufficiently evident. I despised him, and he detested me. I was not in general popular with my fellow officers. They were for the most part empty-headed, and much like great boys. I could not always conceal my derision. Of course I was in a very weak minority in my quarrel with the general.

The disputes that occur in a camp or a barrack—questions about drill or parade—you will not care to hear, nor I to recall. Suffice it, that on one occasion a controversy arose between me and my princely general. Some sarcastic word of mine stung him to the quick, and having no answer ready in speech, he clenched his fist, and struck at me. Some officers of the regiment who were standing by instantly interposed. To make peace, and hush the matter up, they all declared that no blow had actually been struck—that the Prince's arm had fallen short,

that the hand had not really touched me. The sycophants! When my back was turned they would have gloated over the indignity I had sustained. They declared that no blow had been struck—*I had felt it.* His hand had touched me,—say rather it had *burnt.* An infant's hand could hardly have given a slighter blow;—a feather driven by the wind against my breast would have inflicted as great an injury;—an adder's fang could not have left a more deadly wound. Indeed, it rankled as if some poison had been suddenly diffused through my veins; it stung me to rage, it roused all the tiger nature in me.

Then and there, of course, nothing could be done. I retired in silence. I received no apology, and I asked for none.

At the time I am speaking of, we Germans were engaged in our last war with France. Our regiment was stationed at some paltry town on the frontier, whose name I forget. We had been kept inactive there for some time, and our prince-general occupied his evenings in visiting a cottage in the suburbs, where he had found, or to which he had brought, some frail damsel or other. The matter had never interested me a moment, nor the gossip to which it gave occasion; but now it flashed upon me that this circumstance would favour my revenge.

To challenge my superior officer, and that in time of war, would have been idle; he would have refused to fight, and that with perfect propriety. But I might encounter him alone by the river-side, and, man to man, compel him to fight. When the evening came I sallied forth, selecting a circuitous route by which I should intercept him. I took two rapiers under my arm, of precisely the same length, that no want of proper tools should baulk my intelligent purpose. Thus provided, I sallied forth.

Here, then, was I—very profound philosopher, informed in many sciences, much accustomed to the subtlest analyses of human thought and motive—thrown into an ungovernable rage by a touch upon the epidermis, which a child would hardly have felt, which it required all the sensitiveness of pride and honour to be conscious of. But I was then wholly given up to passion? Was I altogether incapable of reflection? Had all my old habits of introverted thought and self-examination deserted me? Not so. I perfectly remember that I was reasoning at every

step I took. I was proving to myself at every step how utterly mad and absurd a purpose I was bent upon. I reasoned, but I walked on. "A mere blow!" I said to myself, "and of the very slightest! For this blood must be shed—life taken! Insanity!" But I never slackened my pace. "Honour! my honour wounded! He who *gives* an unmerited blow, is the dishonoured man—or ought to be. He who receives one, has but to pardon or disdain." Incomparable sentiment! Irrefutable logic! I tossed it to and fro, as one tosses a staff from hand to hand, and strode on none the less rapidly for the exercise.

"I shall kill him!" I said to myself. "I shall kill this man; I am the better swordsman. We call it battle, combat, fair duel; nothing but the merest accident can save him. He is brave, but I am braver. He is strong and skilful, but I am stronger and more skilful. I shall strike him dead—and I mean it. And for a blow!" But, even as I repeated that word "blow," my cheek flushed with rekindled anger; I felt again that foul touch of another's clenched hand upon my breast, foul, revolting, intolerable. "He struck! It cannot be helped. It is nature's law. Everywhere the blow brings on the combat."

So reasoning, and so marching—reasoning this way and that, but marching straight on without a pause—I met my adversary. We fought. He did not want courage. I slew him. He lay dead at my feet.

CLARENCE.

And then you took flight?

SECKENDORF.

It is what I should have done; but I stood rooted to the spot. Reflection now—when she could be only a hindrance—gained the complete ascendency. Wisdom now had it all to herself. What a text for meditation lay before me!

Suddenly a female figure rushed past me, and threw herself upon the body of my late antagonist. Oh, what a shriek was that! With what a poignant remorse it filled my whole soul! It utterly unnerved me. When one of a picquet of soldiers touched my shoulder to arrest me, I, who three minutes before

would have madly fought against a whole battalion, yielded quietly, and surrendered my sword.

When you consider the breach of military discipline I had committed, the rank of the man who had fallen, the desire of his successor to show his zeal in revenging him, and my own unpopularity amongst my fellow-officers, you will see that my fate was sealed. A court-martial, as you would designate it, passed sentence of death upon me.—I have had experience, Clarence, of that hour men pass, when, full to the last of life, they walk onwards to their death.

CLARENCE.

It is an hour which I have often tried to imagine. Nature, in her own kind way, either gives no time for much reflection, hurries us off in some fit of pain or passion, or else she first takes away the love of life before she takes life itself. This terrible artificiality, this cold and sudden death, pronounced, plotted, executed with official routine and exactness—this intense thought marching onward to lay thought down—has always struck me as amongst the most astounding things of human life.

SECKENDORF.

Nature is with us here too. Some men the blow stuns; in others the very intensity of thought which such an hour calls up, acts like the anguish of a wound. I remember a wild dizzy intolerable confusion of many thoughts. If I stepped quietly along the greensward, I nevertheless felt like one who is walking in a whirlwind.

I, and a French prisoner, a detected spy, were led out together to the trenches to be shot. They had united me with this prisoner as an additional indignity.

I must mention a little incident touching my companion, because it produced a delay to which I partly owe my escape. He was a very little man. He was only too brave. He absolutely strutted to his death; a demeanour which struck me as rather too heroic for the occasion. For me, as I walked those few steps, every train of speculative thought I ever had in my

life, seemed to be rushing through my mind; and to the lively Frenchman my deportment doubtless appeared too sad and despondent. "Courage!" he exclaimed; "the eyes of Europe are upon us!" "Eyes of Europe!" I muttered; "we shall be as two dogs buried in a ditch—go quietly to kennel." I had not the least thought of wounding the man's feelings. But he was outrageously indignant at what he called my insulting language. With tears streaming from his eyes, he implored the soldiers who had guard over us to give him a little respite—I had bitterly insulted him—only five minutes of life, that he might do mortal combat for his honour.

The soldiers laughed at his clamorous petition. I was annoyed. But the delay was fortunate. Just as they had succeeded in pacifying the Frenchman, the cry was raised that the enemy was on us! A panic spread through the whole camp. The party of soldiers who were to be our executioners, thought only of their own safety. We were permitted to escape in the confusion. Though unpopular with the officers, I was a favourite of the men; and it has since occurred to me that they lent themselves very readily to the panic. I heard the word of command given to follow us, but it was not obeyed; they fled as if the Frenchman's bayonet was upon them.

CLARENCE.

I hope you had not to fight with the little Frenchman.

SECKENDORF.

No, no. He ran one way and I another. The natural course, I suppose, of a person in my position, would have been to offer his sword at the military courts of Austria or Russia. But I was sick of the sword. I thought of Switzerland—I thought of England. What trivial motives often turn the scale in what seems the most momentous crisis of our lives! I could speak the English language, and had never been in England. I decided upon England.

CLARENCE.

But after an interval, could you not return to your own country? It was, after all, fair duel.

SECKENDORF.

My offence was unpardonable. Besides, my lands had been confiscated, and had fallen into the hands of some courtier, who would not have wished to see me again at Berlin. Thus much my friends were able to obtain, that, so long as I did not set foot on the territory of Prussia, no inquiries should be made after me.

But with his lands confiscated, how was a German Baron to live in London? That degree of Doctor of Medicine, which I had taken out of mere bravado, came to my rescue. I applied myself again to my old and favourite studies. I wrote a book. How I lived while the book was being written, shall perhaps one day be told you for your edification. My book brought me patients. And lo! the transformation complete!

CLARENCE.

Not altogether complete; for our learned physician sometimes becomes again the "Baron bold," and he has been known suddenly to decamp, and fly half over Europe and Asia before he has returned and settled again in his comfortable house in London.

SECKENDORF.

And now, Clarence, you shall moralize the tale. Have I not given a fair illustration of the manner in which passion still rules predominant over intellect?

CLARENCE.

I have been too much interested in the history itself to think what it might fitliest illustrate. But if I really am "to point the tale," I see in it a striking example of the manner in which a given state of public opinion *tells* upon our passions, and I press your narrative into an argument for our moral progress; for it was the state of public opinion with regard to duelling, and to that stigma supposed to be cast upon a man who *receives* a blow, which developed the peculiar form of passion or revenge which actuated you. If this transaction were to take place now, such has been the change already made, within the life of one man, in

public opinion on these matters, that you would not have the same feelings of revenge or hostility aroused in you. Men, in cold blood, form more rational opinions on this subject, and these control and modify the passionate man himself. Thus a moral progress is effected. In truth, Seckendorf, when I consider it, I ought to feel obliged to you for the admirable illustration you have thrown in my way of one kind of progressive movement.

SECKENDORF.

Well, we will leave the illustration alone; I have no wish to dwell longer upon it. Let us forget the duel of swords and pistols, and carry on our own more peaceful duel. I will not—O thou prince of artists, and most Quixotic of philosophers!—truly an artist-philosopher—I will not play with illustrations, but I will suggest to you certain strict *limits* to that moral and religious progress you vaunt so much. To Nature's progress or development, in an altogether unknown future, I set no limits; I neither pretend to foresee or to limit that augmentation of all life—that *creative increase*, which some have thought to be the law of our world. I deal only with the ideal progress you present to me. And I say the very causes you invoke to speed you on this progress, act, in a double manner, against as well as for you. The progressive development of society brings with it increased variety of individual characters and opinions, and I need not say it is unanimity of opinion which gives the maximum power to the moral sentiment. And in religion, just in proportion as you refine, humanize, and *intellectualize* your creed, do you weaken its influence on our hopes and fears.

CHAPTER V.

SECKENDORF ON THE NATURE OF PROGRESS, AND THE LIMITS TO MORAL AND RELIGIOUS PROGRESS.

CLARENCE.

But you surely cannot deny that man *has* progressed. You cannot deny the past, whatever you may believe, or refuse to believe, of the future. As a man of science, you cannot deny that the history of our whole world manifests a process of development, and that the history of the human species does so in an especial and most remarkable manner. As a man of science, you must allow that, if the same species continues to exist, it will continue to develop.

SECKENDORF.

Ad infinitum—eh? But if you appeal to science, you must be bound by science. If you find that human nature develops itself from age to age, you have no right to conclude that it will develop itself *in any other fashion or manner than it has hitherto done.* Development, according to your account, is the normal state of this creature. It puts forth a fuller and more varied life. Well, then, imagine in the future (if you can imagine what does not yet exist) a life still more complex, still more varied. But as you have hitherto had a simultaneous development of good and evil, (or what we are accustomed to call such,) what other anticipation have you a right to form than that there will be still further development of both good and evil? A community in which there should be a still greater variety in individual development, would lead us to anticipate still greater diversity of conduct, and of opinion on social and moral subjects.

The path of progress is the path of life. If it has been rug-

ged and tortuous hitherto, why should it not continue to be rugged and tortuous? War and conquest have been, and still are, the great agents in civilizing the world. Famine has driven the race over the face of the earth, and is still doing so. The surplus population, as it is politely called, of the more advanced and prosperous nations, are exterminating the weaker and less progressive races—red, black, tawney, yellow, and the like.

Man does not put forth his blossoms exactly like the lily and the rose. What you call his development is a very turbulent business. The stream of life runs broader, fuller—not purer or more peacefully. The last novelty, the last development that history will have to record of these our times is, that we have added to war and civil discord the charming variety of revolution. This is the last bud or blossom that you have to point to. Our tree of life has produced this amongst its other novelties. I ask you on what possible grounds can you predict a time when it is to put forth none but good fruit, or what you are pleased to call such? Permit a physiologist to remark, that when we speak of the development of any species, we do not imply a complete departure from the type.

CLARENCE.

Sometimes nothing so much assists us in explaining our own views as the opposition of a keen antagonist. I readily admit that our idea of development is that of fuller and more varied life; but this is only one half the truth—the fuller life is also the better life. Here it is, oh Seckendorf, that your philosophy so egregiously fails. You see that throughout nature there is development; you see that in man, not only is the individual a more complex being, but society becomes more complex from the developed varieties amongst these individual men. But you have not grasped the truth that this progressive development is but the progressive manifestation of the Divine Idea, or the great whole. More and fuller life is a nearer approximation to the complete whole; in which complete whole every part becomes itself more exalted by reason of the increased relationships it has. If I begin a sketch, and put down upon the paper a church here and a windmill there, they look crude enough; except that they

are on the same paper, they seem to have no relationship to each other. But as I fill in the rest of the picture, not only do I put more objects on the paper, but my church and my windmill are related to all these new objects, and now harmonize together in a quite novel manner. Fuller life *is* better life; development *is* progress, because that *whole* is being developed in which every *part* becomes raised, and exalted, and harmonious.

SECKENDORF.

I must allow that you know more of the Divine Idea, and of the hitherto undeveloped *whole*, than I do. Limiting myself to that half of the truth which you compliment me on knowing something about, I see a process of the following kind going on in the human species. More numerous arts are practised—greater knowledge is obtained; but these arts, this knowledge, become *individualized* in certain men. In a very rude state of society one man may be an epitome of all men; but just as development proceeds does diversity increase between man and man, and we are now accustomed to say that the greatest of men shrink into littleness when placed beside Humanity. Now, this greater variety of individual character, brought about by the variety of arts, of occupation, of knowledge, points to a fuller life; but how do you find in it any indication of that moral perfection of society, or that perfect whole, and that better life, that you delight to prophesy? The very nature of things suggests a limit to moral progress. If you have few rules of conduct, and all men are agreed upon them, you have the *maximum* of obedience. The old Persians, if indeed they limited their code to the virtue of telling truth, would very rigidly enforce this rule amongst themselves. He who did not tell truth would be at once stigmatized. But if there is a very complex life, and many rules of conduct, you have—1. Diversity of judgment, weakening the force of opinion; and, 2. You have many rules of conduct to enforce, and the man who has broken one may yet have obeyed others. Men are now of very mixed characters: their faults get pardoned for their virtues, and the opprobrium of public opinion no longer falls with the same pitiless decision. *That very complexity of human society which constitutes your progress,*

is limiting and restricting that force of opinion on which you are counting for a perfect morality.

I indeed am not discontented with such world as we have, but I certainly cannot see that Divine Idea which is to be fulfilled in the future. This thick mist which now envelops us, as we sit perched here on the summit of the Righi, is no bad emblem of the sort of prospect that we get when we are bent upon looking out into the future.

CLARENCE.

Wait till to-morrow morning at sunrise, and we shall have, upon this Righi, I hope, a much better emblem.

SECKENDORF.

Meanwhile, if we could ascend such a mountain as your poet speaks of, one from which all the kingdoms of the earth could be descried, with all their polities, religion, laws, and customs, is it a very encouraging spectacle that would be revealed to us? How read you the "Signs of the Times?" Where do you see great moral, political, religious advancement? If the kingdoms of the earth were spread out before me, should I see despotism everywhere retiring, and yielding the ground to self-governing communities? Should I see the churches and priesthoods of Christendom relinquishing their old task of governing men by imaginary terrors? Should I see anywhere a populace that could be safely manumitted from such a government? Should I see our great religious teachers aiming to discover truth for themselves and others, or still ruling the world—and contented, and *compelled* to rule the world—by whatever dogma is already accredited?—themselves bound down as much by this necessity to govern, as the populace by their need of government. What are the signs of moral advancement that I should behold? Does not poverty in all its most hideous forms still exist in London and in Paris? Man takes no measure of his wants, and his own power to supply them—lives and multiplies like any beast of the field: whole classes amongst us rub on, as they call it, from day to day. Intelligence never visits them, or it makes its appearance as some new development of villany. Take the

whole national life: Has war ceased? will there be no more battles and sieges? Are all homes happy? Has the domestic war ceased? Are tears, and anger, and spite no more seen or heard in the very regions which the poets fill with love?

Two years ago, a democratic movement shook most of the thrones of Europe. Was this in the programme of your development? Was this the "march of intellect?" If so, there has been a countermarch. As I read this last chapter in our history, wealth took the alarm at certain prophetic announcements of 'social progress,' of 'equitable reorganization,' and threw her weight upon the side of monarchy. Wealth enlisted the despot; wealth reënlisted and exalted the priest. Men, to save themselves from your philanthropic regeneration, sacrificed political liberty and intellectual liberty: they submitted to imperial government, and shuffled on in haste the cloak of hypocrisy.

England is almost the only country of Europe that at this moment can boast of republican institutions (for the government of England is practically a republic under the forms of monarchy); but how long is she likely to retain this distinction? Some little time ago I beheld paraded through the streets of London an enormous banner, followed by a multitude of Chartists. On this purple banner, and in letters of gold, one might read the motto—"A fair day's wages for a fair day's work." A more modest motto, you will say, was never displayed in purple and gold. A more impossible demand was never made. No legislative power on earth could give them their fair day's wages for their fair day's work. They must look after that matter, each one for himself. Nay, if Parliament, in her "omnipotence," should settle what shall be a fair day's work and a fair day's wages, Parliament must next consult the gods and mother earth to know if these recognize the tariff. Your work and your wages are finally settled—somewhere out of Parliament. But now, if this clamour rises, if this motto becomes a popular faith, then wealth in England will also take the alarm. Wealth here also will enlist the monarch;—the pageant, and the forms, and the very theory of monarchical government, have all been faithfully preserved;—wealth here, also, will take shelter in imperial government, will renounce its free Parliament and its

free press, and keep the private purse untouched. Wealth here, also, will exalt the priest still higher, and bow still lower to the Church, if by any means it can raise a power that will hold the multitude in check.

I said a moment ago that *Revolution* had been the latest product of society. But I am reminded that there is another later still, and a favourite of the English soil—what you call *strikes* of your working population. Possibly good may come out of these combinations; they teach men their power, but in their immediate effect they have all the evils, in a mitigated form, of a political revolution. Probably the enmity they occasion lasts longer, though it is less violent.

And pray tell me, Clarence, you who have studied the signs of the times, and should know your own countrymen better than I do, is it one amongst the symptoms of intellectual progress that there is a movement in England towards the Roman Catholic Church? Is this movement at all connected with some political movement, some monarchical tendency? Does it result from pure love of truth and the spirit of inquiry? I, who was brought up in the great Catholic Church, have my partialities towards her, and might not be the fittest judge. How do you read this matter? To me it seems not improbable that that ragged urchin who is chalking up, "No Popery" on the walls of London, may live to see High Mass performed in St. Paul's Cathedral. He himself will be kneeling, an old man, bareheaded, on the pavement, to be sprinkled by the holy water as priests pass by in gorgeous procession, bearing the immaculate Virgin on their shoulders. Half your clergy, half your aristocracy, and every idle woman, are already ours. Every infidel, who loves music better than sermonizing, is already ours. All who love pomp and sentiment better than perplexing dogmas, will welcome the change. As to the mob, we know of old how they are to be converted. The good Moslems knew and practised the art long ago. Not always is the sword necessary. The Muezzin ascends the tower and calls to prayer; the people pelt him with stones; he ascends again, and calls still louder, and the people throw fewer stones; he still ascends, still calls, and the people drop their stones from their hands, and fall upon

their knees. There is but one body in England from whom a stout resistance may be expected. The Dissenters will not convert. The descendants of the old Puritans—the republicans in religion—will stand out to the last. They will not convert, but they will *burn;* they are combustible. And if an age too fastidious rejects the aid of fire even in so great an emergency, there are your colonies—they can be transported. England, purified from their presence, will again be embraced in the One Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church. If I am a little too sanguine here, you must attribute it to the bias of early education.

CLARENCE.

I cannot tell how far you are serious, Seckendorf. If the first part of your melancholy prophecy should come true, and England should sink under a military or despotic government—should lose her liberty of free printing and free speaking—then indeed she may sink also into a spiritual despotism—into any folly you may imagine. It is not a certain *section* of the Church that will transform England. Men of more imbecile minds than these softly arrogant clergy I have nowhere encountered. I say nothing of the chiefs of the party. I speak of men whom I have met with, and talked with. They fly from all manly discussion; they take refuge, like children, at the petticoats of some bigger priest than themselves—there sulk and pout at you.

SECKENDORF.

You quite mistake the matter if you measure their power by their intellect. This is not the work for men of intellect. What is wanted is a body of men unanimous, and just superior to the minds they have to work upon. These softly arrogant clergy are adored by your women. My profession brings me acquainted with many people, and gives me some peculiar opportunities for observing them. I need not say that all depends on the degree of spiritual power ceded by the laity to the priesthood. A priesthood once acknowledged to be authorized teachers, will lead the laity where it pleases. Well, I have never known a fashionable woman who was not in favour of a domineering clergy. She

reverences the priest exactly in proportion to the claim he makes upon her obedience. What do you augur from this?

CLARENCE.

O Seckendorf! this is childish talk. There are movements going on in society amongst the men who *work*, and the men who *think*, before which your fashionable women and their favoured priests will be as chaff before the wind. Nor am I much concerned at these monarchical tendencies that you allude to. Public opinion (and this is the great matter) can govern and advance under very different forms of government. If I see an emperor at the head of armies, ruling as with a sense of duty, and with desire to obtain the suffrages of all classes, I imagine I have a spectacle before me of as good augury for progress as any that could be named. I do not desire such a form of government, but an empire may be administered with something of the spirit of a republic; it may be little else than a democracy with a head to it—a democracy ruling through one man, one representative, instead of an assembly of representatives. And if priesthoods still govern, mark this—they come before the laity to prove, by dint of argument, that they ought to govern. They are obliged to evoke that very reason they are bent on supplanting. Do you see nothing in this? To bring back the old 'implicit faith' would be a hopeless and absurd endeavour.

SECKENDORF.

The hopeless and absurd endeavour seems to prosper mightily well, and that not only in England, but in philosophical Germany. The country of Luther seems very much disposed to retransmit the Bible to the custody of the Church. One thing is very plain: You are fond, Clarence, of discoursing on the influence of a *scientific habit of thought* upon our moral and religious opinions. I thing you cannot detect in these movements the influences of science or scientific discipline.

CLARENCE.

Not precisely in this movement you are speaking of; but there are others in which that influence can be traced. I offer

no opinion upon the state of things in Germany, but in our own England I do not care a rush about this supposed movement towards Rome of a section of our Church. They have only to show that they really *are* moving in that direction, and they will arouse such a feeling of indignation throughout England, as will sweep them from the island with the force of a hurricane.

SECKENDORF.

England shall be still and eternally Protestant, if you will. We will leave these oscillating movements of our own day and generation. They seem very little to affect you, Clarence; your eye is on remote centuries. Perhaps the rocking of a state to and fro, and this oscillation in great monarchies and churches, do but prove to you that Time is hurrying on his pageant somewhat faster than usual. I will draw your attention to certain permanent conditions of human life, certain unalterable characteristics of this being man, which stand as obstacles or limits to your moral progression.

CLARENCE.

What are these formidable obstacles?

SECKENDORF.

Take these two, Labour and Death; and when you have reflected on them, I will add a third.

These are permanent conditions, I believe, of human existence. Nothing is given but to labour. We pay down in hard toil, a heavy price for the slightest acquisition made to our civilization. Every year the fields are to be cultivated, the mines are to be excavated, the cloth is to be woven, the house is to be built or rebuilt. And moreover, the age in which these toils ceased, would sink immediately into mental as well as bodily sloth. Unceasing Labour is a permanent condition of existence, and Death, I presume, is still the inevitable.

Now, what very exalted Ideal of life can be realized in a race against which these two decrees have gone forth? You would refine and intellectualize human beings, and the great multitude must labour for food, clothing and habitation, as no other

animal labours. In the climates most propitious to intellectual activity there is a long winter, there are rains, and damp, and cold, to be incessantly provided against. The one article of fuel sends thousands into the bowels of the earth; they have to dig deeper every year. Whether it is worth while to speculate on the very remote contingency of the coal-fields of Europe being exhausted, I cannot say; I leave that to men who take future centuries under their especial care. What is plain to us is, that coal and iron are prime necessaries of life, and the getting them is no child's play. The steam-engine is the great boast, and fairly so, of modern times; but follow the steam-engine throughout its whole history, its making, and all the work it performs, and for every stroke of the piston there has been the stroke of a human arm, or perhaps the throbbing of some human brain. For when the man has got the machine to work for him, he always finds that he has converted himself also into a machine, and stands by, working mechanically with it for hour after hour. No engine has yet been invented which, if it profited one part of mankind, has not also been an engine of torture to another.

You will say that, without this incessant labour, the knowledge and intelligence of man could never have been developed. The want that stimulates labour has also stimulated thought. That such is the nature of men, is the very fact I have to point out to you.

To my mind, one of the saddest spectacles the earth reveals is precisely this: The traveller depicts to me some fertile island in a delicious climate, where the bread-fruit hangs from the tree, where the very winds are themselves warmth and clothing—depicts to me an earthly paradise; and the next moment he shows me the human tenant of it, a very child, a simple savage, very little wiser than the fowls of the air, or the fishes of the sea. No progress was made, *because* the earth was spontaneously fruitful, and the skies were kind.

You tell me that man invents marvellous machines that work for him. He cannot; his machines are only complicated tools, with which he also must continually work. But if he *could* make the iron and the wood really work for him, then behold the bread-fruit tree is again growing over his head—the winds

again are clothing him—he is again an idler, and crawling like an infant on the ground.

We labour and we die. Well, but the moralist will teach us how to live the little life we have. If by morality be meant a control of the passions, the teacher has either a very hopeless, or very needless task. Whilst the passion is young and strong, the moralist is not heard; when it is feeble or extinct, the man can moralize for himself—only much too late. Just when we have learnt to live, we find that we are dying out; just when we begin to value this mysterious gift of life, it is taken from us. We leave our place to some puling infant: "the sage is withering like a leaf." We are mere stubble, and the plough passes over us, that a new verdure may spring up. Not a day even of the brief space allotted to us is secure. We tread perchance upon a rolling stone—we breathe an air too keen—and there is an end to all. Fool or philosopher, it is all alike.

A perfect morality in a world where there is death! Discipline thyself!—for what? Choose the quiet and prolonged pleasures of temperance and self-denial! Quiet very, but how prolonged? Sacrifice the present enjoyment for a greater one in the future! What future? When, cold and half-dead with age, I shall have no capacity for enjoyment left me? Or when a certain "politic convention of worms" will be at the feast, and I shall have the honour of providing the banquet?

Here also it is most true that Death, like Labour, is the condition of our intellectual being. Without the necessity of labour there would have been no art, no science; without the certainty of death, no religion, no philosophy. It was the necessity to live by labour that stimulated the faculties of man to observe and to invent; it was the inevitable certainty of Death that roused him to the higher mental activities of speculation and philosophy. It was this startled him into thought. There is a perfect harmony in the human being—you may be sure of that. There is this kind of perfection at least—that you could not remove a stone without the whole superstructure falling on your head.

I am not surprised that the earliest of sages—Greek, Hebrew, or Chaldean—were perplexed at these two decrees of fate, Labour and Death. They thought the gods must have been envi-

ous of mankind, or that man must have committed some crime against his Maker, and brought down upon his head those two dreadful punishments. Such they seemed to the earliest sages; and to the latest posterity Labour will not seem less a curse, because our whole being is moulded on the sordid necessity; nor Death less a curse, because we decay down to it till it becomes welcome, or because, it alarmed us into meditation upon ourselves, or because, in the fulness of our life and our agony, this black line drawn across our path stilled our discontent, and hushed all terrors by a greater.

CLARENCE.

I admit all you say of Labour—I admit all you say of Death—I have only something more to say. Your remark is most true that Death startles us into reflection upon life; but the thought which is stimulated by that dark line upon the horizon finally transcends that line. But even if you insist upon it, that life ends with our physical being, the brevity of life does not affect our advancement in morality in the manner you seem to think. The love of esteem is the ruling moral motive with 999 men out of every thousand. Now, we never ask how long we shall live before we are actuated by this feeling or desire, any more than we ask how long we shall live before we experience any other strong emotion. A man feels this desire for the approbation of others in the very hour of death; perhaps never feels it more strongly.

SECKENDORF.

True: and you are perfectly right in fixing your eyes steadily upon public opinion and the love of esteem as the regulating powers of the world. But there are unfortunately many public opinions, and my love of esteem may be gratified though I am going headlong to destruction. I am surrounded by those who think fit to go to destruction in the same way, and so we cheer each other on the downward road.

CLARENCE.

Men who cheer each other on such downward roads are con-

scious that they are banding themselves together *against a wider opinion*—against what is the real moral opinion of the society.

Speaking generally, *we can be wiser for others than for ourselves.* We are wiser therefore when we judge than when we act, and consequently, though the same men form the opinion who are to be ruled by it, the ruling opinion is wiser and more constant than the passionate individual whom it rules.

SECKENDORF.

But you cannot keep passion altogether out of the formation of the opinion itself. And the different passions, and circumstances, and culture of men will beget diversities of moral opinions—diversities which weaken your moral government, or convert it into what you would call an immoral government. There is one cause of diversity, there is one line of separation which will run its eternal zigzag through the most uniform community you can imagine. It is conceivable that you might abolish the distinction between rich and poor; but the distinction between young and old you certainly will not efface. And unanimity of opinion between young and old, between those who are in the summer of their lives and those who are in mid-winter, will assuredly not be found.

And this leads me to that third permanent condition or characteristic of human life, which I promised to suggest for Clarence's meditation.

I know not precisely how his Utopians intend to deal with *war.* It seems that the whole earth must be Utopian before any one nation can secure peace for itself, except by its ability for defensive war. However, as the whole earth may become wise in time, there is here a certain possibility in view. But how those wise nations of the earth will deal with the soft seductions of *peace*—with that which is pre-eminently *pleasure*—passes all my power of divination. This love of woman does not die out at all—I suppose that neither of you would have the heart to wish that it should; it seems the perennial source of all that is amiable and good amongst us. This spring, however, this ebullient source of very life itself, has a terrible, uncontrollable force in it. Nature seems to have overdone her work.

The power of woman over the imagination of youth grows with every advance of civilization. Decorated with all the refinements of art, veiled by the delicacies of manner and deportment —the cool leafage under which the fruit lies tenfold more tempting to the eye—woman becomes the veritable siren or goddess of the young.

Now consider that this passion, which grows with our civilization, is one which all have, and which a very large proportion cannot gratify in the legitimate bond of marriage.—But I need not suggest a topic that must have perplexed every one who has attempted to frame or imagine a model community. Make for men any law you please, and suppose that it is faithfully obeyed, (which is a most extravagant supposition,) you have still only a choice of evils: for repressed passion is itself an evil of no little magnitude, reacting upon the whole temperament of the man in a manner not generally understood.

Take with you, then, these permanent elements or conditions of human life—Incessant labour for food—the brevity and uncertainty of life—the passion nature implants for the preservation of the race—say briefly Food, Death, Sex—meditate on these three little monosyllables, and then set to work to form exalted and ideal societies.

CLARENCE.

You have not a very encouraging way of throwing the materials before us. I feel, however, that I could answer you, only I should require a little time to marshal my ideas.

SECKENDORF.

Our Catholic priest would tame this passion of love, or scare it away—as we scare some beautiful wild beast—by brandishing fire and flame before its eyes. You do not approve of this method. As every thing is to progress, you have some religious progress incompatible with this expedient. You are disposed to snatch from the priest his burning brand. That it was altogether efficacious no one will pretend, neither was it without some result. Meanwhile, this beautiful wild beast, this spotted leopard, is still amongst us, and will enter, somewhat more rampant than ever,

into your model community. I foresee that it will occasion much embarrassment there.

THORNDALE.

What is your matured opinion as to the real efficacy of this same fiery brand you speak of?

SECKENDORF.

It is difficult to estimate the force of a remote threat against a present temptation. When the temptation is close upon us, all prudential considerations, of this world or the next, are forgotten. But religion keeps men out of the way of temptation. It draws a *cordon sanitaire* which often debars us from ground innocuous itself, but which is too near the seat of danger. For some minds it effects this purpose by giving them a constant subject for thought, for inquiry, for reflection. Keep men thinking, and it matters little what their doctrines or their philosophy may be, we pretty well know what their lives must be. A Spinoza gives as little trouble to the State as the Seraphic Doctor himself. All men absorbed in thinking have that which will keep them steady as they pace the strange passage from birth to death.

CLARENCE.

How it is, Seckendorf, you harp so often upon the priests and their services—a body of men you do not always love, and never once agree with?

SECKENDORF.

Because, if you look within the great church of Christendom, you will discover that our sins themselves turn to such regrets and penitences, as make it a question whether the world would be a gainer by even getting rid of sin.

And here, again, Clarence, how utterly *destructive* would be that religious reformation I often hear you hint at!

You would mitigate the terrors of a future world. How often must I tell you that the great hope you are so solicitous to preserve, is bound up in one common life with the great fear you seem equally desirous of extinguishing. When there are no

longer any wicked men to punish, there will be no longer any good men to reward. If there is no final irrevocable sentence for the one, there is no final permanent beatitude for the other. If you open a new trial-scene for the wicked, you open it also for the good. Your *Above* is a correlate of your *Below*. The pillars of heaven are sunk in hell: so much of church architecture is palpable. It is certainly the architecture of the Christian church. In the happiest of Christians, fear is the unseen root of all their hope and all their love. Fear, transmitted into Reverence, finally trembles into Love. The terror-stricken spirit gazing *down*, receives its first upward impulse. It flies shrieking with despair, but flies shrieking upwards, and calms its sobs in heaven.

The religion of Utopia is to have no Tartarus. Utopians will need none, will supply no souls to people such a place, no class of men who are emigrating that way. Well, then, your people of Utopia must also dispense with their eternal Elysium. If Fear depart out of religion, it is not long after that Hope will remain. If you will not tolerate the infinite Terror that darkens the abyss below, you must lose sight of the infinite Joy that brightens above us. In short, your religious progress would be the annihilation of religion. I see a more distinct limit here than on any other path along which you would carry us. Your scientific discipline of mind, your universal benevolence, are to be imported into religion. Well, *this world* may thus grow brighter, happier, more beautiful, but that *other*—has "faded into the light of common day."

CLARENCE.

I think that the pillars of heaven will stand still more securely upon our solid earth. I hold that the contrast between Life and Eternity, the Passing and the Permanent, will be sufficient for the sustenance of religious Hope.

Moreover, it is not I who preach a change; the change is taking place.

Let me say (by way of parenthesis) that, standing on my own English soil, I am in politics a *Conservative*. Our public institutions, civil and religious, admit the free culture of the human mind—admit that unobserved social progress on which all other

progress must finally depend. I have no quarrel with the Church of England, but there is one doctrine of our Protestant creed which the intelligent laity are quietly deserting. Men who do not openly oppose it, tacitly deny it. I mean that of the eternal nature of future punishments. The whole subject of future punishments is treated in a different spirit by divines themselves than it was a century ago. What educated man would now write or preach upon this topic as Jeremy Taylor did? None but the coarsest of the populace would listen to an orator dwelling eloquently on the torments of the condemned. I met the other day with a passage in Bossuet, on the subject of Infant Baptism, in which he censures the *weakness* of those men who shrink from asserting that the unbaptized infant is lost—condemned. We have lately had the controversy about infant baptism revived amongst us. What English divine was there who did *not* display this censurable weakness?

In fact, our theologians are really too amiable to believe, as literal truth, what, in some metaphorical sense, they can still conscientiously place amongst their articles of creed. The most zealous champion of orthodoxy is merely involved in the heat and passion of controversy. He is very angry, but he means nothing. Let me prove with text upon text that this or that doctrine is a damnable heresy—but, for God's sake, let nothing come of it!

Look at the literature of our country. This surely is the place to seek for the best and latest currents of opinion. If I had books about me, I could read to you page after page of our most esteemed writers, which manifest as clear as day a complete alienation from the old faith of an eternal Tartarus; and—mind you this!—which at the same time breathe a genuine spirit of piety, and love to God, and an unfeigned conviction that God is love. Never was there a time when the Devil, and the region he is supposed to preside over, were so little dwelt on, or so tacitly ignored; and never was there a time when there was so vivid a conviction, so confirmed a faith, in the existence of a Benevolent Creator, or more genuine piety and gratitude felt towards that ineffable Being from whom emanate all power, all reason, all love.

You tell me that this religion does not suit our climate. My answer is, that the climate is gradually changing, and that the appearance of this modification of our religion is one proof of the change. I call this truly "a Sign of the Times," and one full of significance. A religion is growing up amongst us that can only reach its maturity in a society much better organized than the one we at present behold. And a better organization is also slowly forming—a society to correspond with the religion. I like this sign of the times. Political revolutions, however tremendous they may appear, may be sudden and transitory events, more like gusts of passion than effects of the slow and multifarious progress of a human society. Storms and portents in the sky may pass, and leave the morrow like the yesterday. But what if I see, were it but a single blade of a quite new vegetation, that could not live in the old climate—that can live only under temperate and gentle skies—what if I see this new verdure forcing its timid way through the hard soil? You will admit that there is more proof and more prediction of change in this instance of new life springing up here and there in sheltered spots between the furrows, than there would be in a whole hemisphere of storms and tempests.

SECKENDORF.

That benevolent laxity of faith which you speak of may be found amongst certain of your contemporaries, but I repeat that it can be found only amongst those who hold with equal laxity their faith in an eternal beatitude. Your little blade of grass, I think, must go back again into the furrow. One thing is quite indisputable. Study carefully all the advanced nations of Europe,—England, France, Prussia, Austria; in every one you will find a growing and predominant desire to strengthen the power of the Church. The Church is to be the institution to govern and to educate the people. What is the simple interpretation of this? That the fear of future punishments is felt to be the only guarantee for the peace of society. Whether it is an Austrian minister or an English Justice of the Peace, you hear repeatedly the same sentiment, that the *education of the people must be religious*. In other words, the laws which protect life

and property will not be obeyed, unless you can attach to them the penalties of an after world.

CLARENCE.

Every social epoch brings forward that modification of religious faith which is suitable to it, and the society and the religion both change slowly, and with many oscillating movements. What I insist upon is this, that it is a true and genuine faith that really governs. As long as a faith lasts amongst a people, it will govern them; but if it should be changing, it is not an Austrian minister or an English justice of the peace, full of the *expediency* of his faith, who will be able to withstand the change. State-craft and a virtuous hypocrisy may do much when they side with a faith rooted in the minds of the people; but they cannot plant it there, or revive it there.

I want nothing more than what we have in England; institutions which suit the people, and free scope to think and speak, so that individual minds may grow freely, taking advantage of the fresh knowledge which comes in from every quarter.

I can sympathize with almost every genuine conviction; but there is one phase of thought, or of the thinking man, with which I have no sympathy whatever—which I beg leave simply to denounce, and to separate myself from entirely. I hear some men say "It is not true," and the next moment utter an "Esto perpetua!" Such *esto perpetua* I would not for worlds pronounce. What faith in God can that man have who does not believe that Truth and Expediency must finally be one?

I hate this hypocrisy! Only think what strange presumption and contempt of other men it implies. This is Truth!—this is for me and for my friends. That is Falsehood!—that is for you and for the multitude. If this is what you call the aristocracy of intellect, may I for ever remain a plebeian.

I hate this hypocrisy! It obscures from ourselves the measure of truth we really possess. Men put forth profession instead of belief, till they do not themselves distinguish between the two. They shuffle and confuse their own best faiths amongst articles of creed to which they give a mere verbal assent. Many a man who is thought by others to be a greater believer than he really

is—thinks himself a greater *disbeliever* than he really is. He almost loses sight of some of the highest truths of his reason, because he has habitually mixed them up with detected, or suspected superstitions. Besides, it is by open and candid speech, man to man, that each one of us comes fully to understand what he does believe in. Shut up my mouth, and you will soon after shut up my thought too. If I must practise a dishonest speech, I lose the habit of thinking honestly.

I too can admire what I do not personally participate. But it is the *sincere faith* of the man who thinks differently from myself that I can admire. I cannot admire his studied hypocrisy if he is a reflective man, nor can I much admire the mere mechanical assent of a multitude, nodding their heads all one way, and at the same moment.

SECKENDORF.

Take this with you—Numbers do not make a truth, but numbers make a faith. Therefore hypocritical or mechanical assent —assent of all kinds—has its use.

CLARENCE.

Yes, to statesmen and churchmen who think that the world requires to be governed by a faith which is not also a truth. Let every one in his own age and generation be sincere. For what measure of truth he has, he cannot be responsible; but all of us should be truth-loving. Thank Heaven! I do not believe in the eternal necessity of error for the government of the world.

SECKENDORF.

You do not govern the world at all; you are speculating how the world will govern itself some thousand years hence. If you were called upon to take a part in any existing polity in Christendom, you would be so rejoiced to find some approach to uniformity in the religious creed of the people, that you would not be very captious in criticizing the means by which such a uniformity was brought about.

CLARENCE.

You, Seckendorf, with all your diabolical philosophy, no man can accuse of any taint of hypocrisy. With no *credo* of your own, with many motives for acquiescing in the *credo* of others, you stand aloof from us all. You are too proud, and too defiant, to put on the semblance of any other man's faith. But you have what I shall call a malicious toleration for the hypocrisy of others. You have a cynical sympathy with the proud priest who rules over the minds of others by a fear to which he does not succumb himself. You like Despotism in the state; and you like the alliance between it and a Sacerdotal Despotism. Sitting aloft and apart with a few intellectual aristocrats like yourself, you see the game of life played thus!—and you applaud.

SECKENDORF.

Do justice, my dear young friend, to the Political Priest—to the Sacerdotal Despot, as you have called him. He says, "I have a world to govern—no light work; an obstinate, passionate, much afflicted world; and I do govern it, for I hold in my hand the keys of Heaven and of Hell. And now you tell me of some little knot of pensive people who have discovered what they call a truth. They question and deny *my truth* by which I govern. Let them stand, then, apart, and mutter to themselves what they please, but the multitude must not hear. If they come into the market-place and disturb my government, I sweep them from the face of the earth. I hang a bow of promise in the clouds; and whilst men look up to it, they toil and they sweat; they commit few murders, and steal but now and then. They half forget their present agony, and postpone their anger and their revenge. These wise men say it is not a bow of promise, it is a coloured mist. Be wiser still, and keep the secret. How else can I hold these men to their inevitable toil? Or perhaps some knot of bland and amiable heretics come with promises more glorious than mine. What *must* I answer? If I spoke frankly, I should say, 'Deluded and amiable heretics, your nonsense is as good as ours; had it come first, it should have sat in the judgment-seat; as it comes second, it must go to

the scaffold: there is not room for both. One folly is government, two is confusion.'"

CLARENCE.

I deny, with all my heart and soul, that the cause of good government requires any one man to be false. The faiths you speak of do govern, but they govern as sincere beliefs; and when they cease to be sincere beliefs, they cease to be necessary as means of government.

How can a mind like yours that sees so clearly the eternal harmony of all things, be so indifferent to the cause of Truth?

SECKENDORF.

It will be time enough to be zealous for truth when we have a truth to be zealous for.

Truth, like Eternity, may belong only to *the One*—may as little belong to man as creative power belongs to man.

Meanwhile, why may I not be permitted to admire what has been produced—this *psychical creation* laid open before me, whether you call it error or truth? The monarchies of Europe, and the great Church of Christendom, which is the spiritual monarchy under which they are all gathered together, present to my mind the grandest spectacle that Time has yet revealed. Neither Greece, nor Judea, nor Rome ever exhibited a national life so full, so emotional, so sublime. It is, in fact, Greece and Judea and Rome mingled together. So grows the great heterogeneous life of human society. You would cut it down to the poor dimensions of some one philosopher's truth.—How silent you have been, Thorndale!

THORNDALE.

I have listened with pleasure. You perhaps will not take it as a compliment, but I have been asking myself whether the representation you have been giving is not rather of the nature of poetry than philosophy; you dwell so much on the emotional side of these questions. You subordinate truth to life, not life to truth.

SECKENDORF.

We have all been poets once; for we have all been young. If my partiality to the great Church of Christendom seems strange or excessive, you may attribute it, if you please, to the bias of early education. I have told you I am of a Catholic family. It was part of the family pride to adhere to the ancestral church. I was brought up a devout believer in all its mysteries, and having both some ardour in my character and some reflective tendency, my early tuition was not without result. I have known those emotions that I sometimes descant upon.

In Catholic churches, as you are well aware, a lamp hangs burning night and day before the high altar, where the host is enshrined. I used to take my book—which was perhaps the life of some saint—at midnight into the church, and read it by the light of that lamp. There were lights enough in the paternal mansion, and that lamp burned very dimly, and I had to bribe the sacristan withal for permission to enter; but the thing pleased my boyish fancy. Under that sacred lamp I chose to sit, often to kneel. It hung suspended by a long massive chain, which the eye in vain strove to trace to its termination in the roof. This chain divided, so to speak, into three smaller ones, between which the lamp itself hung and burnt. I see before me now the slow moving shadows which those three chains cast on the walls and pillars of the vast church, lit only by this solitary lamp. The slightest breath of wind was sufficient to give some movement to this long pendulum; the distance magnified the shadows till it was difficult to connect their appearance with the simple object that threw them along those aisles, and my imagination sought and craved whatever could lend aid to a sentiment of fear and mystery. I have travelled since in all parts of the world, have seen much, have been mingled up in many exciting events, but there is nothing so indelibly impressed upon my memory as the midnight interior of that church, its one lamp, its long aisles, and the dim shadows of those chains moving over its pillars; I, all the while, in fearful communion with saints and angels.

We live many lives in one: but the first life is never quite superseded. I saw you, Thorndale, in one of our rambles, cast

a long and lingering look at a little monastery seen in the distance, half hidden amongst the trees. Thorndale, if you and I could cease thinking for one whole day, we might, as the sun declined, walk arm-in-arm together into such a monastery.

THORNDALE.

What should we do if we began to think again when the doors had once closed upon us? Guarantee me from such a relapse, and I, for one, have no philosophy that I could not willingly exchange for the devotional life of a believing monk.

CLARENCE.

And I!—Oh that I had "words that burn," that I might express my indignant protest, Thorndale, against the sentiment you have uttered! The sincere piety, the deep and wounded feelings, which have led men to such retreats, shall have from me due honour and respect. But to see God as the monk sees him! —nature shut out—and the beauty and the love of woman no longer recognized as Heaven's choicest gift—from my point of view, were a black ingratitude.

CHAPTER VI.

LAST DAY WITH SECKENDORF—DESULTORY CONVERSATION ON THE ANIMAL CREATION AND ON MAN.

Occasionally Seckendorf would treat Clarence and myself to some exposition on his own especial sciences, physiology and comparative anatomy, and sometimes we all three plunged together into the abyss of metaphysical discussion. But these conversations I would not, at this distance of time, attempt to revive. And indeed Seckendorf avoided in general, what he called *professorial* talk; he liked to meet us on a level common to all; he liked to follow up, sometimes with a sportive freedom, the suggestions of the moment.

The day before I took my departure from these two philosophic friends, the weather happened to be so very fine, and so very warm withal, that we spent nearly the whole morning, loitering or lying down together on the borders of the lake, and under the shadow of the trees. I think if a Boswell had been amongst us to take down the conversation of Seckendorf, he would have collected the materials for a very amusing chapter. The talk was quite desultory, roaming, without any method, over such vast subjects as animal life, and human life. I shall try to recall some portion of it: I find this a pleasant occupation; for whilst I am engaged in it, many other trains of thought are suggested besides those which are giving employment to my pen.

As we were reclining by the calm surface of the lake, suddenly a little splash was seen upon the water; a fish had risen at a fly. "There was life, then," said I, "under that calm motionless surface."

"And death too, it seems," said Seckendorf; "death for the fly. The glitter of the water had attracted the insect, and the glitter of the insect the fish."

THORNDALE.

I could never understand the mirth, the "laughter," which Spinoza is said to have indulged in, when witnessing the contest between the spider and the fly. I can comprehend that so abstract a philosopher would have risen above our natural repugnance, and surveyed very calmly an instance of a general and a wise law of nature—(life surrendered to support other and generally higher life)—but why should the death of the poor fly have occasioned laughter?

SECKENDORF.

A philosopher living amongst his abstractions may have been glad of any excuse for a laugh.

CLARENCE.

I confess I am not philosophic enough to get over my natural repugnance to the spider's method of providing for himself. Some little time ago, on just such a day as this, I stood for shelter from the heat, under the thick branches of an oak-tree. In that thoughtful mood, when the eye continues looking, though we half forget that we are looking, I stood prying into the deep scars and seams of the old wrinkled bark of the venerable tree. A little golden fly comes into view—steals into my field of vision, and is seen walking amidst the ridges of the bark. It is one of those delicate creatures, green and gold—name to me unknown—whose long taper transparent wings, when folded, stretch out behind and far beyond the body. Its slender legs seem to struggle desperately with the rugged bark, which forms a terrible defile to such a pedestrian; and the lightest breeze threatens to blow it out of all steerage, for there is no weight of body to act as ballast against those long golden wings: the whole creature is given up to beauty. As I watch, with a sort of fond curiosity, this veritable fairy of the woods, so delicately picking its way—lo! her foot has touched the web of a wily

spider. Quick as thought the enemy is upon her. In a moment the one drop of blood which nourished so much beauty in so little space, is gone to sustain the life of this ungainly foe. A sheath sucked dry, with the wings still appended to it, is left fluttering in the assassin's web.

SECKENDORF.

Assassin and traitor both! A clear case of murder. But, according to the law as Thorndale has stated it, this ugly assassin, with all this murderous *power*, ranks higher than the innocuous beauty. I have travelled where I have seen the same tragedy enacted by the giants of the earth; I have seen the crocodile make the river itself serve him as a decoy or bait by which to entrap all thirsty souls. Along the White Nile this enormous beast lies in wait for whatever animal thirst brings down to the banks of the stream. The antelope, for all its timidity and fleetness, does not escape. It falls into the jaws of this huge dragon who keeps the river, and levies this horrible tribute. In some parts the overhanging woods are populous with monkeys, a chattering, noisy, most vivacious tribe. They may well chatter; they are devoured by thirst, and the tempting river flows below, but in the river lies the crocodile. I have seen them descend the tree stealthily to drink, but they took only one draught at a time; they were up the tree again in an instant, for their *not* sleeping adversary was there to make a mouthful of them if they tarried for a second. I cannot see, I must confess, that the crocodile has any other superiority than that of strength over the creatures he devours. I have stood with the great naturalist Audubon on the banks of the Mississippi, and witnessed with him that terrible encounter he has somewhere described between the eagle and the swan. The eagle and the swan—are they not the two chief beasts of nature, and the eternal themes of the poet? Both most beautiful; the one our type of serenity and peace, the other of power and magnanimity. I see them now before me—the swan upon the flowing river, the eagle upon the towering tree. What is it that makes me start with a momentary thrill of horror? In an instant, with a motion quick as lightning, the eagle has dashed

down before the swan—has struck its talons in its downy breast—has thrown it on its side—has dragged it to the shore—has buried its beak in its blood. What a commotion of wings there was as the conquering and the conquered bird came floating together, beating the water in death struggle, to the shore!

THORNDALE.

Alas! *might* seems here the only *right*. The same deed performed by those larger creatures seems so much more terrible. I don't know whether this ought to be so.

SECKENDORF.

The giraffe is the swan of animals; it lives and dies without uttering a sound. Lofty and gentle, it may be seen, in some fair Asiatic plain, browsing on the leaves of trees. Its eye is more beautiful than the gazelle's. Every movement of that graceful neck betokens peace. On that graceful neck the tiger springs! The magnificent giraffe, like your little golden insect in the furrows of the oak-tree, lies bleeding and dead upon the ground.

Food! food! food! This is the incessant cry throughout the whole animal creation. That sublime eagle on the Andes, whose eye, the poet says, "looks over half the world," is looking only for its food. Food! food! You hear it in the roar of him we call monarch of the woods. Food! Every living thing must get it, or give it to another. Essential, the quite indispensable, and yet no settled rations; undisturbed pastures for so few; and the population question everywhere determined in this wild peremptory manner.

CLARENCE.

All the larger beasts of prey will apparently be exterminated as the race of man advances to take possession of the earth. Every animal that threatens him or his flocks, that attacks the shepherd or his sheep, must take its departure. No lion, no tiger, where man inhabits.

SECKENDORF.

Unless they are preserved in some *phalanstery for wild beasts*,

which would be a good name for our menageries and zoological gardens. But men will not do much to reform the ways of the animal creation: they cannot prevent murder on the high seas amongst the fishes; and the whole insect tribe are singularly intractable.

THORNDALE.

These swarms of locusts, for instance. One cannot be expected to sympathize very keenly with the sufferings of these destructive creatures, who do not even respect the husbandry and tillage of man. But if one thinks of it, this army of spoilers and invaders must be an army of martyrs too. What a famished host! what a march is theirs! No baggage, no supplies, no commissariat, and the country laid waste by the advanced guard long before the main body can come up. Happily, at length, a cloud of birds is seen hovering behind them on the wing. Dilatory birds! why had they not been quicker to devour, and saved both us and the locusts from this terrible emigration?

This general fact, that the animal, when it does not prey upon the animal, preys upon the vegetable, is curious. The principle of life sacrificed to maintain other life, follows us throughout. The beautiful leaf must die, were it the fairest rose-leaf in the garden, to feed any slug that can get at it. I have watched the young oak-trees putting forth their foliage in the spring; and before the leaves were fully formed, one half of them were defaced and partly devoured by insects.

And is it not singular to notice that the principle of *defence* is already typified in the *thorn*? Not a very effective weapon of defence to the plant itself, but rather a type of that plan which nature acts on throughout, since every creature that is attacked has some instrument or some method of defence and preservation.

SECKENDORF.

As we gaze upon the scene of animated nature, what an amazing prodigality of life it seems to disclose! Life to support life. First the herb, the tree, the flower, are sacrificed; then animal feeds upon animal. It is well. Thus none die of slow decay. There is no decrepitude or senility anywhere but with

man, or the beasts he takes under his protection. Everywhere else there is perpetual youth. Life stops altogether where the mature powers begin to decline, that vigour may take the place of weakness. It is well. But still it strikes with a certain awe, when one contemplates this ceaseless, wide, interminable stream of mingled life and death. Most animals, in their natural state, live in fear of some mortal enemy, an enemy who *cannot* spare. It is a feud which admits of no reconciliation; immitigable hunger and the law of self-preservation urge it on. Everywhere there is a perpetual hunt, a perpetual flight. Each creature has given to it some means of defence and protection; each creature also guards its young with even more pertinacity than it protects its own life. Thus every race holds its ground; and the naturalist, after calling on us to admire the instincts and weapons for seizing and destroying the prey, points out to us, the next moment, the instincts and weapons equally curious, by which that prey contrives for a time to elude destruction. In the depths of the sea, over all lands, in the sun, in the shadow, this eternal chase and flight, this eternal war, are going on; in the darkest pit there is some life crawling, and some foe crawling behind it. I have watched the worm slow moving over the damp earth, half his body already in the body of the toad slowly moving after it. There is no pause, no peace. Confess that it is not exactly the scene to look upon with dainty human sympathies. Provision is made for the utmost abundance of young and vigorous life. Just in proportion as a species is exposed to destruction, is it gifted with prolific power; each race keeps its ground by dint of this marvellous vital force. The scheme is grand and good, no doubt of that; at least it is certainly out of our power to conceive of a better, or even of any other scheme. But you must rise to some elevation to survey the whole scene with perfect equanimity.

CLARENCE.

In one respect man is evidently the lord of the creation: he has no enemy who can put a limit upon the multiplication of his species.

SECKENDORF.

Better for him, perhaps, if he had. He has to perform that

office for himself. Tribe fights with tribe, and nation with nation; famine has to do the rest. Occasionally the plague or pestilence breaks out and thins the hive, taking for the most part the half-starved and emaciated amongst them.

CLARENCE.

But reason and prudence arise to perform the office—the "moral check," as our political economists have it.

SECKENDORF.

Yes, the "moral" and the "immoral check," and prudent abstinence from marriage in that class where the difficulty of obtaining food is *not* the chief anxiety. Where it is, the prudence does not happen to be developed.

But now let me make an observation in which Clarence will agree with me. There may be very little difference, so far as the pleasure of each is concerned, between the animal that flies and the animal that gives chase—between the pursuer and the victim; and in both the amount of pleasure may, on the whole, preponderate over that of pain. For the fear which induces an animal to fly, is not *that* fear of death which blanches the cheek of the much-anticipating man. It may be an impulse not so painful as the hunger which impels his assailant to pursue.

What a keen and intense pleasure is derived from the vigorous exercise of a healthy muscle! Even in the complex and opulent life of a human being, what a prominent place it takes! To rise refreshed from sleep, or to start from the desk or the study, and then walk rapidly through the bracing air, is a pleasure no man despises; no man who has ever had a day's sickness despises it. Now, amongst the animal creation, this delight of movement—bounding, or creeping, or flying—is most intimately connected with the interminable quest after food, and is especially called forth by this chase and flight, this attack and defence. That the animal who seeks its prey, who runs scenting hither and thither, or swims, or flies, hovering like the sea-gull over the waters, feels a keen excitement and pleasurable movement, will not be doubted. Nor is the excitement of danger without the same attendant pleasure. Whether it sees the foe,

or suspects its presence, the animal is kept upon the alert, and prompted to the exercise of its limbs. The stag that flies, tossing its antlers in the air, and confident of its speed, owed to its fear of an adversary the full development and proud consciousness of its own wonderful powers. I have seen it start as if it provoked the chase, and rejoiced in the impulse and the occasion that would give that thrilling supple form, in full flight, to the winds. Pain everywhere is the forerunner of pleasure. Hunger compels one animal, and fear another; but the full exercise of all its vital powers follows to each. And what shall we say of the combat? for not always is it flight. It seems to me that, in the mortal combat, every nerve, every limb, every energy, is in its utmost tension and activity, and the animal reaches its climax of existence.

A climax of existence attained, let me add, most signally in man. A vision of some Tartar or Scythian warrior comes to me out of the desert. I see him mounted on his horse, half as intelligent and far more tractable than himself. I see him, the scymitar held before his eyes, rushing to battle. Very horrible! But it fascinates you; you cannot keep your eyes from him. You cannot shut this man up in your Arcadias; you have no place for him there. As little can you drive this vision from the earth. I see the terrible spear of his adversary; it transfixes him; he gasps and dies—scymitar in hand, he dies. His dream is over. But what a dream it was! How he suffered! how he rejoiced! how he wrought! What patience in the tent! what rage in the field! what movement! what passion! what life! And his dream ends there—at this climax—on the spear's point. Where could it end more fitly?

But one of the combatants conquered. What has become of the victor? He had swiftly descended from his steed, cut off the head of his expiring antagonist, and as swiftly regained his seat. And now he is scouring over the plain, with that marvellous head-piece swinging at his saddle-bow. So fight the gods of this lower world.

CLARENCE.

Oh, Seckendorf, you began well, inviting me to acquiescence,

but you ended very treacherously. However, though I cannot pretend to find a place for this Tartar or Scythian in the *Society of the Future*, yet, as belonging to the Past, I assure you I too can look upon him with steady, unflinching vision, and with some sense of cordiality.

SECKENDORF.

You will find that the combat—that hostility in some form—follows you into the most artificial states of society. Pain and Pleasure, Love and Enmity—you will find these develop themselves together. Even the fine arts will tell you this. How poor a thing were music if it expressed only joy! What act of heroism were possible if ignorance and hostility did not surround the heroic man. Every star lies upon the night.

As a tribe of the desert is bound together by fear of some hostile tribe, so the most civilized nation owes the tenacity of its national union to the fears inspired by some other nation. And amongst the members themselves of the most peaceful community, there is a consciousness that every man who does not love you, hates you, and this makes amity and mutual alliance of tenfold value.

Friendship, and the hand locked fast in mine, what can I value more? But if all men are my friends, then have I no friend. left. The bond of friendship falls loose to the ground. You may fling the garland sportively over what head you will—and only sportively: there is no bondage in it any more.

THORNDALE.

Pain and Sorrow I admit are necessary to the development of all the higher forms of emotion. But I demur to the necessity of enmity. The utter indifference to you of a great multitude of strangers is, I am sure, enough to make a friendly hand, a friendly voice, of quite inappreciable value.

SECKENDORF.

There is no indifference. You are conscious yourself that you, in some measure, hate those cold and hard faces that pass you by in the streets of London. Yet every one of those cold,

hard faces that challenges your enmity, that flings you its contempt, and only keeps the peace because there is not sufficient motive for war, has a friend on whom it smiles beneficent. A stranger in the streets of London feels that every man he meets is hostile to him. But let him only link his arm with one single friend, and he not only faces the crowd without dismay, but flings back its hostility with a gay defiance. Alone, I tremble, or I hate. Give me but one friend, and I dare the world; I return its contempt with contempt, its derision with derision.

But, to return to our animals, I beg to observe, for the consolation of all susceptible minds, that this battle, this violence, this murder we see going on around us, is only the putting forth of the highest energies of life. And you may notice that animals that graze, when their strength is at its highest, turn upon each other to exercise their horns, or tusks, or teeth in battle.

THORNDALE.

That life should be surrendered to support other life, is an arrangement one learns to understand as being upon the whole beneficent. But that some contemptible insect should feed upon another living animal, and that to its exquisite torture, (as some of us felt at the inn on the Righi the other night,) is an arrangement not so intelligible. The principle of the multiplication or abundance of life seems to be carried a step too far; the newcomers interfering with the perfect state of the creatures already existing. I can never quite reconcile myself to the race of parasites.

SECKENDORF.

Not if you are still smarting from your wounds received that night upon the Righi.

THORNDALE.

Look now at yonder cow. Gentlest of creatures, she is grazing sedulously there, conscious of a large stomach to be filled before night-time. How incessantly she is interrupted in her most necessary work, and has to turn her head first to this flank and then to that, to dislodge those flies which her tail—that is allowed no rest at all—cannot reach. By-and-by some

insupportable sting will drive her half mad across the pasture. In tropical climates, the pain inflicted by insects on the larger animals is described as terrible. I remember few things more vividly than a description Humboldt gives of a tropical night in South America. Night invites the ruminating animal to repose, but a multitude of insects choose this time for their own forage. "The agony," he says, "which the larger animals endure from the less is terrific: the air is filled with their cries. Man himself does not escape. The miserable natives of some of these plains have to encase themselves in a plaster-coating of white clay!"

SECKENDORF.

Ha! ha! And if they move too much they crack, and their beautiful coat of mail will fall off from our lords of creation. But these are not exactly parasites. Their natural food is dead animal matter, in devouring which they do good service. They make inroads on the living animal, either because the supply of dead flesh runs short, or the sense which guides them to this food does not discriminate between the two. To the mosquito we are unfortunately undistinguishable from carrion.

THORNDALE.

We must get their carrion food and all corrupting matter out of the way, and so perhaps we shall control these pests—starve them out. But there is still the case of the regular parasite. The monkey, for instance, seems always to have a colony of fleas quartered on him. He has not a moment's "quiet possession," as our legal phrase runs, of his own skin. A multitude of invaders, every one as vivacious as himself, are nestling in his fur, and boring into him with unremitting energy.

SECKENDORF.

If the monkey should go to law upon the subject, he might be told that he never *had* exclusive right to his own fur. That fur was never meant to keep warm one animal only. Such is not nature's economy. Besides, the monkey owes something of his activity, and something, no doubt, of his sociality, to this home-bred pest. The social development of monkeys seems very inti-

mately connected with that mutual service they are constantly rendering to each other; each kindly exploring his neighbour's fur, and keeping down an enemy who cannot be altogether exterminated.

CLARENCE.

Judging by personal experience, I should say that such a visitation could have no tendency to improve the temper of the monkey. I should be disposed to put it in as a plea and excuse for some of that *spite* he is said to manifest. Though I am far from saying that, upon the whole, monkeys are spiteful animals. A visitor to our zoological gardens is chiefly struck by their playfulness. They do not need the combat for the display of their power or agility.

SECKENDORF.

The games of animals are a simulated combat. Dogs pull each other about as if they were biting each other, and the pretended bite generally ends in a real one. And for the matter of that, a couple of boys may be seen pulling each other about in play, much like the two dogs; and here, too, the *real bite* generally ends the game. You hear the uproarious laughter suddenly change into a wail of passion.

THORNDALE.

Is it true of any race of monkeys, that when they go upon a foraging expedition, they plant one of their number as a sentinel to give warning of the approach of an enemy? If so, there must be some understood compact between the sentinel and the rest. They must agree to give him a share of the booty. On no other ground can I believe that a hungry monkey would stand sentinel while the rest took the nuts. On the other hand, if our sentinel monkey deserted his post, martial law of the strictest kind would, no doubt, be executed upon him.

SECKENDORF.

I have had no opportunity of testing the truth of the story, and I never like to contradict the observations of others. At the same time, there are no class of men so given *to see with the imagina-*

tion as naturalists. The temptation is so great to find an analogy to human conduct in the actions of the other animals, that I would not trust my own observation *upon a single case*, and where there was anything extraordinary in the fact. I should never build any reasoning on what I had observed only once.

But in truth, the facts that lie open to every one are the most wonderful, are those that startle us most into reflection. Nor is it where animals differ from us, but where they resemble us, that they become the greatest source of perplexity.

Your own little dog *sees* you, *remembers* you, *loves* you—does nothing but love—is a perfect cherub in all but form. Here you have, in the language of metaphysics, perception, memory, passion; and you cannot watch his actions for five minutes without giving him credit for some *judgment*. This carries you far onward in the development of a human mind.

THORNDALE.

Buffon has somewhere made the remark, that we should be much greater mysteries to ourselves if there were no other animal on the face of the earth but man. I must confess, that whatever other benefits we derive from the lower animals, they seem to me to make the nature of our own being still more mysterious and perplexing than it would have been if we had stood alone in creation. They help to civilize man. Ill could he spare these fellow-inhabitants. No horse to carry him; no ox to plough for him; no dog to keep him company; no troop of birds to socialize the very air; no gliding fish to animate the waters. It is not very clear how he would have ever civilized himself without them. But in the inquiry into our own spiritual or mental nature, they become very embarrassing objects. If there had been no other animal than man, with what confidence would he have looked upwards and around him! How clearly would he have recognized in himself his own spiritual and godlike nature!

SECKENDORF.

One is not quite so sure of that. He would have lost all that sense of elevation which arises from comparison with creatures in some respects similar to himself, but vastly inferior. In early

times especially, the difficulty was to get the man to think highly of himself. Had there been no animals, he would not certainly have worshipped bulls, and apes, and serpents, but he might have worshipped still more devoutly the oak and the onion. The vegetable world might have seemed to him the especial manifestation of that god—which he does not first of all seek in himself. He might have thrown himself down at the foot of the tree, and worshipped there.

CLARENCE.

There must be some essential distinction between the consciousness of man and the consciousness of all other animals. What say you, Seckendorf, on the vexed question of Instinct? If animals resemble us in their perceptions and their passions, they appear to have a different mode of *Ideation*. A bird builds a nest, who never saw a nest, and builds it as well the first year as the second. Is this some complicated play of sensibilities peculiar to the animal, prompting it to actions the result of which it does not foresee? Or has the bird some peculiar mode of *ideation*, and so forms the imagination of a nest without being indebted to its eyes or memory? Both these theories have been upheld in our own times by very distinguished men.

SECKENDORF.

I will explain to you this inventive instinct of animals, if you will explain to me that process of thought called invention in the human being. To me it seems they do not essentially differ. What we call invention in the man, seems to me to be a *succession of instincts;* what we call instinct in the animal, to be one limited or completed *invention*.

I notice that, in speaking of human design, two very different things are often confounded. A watchmaker, who never invented anything in his life, is still said to make a watch from design; he works after a type or pattern that he has learnt and studied, and which was the result of other men's invention. The watchmaker who invents a new escapement is also called a designer. But this last is the only case of invention.

Now, when a man *first* uses any means to an end, he does not work *from experience;* he does something which he had never

seen done before: he thinks something which he had never thought before. What is this but a new combination of thought, of which he can give us no possible account, except that it comes to him? What is it but an *instinct*.

When he acts a second time in the same way, uses the same means to the same end, we call it memory, knowledge. But now, if he adds other new means, and so complicates or advances his invention, what is this but a succeeding instinct? The invention comes to the man just as it comes to the bird, but it comes once for all to the bird; it comes piecemeal, and again, and again, to the man. The instincts of the man are cumulative, and he is consequently a progressive creature.

In works of natural theology, the word Design is used in the limited sense of working from a model. It is perhaps wise to keep out of view what is implied in the formation of the model itself. The first man who built up four walls of mud, and put a roof upon them to defend himself from the cold, had no type to work from. He and the bird were on an equality then; they both worked from inspiration, and for the first essay the bird beat the man. The difference lies here, that the bird's instinct does all at once—the man's instinct works on, and still he has new inspirations. To speak more simply, the power of forming new combinations, which exhausts itself in one act in the bird, is repeated again and again by the man.

Men have invented few things more surprising or more beautiful than the ship, as we now see it sailing along the sea. The shipwright who at this moment proceeds to build such a ship, may never have designed or invented any thing in his life. He may be a mere copyist. The design of that ship from which he proceeds to work was a long while growing up—it grew by a succession of real inventions, of original combinations and new actions, which (if the word is permissible at all) may be called instinctive movements.

The man lives in nature, but only to the nature of the man can we ascribe that he puts together thus, or thus, the objects presented him by nature. He saw that wood floated in the water—he sat astride upon the wood—he hollowed it into a boat—he bound pieces of wood together for a raft—he took advantage

of the wind, and hoisted a sail—he contrived the paddle and the oar. At each step, here is an original activity you cannot explain to me by experience.

Then, again, let it be borne in mind that in those marvels of instinct, like the ant-hill and the bee-hive, where a result is brought about by the labours of many, we are not called upon to suppose that any one individual ant or bee has any conception of the whole commonwealth, and its relation to it. He has impulses, wants, appetites, that prompt to this or that action; that harmonious result of the several labours of each, is probably produced without any consciousness of any such harmonious result. I suspect that the "oldest inhabitant" of the hive knows as little of that complicated polity which the naturalist so justly admires, as any single petal or anther in a flower knows of that order and arrangement which is the admiration of the botanist. Their society must be entirely, what human society is in part, the result of spontaneous impulses acting upon individuals themselves, unconscious of any *national result.*

THORNDALE.

If it were not, we must give them credit for a power of making and observing laws far exceeding that of the best-ordered community of men.

In short, you do not admit any radical distinction between the animals and man in this matter of instinct. Both have instincts, if such is the expression we are to use. The animal has a limited mind that comes rapidly to its perfection; the man has an indefinite growth of mind, or a developed succession of instincts. Well, I will think over this proposition.

I like that idea which the comparative anatomist has given us, that, *up to a certain point*, the human being may be seen thrown piecemeal, as it were, upon the rest of the creation; that in him such separate portions are gathered up and united. Here are animalcules which have just the life that the red corpuscles of the blood may be supposed to have. Other creatures are a mere stomach; others grow and move, but have no special sense. If they have that of touch, they want that of vision. Others, again, have the marvellous eye, but no memory for any

image it has given them.—What are you so intent upon, Clarence? What botanical specimen have you gathered there? Is it for the herbarium, or the sketch-book?

CLARENCE.

For neither. I gathered this leaf of the wild hyacinth to look closer at the caterpillar that is crawling upon it. I wonder whether this worm here has any memory. It enjoys its slow movement over the green leaf, which it feeds on, and travels over, at the same time. I rather grudge him the leaf, but I suppose that the most ungainly insect that *feels*, belongs to a higher order in creation than the most beautiful plant. So let our caterpillar eat his way onward without reproach. He has a sensational life, of a quiet, not of a brilliant character; I should not think he had memory. His relations with the external world are so few, simple, and constant, that he has no need or use for memory. Why remember the green food it fed on yesterday, or the moist earth it glided over? The same moist earth and the same green food are present to the much more vivid sense. Always the same instinct suffices. It has nothing to learn, and the dangers that beset it are such as it could not possibly provide against. Its little feet move at contact with the ground, and the mouth opens at the proximity of the stimulating diet. A few feelings—not a single thought—no personality—what a strange existence!

See! he lifts his head into the air as if with some vague prophetic notion that he will by-and-by take possession of that element; for he is but a sort of embryo all this while. The butterfly could not be formed in the small egg; at least it was not: a little worm creeps out, and grows, as it feeds, into the butterfly. And when one looks again, it fully justifies this embryonic character, sleeping and feeding much as if all its business was to grow. Soon it will coil and work itself into something like a larger egg, and there complete its growth—what we call its transformation. Wings will be given to this slow creature, and long and vigorous legs, and an eye of greater power, and a brain to correspond. Will it have memory then?

THORNDALE.

Not much, I am afraid, if, like its brethren of the moth tribe, it can again and again rush into the bright flame that burns and destroys it.

CLARENCE.

It feeds now upon the leaf; it will be sporting then from flower to flower. "A fairy passing through a garden," says my child's story-book, "plucked a blossom from the sweet-pea, and threw it sportively into the air; and the fairy bade it fly and feed itself on the nectar of other flowers. And so it did. And behold! the seed that would have formed in the calix of the plant, formed in the body of the flying flower. But this seed, this egg, would not take root in the soil; from it there crept a living moving *stem*, that grew moving on the face of the earth. And behold this stem became a *bud* or chrysalis, and from the bud came forth again the flying blossom. Seed, stem, bud, blossom, are thus for ever put forth in succession by our living flower."

SECKENDORF.

Your child's story-book tells the matter prettily enough.

CLARENCE.

Is it not as if the type of the plant had been followed when nature proceeded to the insect?—Do you think any thing satisfactory has been made out of the development hypothesis?

SECKENDORF.

Which hypothesis do you mean? The hypothesis that a change in external circumstances may have modified existing organizations, and these modifications may have been transmitted to their posterity, will not carry us far in explaining that series of new creations which geology has revealed to us. You cannot explain in this manner the very structure, limbs, nerves, and susceptibilities of an animal. This operation of external circumstances implies that certain organs and sensibilities are al-

ready there. For instance, you may account in this way for many changes and modifications in the canine race; but there must have been something of a dog to begin with; you could not account for his four legs and his susceptible nose.

CLARENCE.

There must be a process of *formative* growth—growth of the very organism itself from some *plasma*—before we can come to the action of the inorganic world upon the organic.

SECKENDORF.

So it seems. Then there is the more modest hypothesis which the embryologist has suggested to us—that this process of *formative* growth has been advanced from stage to stage by additions and varieties made in the embryo of some existing animal. This merely asserts that the egg, or the *uterus*, of an existing animal has been the workshop or scene of nature's plastic operations. Presuming that certain forms of animal life were coeval with our planet, then the new species which have successively appeared are supposed to have been produced by a development or further growth of the embryo of an existing creature. This does not remove the operation of external circumstance, because the supposition is that this further development would not take place except under some appropriate change of circumstance. But it makes no attempt to show how change in external circumstance could influence this process of formative growth.

If we *must have* an hypothesis, I suppose this last is the best we can form; but, for my own part, I have long ago learnt to remain simply ignorant where I can get no knowledge.

CLARENCE.

That new creatures have, from time to time, been introduced upon the earth, is, I suppose, indisputable. Now I cannot imagine that some fine day a horse came flying through the air, down from the skies, like Ariosto's hypogriff—that it alighted on some green hill, there shook off its wings, and straightway began to graze. A flight of winged bulls, for instance, even with the aid of the Assyrian sculptures, I find a very difficult

subject for the imagination. Nor can I acquiesce even in the picture which the poet gives us who saw the lion rising out of the earth—

"pawing to get free
His hinder parts."

Therefore, if I am to form any conception whatever of an event that must have transpired on this earth, I know not what other to adopt than this which you have been last describing: That here and there, where the sun lay brightest, or where volcanic action had supplied some requisite change, or new material—where the suitable condition, in short, of the *inorganic* was found—nature pushed on her operation in this or that embryo of a living animal to some further stage of development.

THORNDALE.

Nature gives us no commencements; most completely are all beginnings hidden from us. Men, when they framed their old cosmogonies, showed how strong is the disposition to *begin at the beginning;* but at the beginning we never do begin.

SECKENDORF.

Neither beginning nor end do we ever catch sight of. Some small portion of the thread, as it passes from the distaff to the shears, we handle and examine; but to us it comes out of darkness, and goes into darkness. All our boasted science begins and ends in mere abrupt and blank bewilderment.

Our physical science has no other basis than a sensation we have in common with that worm which Clarence is still admiring, and which feels, we presume, the resistance and support of the substance that it is crawling over. We can give just as little account of *substance itself* as that worm. Matter is to us that which we touch. Try and construct what shall seem a more positive or scientific definition, and you will find it labour in vain. We proceed with our science from just that point where we stand side by side with the worm. We take the clue in our hand from the same point, and cannot take a single step *backwards.*

If you are puzzled and discontented with the definition of the *atom*, you perhaps fly to the more subtle notion of a *force*. Force shall be your first element. But what conception have you of physical force that does not resolve itself into the idea of *motion*? And how conceive of motion unless you have something to move? You are driven back to the *atom*.

You resume the *atom*, this minimum of substance or extension; and you are involved again in the old perplexity; you have no *minimum*, you have no *atom*.

THORNDALE.

So then we begin our knowledge, as well as our life, where the worm begins, and it is the continuous development we are called on to admire in man. He is the summit of all animal life. Such view has its attraction, but I could never embrace it. I must not say that it leads to Materialism, for you will not know any thing about Matter in itself; but vital and mental properties are inextricably interlaced, and I have lost sight of the independent soul of man.

SECKENDORF.

Thorndale, have you ever seen an idiot—ever looked well at the creature as it stood before you—man in limbs, in senses, in appetites, in some passions—man no further? Certain *vital* properties in that head of his are deficient. I think one idiot humbles us all. Here, in these beautiful valleys of Switzerland, amongst these sublimities of nature, is born the Cretin. He has, or may have, all his senses; he can see, touch, hear, more or less perfectly; but his brain is malformed, or an impure blood deteriorates its growth, or fails to supply some appropriate stimulant. He learns nothing; makes no more advance than the cattle in the stall; child always, let his age be what it may. A pious Mahometan would tell us that his soul is in heaven, and on this account would invest the poor creature with a sort of sanctity. A strange superstition!—gentle, if not wise.

Meanwhile the disease of the Cretin is sometimes partially curable. As the physician conquers the malady—or a purer blood is produced—as this and that tissue is restored, or raised

to its normal susceptibility—lo! a glimmer of the soul appears! The Mahometan would, I suppose, tell us that the physician is summoning it from heaven. To the physician it seems very clear that the animal health he has partially restored was that missing *link* in the great established *order* of development, without which there could be no higher thinking than the idiot had displayed.

I pretend not to say what there is besides *matter* concerned in the human consciousness. I know not even what this matter is; but I do see this connection you speak of between vital and mental properties. And the difficulty of separating the two has been so felt of late, that I notice in more than one quarter a revival of the old hypothesis, that the soul is not that only which thinks and feels, but that vital power also which *grows* the very organism by which it feels and thinks. The hypothesis has at all events the merit of recognizing the only truth we really have attained—the necessity of this organism as a condition of consciousness.

But on this beautiful summer day we will have nothing so crabbed as talk about materialism. Do I not constantly say that it is the Imagination—the power to combine what sense and memory give us into *unrealities*—that forms the vivacity and movement of our intellectual life; and shall I pass my days in disputing against these fair unrealities? Delusion! Why, the very best of human life is that which every one but the happy dreamer himself recognizes to be a delusion. What an egregious delusion is that exaggerated preference which the lover gives to one simple damsel beyond all others! What a delusion is the love of fame! That posterity shall praise me! That people who do not yet exist shall shout the name of one who has ceased to exist! What a sublime folly! Even the ambition which occupies our sternest manhood is often a chase after some dignity, title, position, which owes its charm to the imagination. What can mere ceremony profit a man? If twenty men stand bareheaded in a row as I pass by, is my head any the warmer? Perhaps I too must go bareheaded, for honour must be honourably received. Yet for something like this the strongest of us all toil, and intrigue, and contend for years together.

Throughout our whole existence our brightest moments are due to some conviction which we should smile at in another—some belief, which the calm and critical observer is pronouncing to be a delusion. From youth to age it is all alike. My Romeo begins his career by seeing Heaven's angel in a soft and silly girl, and ends it by descrying Heaven's messenger in a dull and stupid priest. I have seen a torpid, clownish, unclean man, impenetrable himself to any gleam of thought, infuse, by his mummery and his mumbling, such a rapture of hope in my poor dying patient—such an ecstacy and sense of beatitude—as all the professors in all the universities of Europe could not have distilled from their philosophy to reward the wisest and best of mankind.

THORNDALE.

O Seckendorf! do let us have the truth—if we can get it, whatever sober or saddening aspect it may wear. If delusion comes in its stead, it comes to those who think it truth. Let Truth be mistress of the world to each one of us.

If it be true that this marvellous organism *is* ourselves—is the very subject that feels, perceives, remembers—let us recognize this strange truth. I heard you say the other day, that the only statement you could make was simply this: "That certain properties do exist in certain organs, nerves, muscles, and that the combination of these makes the man; it being, however, the law of the organism, that each of these properties requires the coexistence of other organs and other properties—the organic being essentially a whole." According to this statement, the *unity* of my being is precisely of the same character as the unity of any organic creature on the face of the earth. A certain *consensus* or harmony of movements and sensations in a slug or a frog, constitutes the unity of that creature. A *consensus* of the same kind, though of far more numerous feelings, movements, &c., constitutes the unity of the man.

Well, I would accept such a description of our nature if it seemed to me true, and follow it out to its legitimate consequences. But it is not true. My consciousness, at least, reports to me quite a different unity. I am one, because the same

personality—the same I myself—the same *subject*, as our metaphysicians term it, runs ever through all states of consciousness. This constant Ego, present in every cognition, constitutes my unity as man—as a thinking being.

That this undeniable Ego thinks through, or by means of, a multifarious organism, seems also true. And if I once for all admit that the brain is, during this life, the indispensable instrument of thought, how can I be affected by the thousand instances you might bring before me of ill-health or cerebral injury influencing the current of my thought? How can any array of facts of this kind compete with the constant ceaseless voice of my consciousness proclaiming at each moment the *I am*—proclaiming, in short, my spiritual being? Often have I said that I might be brought to join the school of Berkeley and of Fichte, but I could never understand that *matter thinks*—or that this body, which is in constant change—the very particles of matter that are supposed to be active in thought, flying off even as the thought is produced—for a certain decomposition and recomposition attends every vital function—that this body is the *I myself*.

SECKENDORF.

Every muscle constantly changes, yet continues to be a muscle, and a muscle that retains all the peculiar suppleness and power which exercise had produced. "Matter cannot think—inert matter," as we hear it said, "cannot think." Certainly not. Inert matter cannot move. It is moving matter that moves. It is growing matter that, in the vegetable, grows. If your definition of matter is limited to some one property, which all matter, at all times, displays, your definition cannot help us much. The property of extension leads us no farther—than the property of extension. If your definition is to embrace all properties, which matter at any time, under any circumstance, may manifest—mechanical, chemical, vital properties—then it is evident that such a definition must be the last result of all our knowledge. Whether the property of sensibility or feeling shall be added to those already enumerated, is precisely the question we should have to discuss.

I notice you adopt the expression so frequently used, the brain is the *instrument* of the mind. Be it so. But it is an instrument of that curious order that takes the *initiative*.

You sleep, and in your sleep you dream. I need not point out the difference between the bodily condition of sleeping and waking. Perhaps to describe all the points of difference would be a very difficult undertaking. Suffice it that there is a marked difference. And now, without disputing the existence of your spiritual *ens*, is it not evident that there is a very peculiar mode of thinking, the result of this peculiar condition of the vital organism?

I do not want to wrangle about words to which I can attach no distinct meaning. If you admit that the mind thinks only *through* the organism—that it thinks *according to* the condition of this organism—and that that condition is determined by organic or vital laws—you admit all the *facts* I have to contend for.

What a long talk we have had! and it has oscillated from the animals to man with a regularity somewhat singular. We must break up our camp. Come, Clarence!—What are you extracting from that leaf which you still contemplate so earnestly? The caterpillar, I observe, is gone.

CLARENCE.

The leaf, they tell us, is the stem expanded; the stem the closed leaf. Thus, then, by alternate folding and unfolding, an alternate sleeping and waking, does the plant grow.

As the eye of the old man closes in his last sleep, the eye of some infant is somewhere opening for the first time to the light. Here also is a folding and unfolding, an alternate sleeping and waking, by which the earthly race of man has its growth.—Come, let us be going.

CHAPTER VII.

THE DIARY CONTINUED—THE WATERS ARE DISTURBED.

On laying down my pen after reviving these conversations with Seckendorf, I feel, too, a revival of those bewildering and painful uncertainties which I carried away with me from the conversations themselves. When I left my two philosophic champions, the one the champion of Hope, the other of Despondency, I cannot say, like the good pilgrim, that "I went on my way rejoicing;" for I often paused, and often lost sight of even the marvels of art and nature which Italy was disclosing to me, whilst perplexing myself with questions which these two champions had only made more difficult of solution.

I carried them with me back to England; and there I found that even my poet friend, Luxmore, had not escaped from the perplexity and bewilderment of our times. I cannot better express this perplexity than by recalling some of the wild, contradictory utterances of my poet.

A true poet in his way of thinking, Luxmore threw himself energetically into the intellectual position of any writer who had succeeded in interesting him, and made it, for the time, his own. But a permanent, constant scheme of philosophy he never pretended to have attained. I am far from saying that this is the nature of all poets; but with him, whatever was grand or new, or kindled his imagination in any way, was for the time cordially received. Perhaps I have been almost as much undecided as my poet-friend; but there was always this difference between us: My indecision was a pain and suffering; I stood torn by contradictory arguments, not knowing which camp to join; while

he rushed into the conflict with the first spear that offered itself to his grasp—fought both battles—and rode off to other fields and other fights. Such was his nature. He loved truth, but he loved excitement and emotion first of all.

One of the last conversations I had with him as we sat together in his rooms, surrounded by a heap of packages—he was preparing for that wilful voyage of his across the Atlantic—turned upon the nature (so far as we can penetrate it) of the human mind. I wish I could catch the half-philosophical, half-rhapsodical manner of the man. He spoke somewhat in this fashion,—

"When I read the *metaphysicians*, I am a spiritual entity, a mysterious unit, a one indivisible simple essence, source to myself of my own ideas. I have entered into this body, into this world; I am passing through into other worlds, perhaps into other bodies; I am passing through, as the old Saxon king said, like the bird that flies across the hall, entering from the heavens at one window, departing to the skies at the other. I, in truth, belong to Eternity, and not to Time.

"When I read the *physiologists*, I am still a glorious creature, but a creature of a quite different description. As I ascend, stage after stage, by the aid of the comparative anatomist, through the various developments of life, I start at finding that this vital organism is assuming higher and higher functions, till at length it seems to usurp the place of that spiritual entity I had presumed myself to be. There where I was accustomed to see the simplest of essences, my mysterious unit, I find the very height of complexity. The 'one and indivisible' seems now more like death than life—for it is now the unity of innumerable parts, movements, and susceptibilities, that constitutes my idea of a living creature. I tremble to think that man himself, instead of being free to come and go, a traveller through nature, may be himself a part of this great whole of nature—may belong to the world as much as the rainbow and the cloud belong to it, whatever semblance of freedom they put on. Man and nature are one. Nature is here that man may become conscious of it. The world is one creation, having its climax or final cause in the consciousness of man.

"But why should I say 'I tremble to think?' Why use language of this kind? If this, and no other, is the nature of my being, I will accept it for such as it is—accept with gratitude—and acknowledge still that it is a most glorious being. We *have* these great ideas, great truths, great emotions, great aims, however they may be generated. Nor is religion absent. Religion—wiser men than I have said it—is not essentially the relation between this life and some other life of mine, but the relation between this very life and God the giver of it. Say that I transmit the great gift to my successor—gift not to be tarnished in my hands—say that I live but to the next sunset, the good is still the good, and the beautiful the beautiful, and God the giver of them both. No man's religion, or morality, is worth much who does not love the good for its own sake, and hate the evil—in other words, who does not love love, and hate hate.

"Look abroad through creation—from the lowest to the highest, from the simplest to the most complex—all nature is one! We speak—and naturally enough—of any animal existing here before us, as if it were a distinct and independent individual. But the multiplicity of relations between it and the surrounding inorganic world, are not less essential to its existence, than the relations between the several parts of its own organism. What the animal is, feels, or does, depends at each instant on its relations with the earth, the air, the water, and the sun that rides high out there above us all. Take a vital organism and throw it into blank space—it is nothing. The vitality you place in the organic frame *is not*, but on condition of the greater *inorganic frame* that envelopes it—envelopes it as a body over a body.

"And now look at man—the masterpiece of creation—and see how large a space and what a complicated universe he needs to exist in. Why, the whole world is as much his body as his own marvellous frame. Whence comes this light along which he lives and feels. Earth, and the wide air, and the flowing waters, are all parts of his being. Not a moment does he live without them: they are present with him in the highest flights of his imagination, in the most concentrated effort of his thought.

A tremor of the air upon a nerve is *sound;* a tremor of some other ether upon some other nerve is *light.* Sound has become language, music, eloquence. Light has become beauty, art, and the written word. You read some philosophic page; but that tremor of an ether which extends throughout the universe is the light of your eye, and has thus become the light of your understanding. That impulse on a nerve, which was the mere sense of sound upon an infant's ear—that other touch, more gentle still, which was the sense of light upon an infant's eye—are with us when we hear or read the wisdom of the greatest of men.

"Close the eye, shut up the ear, let the exquisite sense of touch die off the surface of the body, and what does even thought itself become?—A mere dream. Is this the spirit you would preserve, if even you could carry it forth from the chamber where the lamp is flickering? Why struggle to be this independent unit? It is the condition of your marvellous being, that it requires nothing short of a whole world for its development. Every living man, in order to preserve his individual existence, must, like another Atlas, carry off the entire planet on his shoulders.

"One may say that the creation grows conscious of itself in man. What a glaring and absurd contradiction do our Byronic poets fall into, when they praise nature at the expense of man! What is nature till man is there to feel and understand? What are suns and stars, mountains and the ocean, without the human eye, and that which lies behind the eye? What that is which lies behind the eye—marvellous brain, or something more—I do not precisely know; but I know this, that it both receives from the eye and gives to the eye. What if I am indeed no other than this fine bodily instrument made sensitive to a thousand impulses—what if I am indeed this 'living lyre,' swept over by every wind, and tremulous to every ray of light—living lyre conscious of its own melody? I am still nothing less than that wondrous instrument that has converted *motion* into *melody*—the *thing* into a *thought.* Or, to change my metaphor, I am that sensitive mirror in which the reflected world becomes a conscious world, and knows itself as the creation of God.

"Think what a divine creature man is! He alone admires. He alone embraces the whole, and is conscious of the divine idea. Other creatures are beautiful and happy, but they know not how beautiful they are. They love, but they know not how lovely love is. The tree amidst all its beauty lies hidden from itself; the bird is shrouded in its own music, as the tree amidst its own leaves. It knows nothing of the wood, but the shelter it gets from it; nothing of the ringing harmonies around, but its own joy which it pipes incessantly through all. It is only when some poet comes, looking, loitering, listening, that all this beauty of the leafy wood, and all this happiness, is revealed and felt. God re-creates his world in the consciousness of man. In us it is that he finally accomplishes his divine idea.

"I see the poet; I see him lying by the borders of his lake. Just where the land curves out a little, just where the old ash-tree, half covered with its ivy, throws its branches down along the translucent water, I can see my meditative poet. The lake undulates about him—more like light than water—and as he looks into the tree above his head, the softest lustre imaginable is playing amongst the leaves; it is the reflected light glancing upward from the lake. The waters are moving round him with no steady current, and no perceptible wind, but eddying about with a silent, uncertain, mazy movement; a liquid living labyrinth most mystical to a museful man; undulating, as I said, more like light than water. Further off in the distance, the lake lies still as the azure sky itself. And see what a world of beauty those mountains opposite have thrown down upon it! There they rise, clad in purple heather, and in many softer hues, gathered from the air and the shadow of a passing cloud; and they give all to the lake, and by their reflected grandeur make it deep and capacious as the heaven is high, and fill it with the noblest forms of the upper air. What a depth of space does that shadow of the mountain scoop out beneath the surface of the lake! But mountain and shadow, and lake and tree, are all for him—for him. These wonderful creations of unconscious space are born again, and have their full and complete existence in the poet's mind. For him, and in him, all this beauty lives. The mountain becomes a grandeur only in his thoughts; as it

exists in the unconscious air, it is mere bulk and measurement. I see my poet, leaning on the moss-covered rocks, looking at it all aslant. And hosts of little wild-flowers are peeping into his eyes. They, too, would live! They, too, will become a conscious loveliness if he but looks on them. He does look. Every thing in creation has its accomplished and exalted being in the consciousness of man. If the silent waters move mystically, if the murmuring waters murmur peace, if the torrent and the waterfall speak of power, it is only as they flow and murmur through his thoughts. In him they become mystery, and peace, and power.

"But the poet departs. He vanishes like the mist; he withers like the leaf. Ay, but another and another poet will lie on those moss-covered rocks. This living man will transmit his life. He will improve it as he transmits. His life is always the greater in just such proportion as he can feel himself one in the great whole of Humanity."

After a pause, in which Luxmore had been busily occupied in cleaning and loading a brace of pistols, he broke out again, and in a very different strain. The revolvers had evidently something to do with the transition.

"See here!" he said, "I am prepared to defend my little spark of life by blowing into dust and ashes any one who assails me.

"It won't do, Thorndale! This impersonal and Pantheistic way of thinking does not accord with nature; not, at least, with the nature of an Englishman. We live self-centred. *I am more than a life;* I am the somewhat who has the life, and means to keep it. This little word *I* has a wonderful meaning and potency in it. All our heroism or greatness dies out if this little word loses its power with us. What is our immortality but a sublime egotism? The old Saxon king spoke best: We flutter in at the one window, and spread our wings, and fly forth at the other, into infinite space. I shall keep my faith in the mystical *I.* Each individual man stands eternally face to face with a created nature. He receives it all, learns from it all, and stands

also in clear contrast to it all. That seeming contradiction is the secret of his greatness. There you have my 'last word.'"

How little is life! How great are the problems of life! Man is nothing, man is infinite. We are all children—but children playing on the shore of the great ocean.

I believe, I meditate on God; and as the idea enlarges, I find I believe in nothing *but* God. Then I am told that this is as bad as not believing at all.

Seckendorf would have us look up to the same old glories, through the same old tears. But then the condition is, that we must still weep like children, and see like children.

Children we may be, but *somewhere* there is a maturity to be reached.

We shall die, and never have known what manner of being God is! This very thought assures me of an Immortality.

Yet the question arises—May not my aspirations after higher knowledge and higher life be realized by the *future man?* May not their very purpose be to stimulate the race of man onwards to its destined perfection or maturity? I may die; but these thoughts of mine, they do not die: they live for ever; they are revived for ever, growing again, and growing more luminous, in successive generations. My thoughts no more die than this scene of nature (which is here that it may become a thought in living men) will die because I depart from it. God and his universe exist, and whatever in me is worthy of preservation will continue to exist. What is this *I* that must be eternal?

Hear the Earth-spirit sing: "My hills rise higher, into skies more beautiful; my ocean and my rivers roll purer waters; my animals are more graceful, and thrill with more joyous life than in olden times. My antelopes bound over the plain, my birds sing in the clear air; every valley grows to be a Paradise; and

the rationally happy race—the last thing accomplished—is slowly forming and moulding itself. My earth will then be complete, mature—it will take its place, intelligent, and wise, and grateful, in the great choral hierarchy of the heavens."

God *never* pardons: the laws of his universe are irrevocable. God *always* pardons: sense of condemnation is but another word for penitence, and penitence is already new life.

I weary of this conflict—of this eternal wrangle of my own thoughts. Silence! I crave silence, peace, and a pause to this incessant din and tumult of reflection. There is silence deep enough in the air around me. But who shall still for me this loud and contradictory talking that is perpetually going on within?

Oh, for the voice of a friend!—for one half-hour, Luxmore, of your genial, variable, animated talk! How you threw aside the oppression of our doubts in your plenitude of life, and your gratitude to the Giver of life! Where are you now? Are you at the Andes? Or have you "worked your way round" to that farm on the Mississippi? Perhaps on the swiftly-flowing waters of the Mississippi you may be floating along;—hardly resting on its banks.

Wherever you may be, on land or ocean, would I were wandering with you! "Life—with but health and nature!"—you used to exclaim—"is a most glorious gift. There is a piety in joy!"—Not yours a thankless spirit.

"Life, with but health!"—As I pass in my ride some group of lazzaroni or fishermen, their limbs idly spread out upon the quay, and often asleep or basking in the sun, I cannot but envy them those strong limbs, that vigorous health, those broad lungs that play so freely and so perfectly that the possessor knows not if he has lungs or not. I wish that, without injury to that

brawny sleeper, I could borrow his breathing apparatus for a time—his noble chest, his thews and sinews. Oh, stuff me, thought and all, into the body of some sailor lad, who from the mast-head is shouting "Land!" Let me, too, be abroad upon the world, shouting and gazing, seeing all its wonders, sharing all its strife and energy.

As Luxmore said, it seems like a disgrace to die and never to have seen a tropical landscape. Well—if not mine—yet other eyes see all the grandeur of this earth we dwell in. Even at this moment other and stronger men than I—stronger in mind and body—see it all. This joy is not lost. It *is*, and will continue to be. Why must it be *mine?* Even at this instant, while I write here, slowly and in pain, how many a young heart, and vigorous limb, and fresh vision, is beating, bounding, kindling throughout the world. There is immortal youth amongst us.

I do not want to see the tropics. It is a very different scene, and a much more homely landscape, that I sigh to be transported to.

What is it has unhinged me? *I* must not weary of solitude. There is no choice now, and no room for that indecision which ever makes a full half of all our calamities. There is but one simple necessity—to endure on here to the end. And the end is not far off.

All this day long have I been wandering amongst the shady lanes, the hedgerows, the cultivated fields of England. The green meadow rises before me; it can hardly retain its distinctive colour of green for the multitude of wild-flowers, golden, and white, and purple, that are blossoming all over it. Such a meadow, bounded by a row of tall elm-trees in full leafage of deeper green, and overshone and overshadowed by our beautifully clouded and ever variable skies—this surely is a landscape one might live in for ever. I weary of this eternal blue—of sea, and sky, and mountain—and of these dark olive-trees which seem never to have known either a winter or a spring. Would that I could wander once again in an English field of corn, or of

those bell-like oats that Luxmore once said were "music to the eye!" I would exchange all these sublimities for an English hedge—dearer to me than all the tropics. I see it before me as I used to lie under it when a boy. I could build it up in memory, every leaf of it. First came the little foss—call it ditch if you will—but it is quite dry, and distinguished only by a thicker grass; then from the further side rises a green bank, sloping gently, and covered all over with innumerable tribes of delicate grasses and white starry flowerets. On this stands the sturdy hawthorn, intermingling leaf and thorn—cheerful, vigorous, self-defensive. For all its thorn, it is tangled over with woodbine, and the small pink and blushing convolvulus which runs in and out, and, with all its modesty, always contrives just not to hide itself. Last of all, on the very summit, the wild-rose clusters, and tosses its flowers, and seems to laugh with giddy joy, as it scarce holds on against the breeze that is toying with its blossoms. How pleasant it was to recline at full length upon the grassy bank, looking down into the wonders of vegetable and insect life that it disclosed! A spot I could have covered with my hand seemed, when you pried into it, to be a whole world in itself.

What would I give to be transported to that park!—to row the boat once more upon that river!—once more to stand lingering in that shrubbery! Ah! not on me must fall the malady of the Swiss! I shall never see England—never see her again!

Oh health! health! how precious and how little prized! This weakness is more than weakness, it is pain and distress. With me the powers of life do not die down evenly or together. It is the nature of my complaint. The brain struggles last and longest against the encroachments of decay; and thus *decay is felt*. Hand and foot desert me before the *wish* to exert them expires. The pen will be laid down before the thought. Farewell for me—not the big plume of war—but this poor feather of a pen that I once hoped would accomplish something. Presumptuous wish!

What a useless life has been mine! Useless and toilsome.

Cyril has been with me. Like a good Catholic he has been harping on his favourite theme, the necessity of submitting the reason, by an act of obedience, to the teaching of the Church and of the sacred volume. He comes to me in a quite missionary spirit. It is this act of submission, he thinks, I stand pre-eminently in need of. If, as Seckendorf said, "one could cease thinking!"—or think his thoughts and not my own!—it would be doubtless a good exchange—only it happens to be impossible to make it.

Curious! how he blows the trumpet about what he calls his "Principle of Revelation," which he says the Protestant only half accepts, or altogether violates. The Protestant will receive implicitly the doctrine when he has satisfied himself of the evidence of the miracles wrought to confirm it. But as the nature of the doctrine, to confirm which a miracle was wrought, must enter for something into the question whether the miracle was wrought at all, we find, he says, the Protestant in reality canvassing the doctrine under pretence of sifting what he calls the historical evidence: thus, in fact, making his own reason the final judge, and departing from implicit obedience to the revelation.

But, my dear Cyril, I suppose men must, or ought to understand what they believe, and what is understanding any system of doctrines but examining it? Your "principle of revelation" must necessarily be subordinate to the mental laws of that being whom God has created as well as taught, and taught in creating.

I was obliged, in my turn, to lay down the law, and show him the limited action of his "principle of revelation." I said: "When men have formed a language suitable for such a purpose—(I beg you to reflect what previous knowledge and thought is implied in this)—when men have framed a language suitable to the purpose, it is conceivable that a system of doctrines might be enunciated authoritatively by one who wrought miracles in proof of his divine authority. But even then, the doctrines he enunciates *cannot* be apprehended as truths, if they contradict each other, or contradict other truths which also are given us by God. I defy all the Cardinals and all the Bishops in the world, in conclave assembled, to controvert this simple statement."

When Cyril boasts of his implicit obedience, he is but congratulating himself, in fact, on the steadfast predominance of a pious disposition. It is in the supremacy of a devotional sentiment that he finds his rest and stability. Happy those who have happy natures—loving and devout.

Seckendorf, in his own dry, unsatisfactory, yet impartial manner, would say: "There are natures so finely tuned to love and reverence, that only in an imaginary world could they find the fit and constant objects for their love and their devotion. I have known such natures—chiefly amongst women. They have but one want—a devoted love! Where on earth can they bestow this—on what object from which some day it would not be flung back to them—flung back by the hand of death, if by no colder hand?"

And again he would say: "Depend on this, that there is at least no danger to these great Faiths from the efforts of a literary class. What changes may take place *from below*—either as the result of some social change, or from the volcanic eruption (so to speak) of new superstitions—let no one pretend to predict. But the literary class will effect nothing; for this plain reason, that they are always divided amongst themselves, and that every age is sure to contradict its predecessor. You cannot overthrow a Church in one generation; and the second generation of literary men never repeat their predecessor's reasoning—they assail it.

"Vanity, or love of reputation is the great motive of the literary class. If Truth determines what a man thinks, it is vanity decides what he shall write. Each great teacher traces out his road, and builds his triumphal arch upon it; but the next that comes plans a new road, or pulls down the triumphal arch—for all the world he would not walk under it. The literary men of the eighteenth century assailed the Church; their successors of the nineteenth century supported it. They were half afraid of the victory that seemed placed in their hands, but still more disgusted with it as the achievement of others. When all the honour has been reaped of *saying* any thing, there is only

one way of obtaining reputation, that of skilfully *unsaying* it. The same man often tries his hand at destruction, and then at reconstruction of the very thing he had destroyed. Witness your Coleridge and others. And as this last requires the greatest ingenuity, it is the task which brings him the greatest honour. Free-thinking has become shallow and superficial; all the deep and profound philosophy, as it is called, is now ranged on the side of the Church. I do not know what is going on in India and amongst the Brahmins, but I will confidently predict, that if a literary class should arise to dispute the mysterious sacredness of the water of the Ganges—long before their teaching will have had any effect upon the faith of the people, there will be another literary class who will hold up their predecessors as shallow and ignorant pretenders, and will prove, by many profound reflections, that there is a mysterious power of salvation in the water of the Ganges."

Throwing one's self cordially upon life *as it is*—in the manner of Seckendorf, or, still better, of my poor friend Luxmore—asking from it, not Eternal Truth, but simply what treasures it can reveal of Hope, of Love, of most sacred Thought and Emotion—it becomes then a scene full of incessant interest.

We *do* hope—and most amazing things we hope for—that is a certain fact. But has experience taught us that what we hope will therefore be realized? The experience of most men, of most old men, has taught them that hope, or hopeful action, was itself the fairest reality of life. Yes, we hope on and on; and though at every station we come to, we perceive that Imagination had thrown its illusions before us, we still trust to the glories of the station beyond; and when we have reached the very gulf of darkness itself, Hope throws her bridge across, and travels steadfastly along it, though it is thin and sharp, says the Prophet, as the edge of a sabre. Hope travels over it into regions beyond.

Hope, in some subtle form, is with us constantly. I find that this sentiment mingles with, and enhances, our feeling of the Beautiful. I see it in that gleam of light that decoys me into the opening forest, or leads me down the long avenue. Hope is

flying with the lights and shadows that course alternately along the landscape; it will play for a whole summer's afternoon amidst the clouds, or on the summits of the hills. I think a certain vague sentiment of expectation, or hope, forms one of the most constant elements of scenic beauty. Yes, and our chase after the picturesque may perhaps suggest a moralizing strain applicable to all our chases in life.

Look you—just where the winding river is lost to the eye—just where the circling path curves round the hill—Hope stands and beckons. You follow, and the river still winds, and the path still curves. The perfect charm was there where you stood—if to stand still were possible—with all that beauty before you of the winding river, and Hope suggesting still greater where it was lost to sight.

Or you ascend, perhaps, some wooded hill, and through the foliage catch delightful glimpses of the lake below. Hope, at your side, holds up the horizontal branches of the fir-trees, and reveals to you, imperfectly as it seems, a scene full of beauty and of expectancy. Seen half-way up the hill—and but half its surface seen—how perfect is that sun-illumined lake! But you climb in hot haste to the summit that you may *see it all*—that the whole expanse of its waters may be revealed to you as you look fairly down upon it. Well, you see all—and you have lost all. The delightful lake, with all its witchery of light and hope, is gone, and a flat, dead, unmeaning pool of water lies below you, which you measure with your eye from side to side.

We are such social beings withal, that we catch the hopes and fears of others, and sigh for we know not what, because others have longed for it—because others will applaud us for longing and for striving. What faith a child has in the promise of its parent! It is some novel pleasure it knows nothing of, but the promise fills it with delight. And half the glory of attainment is always to proclaim—I have attained!

A Buddhist saint sits motionless under his Bo-tree to earn *Nirwana*. What is Nirwana? He does not know. I am sure he does not know; for there is no possible object of cognition in

mind. But he knows this, that there is a crowd around him whispering wonder and admiration at his near attainment of Nirwana, and therefore he sits killing out his natural life for this dream, this word *Nirwana*. He has heard the mysterious word pronounced with reverence from youth upwards; he has heard it explained by other words quite as remote from any significance, and he never hears it without having the profoundest *feeling* excited in his mind. Emotion he has, but no idea attached to the word. What is it to be absorbed into the Divine essence? It is tantamount to annihilation if it means any thing, for the maddest of men never supposed that, when he ceased to be man, he was to become God.

We read that it is the dread of being retained for ever in the circle of existence—of ever-changing life—that constitutes the chief motive for the acquisition of *Nirwana*. By aid of his doctrine of metempsycho-is, of certain grave charges against a corrupt and corrupting *matter*, and a gloomy view of existence, the Buddhist doctor has converted all nature into one vast wheel of torture, on which the sad soul is bound for ever—unless it so far subdues the influence of matter as to be worthy of *Nirwana*. Thus only can it hope to be unbound from this huge Ixion wheel. Such view of God's creation a Buddhist doctor had attained!

It is not a wheel of torture: there is happiness in the world—only it is from its nature brief, changeful, transitory. It comes and goes, and defies all calculation.

To be happy systematically—to make others happy systematically—this, I fancy, is rather a mistake.

The spirit of joy—I see it dancing in ragged children, with naked feet, on the hard wet pavement of the streets of London. I see it gliding queen-like across the carpeted saloon. In what furrow, behind what wave of the sea, will you find this halcyon bird? In what furrow will you *not*? This only I know, that wherever found, it will not long remain: no sea so rough as not to afford it shelter, and none so calm as to induce it to rest. It flies—but only to light elsewhere. Oh heavens! to think how slight a thing—when we are young, when we are young—can

MUTILATED PAGES

make us supremely blest! A few notes of melody floating in the air—a word or a look from one that is loved—and what a tumult of joy.

Love! Love! What exquisite forms does it assume! Men are surprised at a very early and precocious attachment like that of Dante. I am not surprised. See how a little child will love a bird. How the child longs to caress it—only to hold it lovingly in its own two hands. Simple, pure, and exquisite feeling. Dante must love something, and if Beatrice was there, it must be Beatrice. The bird and the flower cannot understand our love, and return it like the Beatrice.

There is for this reason always some sense of repulse and disappointment in our love of nature. The poet who saw in the beautiful laurel a transformed nymph, whom not even the god could now approach, expressed a feeling we have all experienced. There is the imprisoned Daphne in every graceful tree. How it attracts, and yet repels!

Poets sometimes think they love, when they are only loving to think. Their own imagination is dearer to them than any woman upon earth.

Ask of nature any happiness you can conceive, and she will give it,—only do not ask it to be permanent. You shall live, if you will, "along the line of limitless desire," but desire itself will sometimes die away in you. Life and change are synonymous terms. We sigh for calm till we have it, and then sigh deeper than we ever sighed before to escape from it.

That beautiful moon which is now shining upon me is our favourite type of an unbroken calm and tranquillity. It is a better type than we suspect. The astronomer tells us that it is the most barren spot he knows of in the universe,—rock and extinct volcano. No life stirring there. Very fit type for eternal calm!

BOOK V.

CLARENCE; OR, THE UTOPIAN.

"Oh, when shall all men's good
Be each man's rule?"

TENNYSON.

CHAPTER I.

A NEW INTRODUCTION TO AN OLD FRIEND.

SITTING in the gardens of the Villa Reale to-day, there was one group that especially drew my attention,—a father, and, as it seemed, his little daughter. The gentleman was tall, young, handsome, his demeanour slightly reserved, his expression highly intellectual. He surveyed the crowd with an air of a calm spectator; you saw at once he was an Englishman. The little girl, if I had seen her alone, might have perplexed me. With fair complexion and light hair, she yet had the dark and lustrous eye of the Italian. But the pure bell-like accent with which she spoke her English, proved that she too must have been a native of our island. She walked, or stood, by the side of her father as if she too partook of that reflective habit and quiet reserve which could be read upon his countenance.

It was Clarence! I started—then reseated myself. He saw me, or looked my way, but he did not recognize me—so thin and pale has this illness left me.

Why did I not call, or make some sign, or send some messenger to him? It seemed at the moment that since he had not seen me, it would be better to make no sign. He is passing through Naples as a tourist and a sketcher—it would be a hindrance to him, and a waste of time, if I dragged him up here to a sick man's room. And then he would come and go away, and leave the place blank and solitary. I know of old that the hermitage must not be often broken into, if it is to keep the sad sort of peace it shelters for us.

I contented myself with watching the pair. The little girl was evidently of a very sensitive temperament. Near to where I was sitting is a statue—of the goddess Flora, as I guess;

and within the iron fence by which the statue is surrounded grow some very beautiful specimens of that fair kingdom over which the goddess presides. To this spot came the little girl, attracted by the flowers. Impatient to approach them, she yet would not relinquish the hand of her father for a moment, but did the best she could to drag him forward. To have reached them alone would not have satisfied her; it was plain that she had made some discovery she wanted him to share. He, on his side, stooped down to hear all she had to say about those marvellous flowers; and the earnest prattle of the bright, excited child, interested him I could see, far more than any thing else in the *Villa Reale*.

As the two passed me my heart was strangely stirred,—not, I am sure, with any thing that would bear the name of envy, but with something very like regret. I shall leave the world, and never shall have known *that* happiness—the caress of a child; never known what it is to hold a little loving, lovable creature in your arms that calls you father. I have walked through the earth alone. No dear head has ever leant upon my shoulder. No child has ever taken shelter in my bosom.

Was *thinking* all? Should not life be a *loving* also.

Oh, what beautiful things there are in life! And I have missed them all! Look you, the man and the woman have travelled through the round of pleasures; the road is becoming somewhat stale and wearisome; it is to be gone over and round again, and you see it will soon be to them a beaten and barren track. Must they beat it harder still? Or must their own spirit sink to the level of this dearth and monotony? No: there comes a little child, a toddling infant, and the man and woman, with this charming puppet for a companion, travel the circle of the year again, and find it all new. They gave life to the child, and the child has returned the gift, and rendered them back their youth.

Yes! what beautiful things there are in life! joys that have come down to us pure and unstained from the times of the patriarchs. It is to me an eternal miracle to see the same roses year after year bloom as freshly as they did in Paradise. Plant

this wedded happiness, plant these roses, in every rood of ground, ye who would improve the aspect of this world! but do not think you can change a single leaf of the plant itself.

Progress! progress! But, Clarence, there are some things you can as little improve as you can those charming trees, and rivers, and hills that you love so much. I can tell you that he who, in any age, in any region, has sat himself down beside one of those gentle streams that are flowing upon the earth—(the abode from time immemorial of rushes and the water-lily, of meditation and of peace)—he who has sat down there with one bosom friend to share his meditations and his love—has enjoyed all that the coming centuries can bestow on the best, the wisest, the happiest of our posterity. The last of the race can receive no gifts more precious than those we see around us—this beautiful nature and human fellowship. Like us he will have this pleasant earth to live upon; like us he will look up into this sky above his head—this most bright, *transparent and impenetrable* sky.

Sit down now, O restless thinker! and enjoy now—for here it is—the Elysium you love to prophesy. He to whom God has given to feel the wonder and the beauty of this world—to have calm thoughts, and a dear friend to tell them to—has all that flowing centuries can bring. He stands already at the end of Time. He has forestalled your most remote futurities—he has all the heaven that a man *can* have.

In my ride this morning, Bernard, who acts as charioteer, and who knows something of my taste *for a view*, and when to halt, and where to proceed slowly, brought the carriage to a stop in the front of a villa which certainly commanded an admirable prospect. But there was something within the villa which at that moment more deeply interested me than the prospect. The window was open, and I could see sitting there the same little earnest prattler I had noticed in the gardens of the Villa Reale. She was very silent now, and very busy, leaning, in fact, over her copy-book, marvellously intent upon up-stroke and down-stroke. Clarence was sitting by her side. He had left his easel,

which I saw standing at the further end of the room, to see how the studies of this young artist were proceeding. The long silken tresses of the little girl had fallen upon her paper, much to the embarrassment of her penmanship. She had shaken them aside several times, and they had as frequently returned. Her father had come to the rescue, and, putting his arm round her neck, had gathered up in his hand this silken, golden treasury; and, both for its own sake and for what the pen and ink were so laboriously accomplishing, kept it out of harm's way. It was a charming picture. No gallery in all Italy could show its equal. The beautiful child sate absorbed in its task with that entire singleness of purpose which childhood only knows; nor was there less beauty in the graceful figure and fine intellectual head of Clarence. He was still dwelling on trains of deeper thought of his own, but yet had attention to bestow on the studies of this sweet companion. He could feel a quiet undercurrent of exquisite pleasure as he held in his hand those clustering locks, and kept them from embarrassing the little scribe.

"And now," said the sage preceptor, as the last letter of the copy stood fair upon the page; "and now, Julia, what does *h-o-r-n* spell?"

There was a pause, and the question was repeated—"What does *h-o-r-n* spell?"

"Oh, I know," exclaimed the pupil, with a sudden flush of confidence, "it spells—trumpet!"

"That's what it may *mean*," said her tutor, giving a kiss to hide the smile upon his lips.—I was so charmed with this scene that I almost resolved to break in upon it, and claim my part in the friendship of Clarence; but at this instant Bernard put his horse in motion, and drove on. Better as it is, I thought to myself. Clarence is kind. If he once found me out, he would derange his own plans, and fetter himself to do a service to the invalid. This I should regret. Better as it is.

I like that spelling lesson, and the smile, and the kiss, and the confidence of the little blunderer, and the kind clear explanation which I am sure followed. Many a child as innocently and

as ingeniously blunders, and some stupid, harsh old woman beats it! Veritable old witch!

Nay, learned pedagogues are sometimes as bad as the old woman. Why should not love, rather than hate, be cultivated by the process of tuition? Angry at the very difficulties of his task, many a schoolmaster vents his passion on the poor pupil whom he has failed rationally to instruct. He encounters resistance of some kind, and proceeds to overcome what he deems a culpable obtuseness by force. His authority at least is sustained, and that with him is much. The master does not retire beaten from the field: the pupil does. There is a moral fitness in that. Meanwhile blows make nothing intelligible, and anger kindles anger, and the boy retains his stupidity, and adds to it his hatred.

Why have I avoided Clarence?—But I have made the same blunder all my life.

Nothing surely condemned me to the isolation in which I have passed my existence—which I must now endure to the end. I had committed no crime—incurred no disgrace; why this self-imposed banishment? I drifted into solitude—I did not choose it. I did not seek it, but I made no effort to escape. We make effort enough for knowledge—why not to obtain the socialities of life, which are far more valuable than knowledge? Did some false pride withhold me?—or the morbid dread of receiving, or soliciting a favour? Oh! if I again stood upon the broad highway of life, I would stand there a beggar, hat in hand, for any smile of friendship! I would receive an act of sociality like alms. Now it is too late to change.

We met again in the Villa Reale. The little girl was a few paces in advance. I had evidently attracted her attention. A wan complexion, a feeble gait, had, I suppose, excited a vague feeling of compassion in her. After scanning me awhile, she came forward, and, with the most simple grace imaginable, offered me the flower she was holding in her hand. Very fond herself of flowers, she thought the gift must be acceptable; at

all events, it was what she had, at the moment, to give, and she was longing to make some demonstration of her good-will. I took the flower; but instead of thanking her as I should have done, I continued looking, with intense interest, at this fair vision that had thus come before me. She expected, and very rightly, that I should speak.

Now, when grown-up people open conversation with a child, the first question asked is generally, "What is your name?" She had expected this question, and was prepared with her answer. The question did not come, but the answer did. After a short pause, she said, "My name is Julia Montini Clarence, and this," stretching out her hand towards Clarence, "is my new papa, who is very good to everybody."

"My little girl," said Clarence, stepping forward and taking the child's hand, "is unconsciously performing one of the most solemn rites of society—the introduction of two strangers. You will excuse her, for she knows not what she is doing. And yet, as you appear to be an Englishman and an invalid, if I—

At this moment, his eye meeting mine, he recognized me.

"Thorndale!"

"Clarence!"

Were exclamations which broke from us at the same moment. Grasping my hand, and looking at my altered face, he burst into tears like a woman.

They got into the carriage with me, and accompanied me home. Clarence expressed himself delighted with Villa Scarpa. Julia flew to the garden, and struck up an ardent friendship with my little spaniel. Julia said she knew where I lived; she had found it out. And when I told her that I also, though not intending it, had been a spy upon her, and knew where she lived, and moreover, "that h—o—r—n spelt trumpet," she clapped her hands with delight, and blushed, and laughed, and we were the best friends in the world.

"And you saw me then, Thorndale, and did not speak!" said Clarence. "Ah, but I understand it all; and how this solitude, like a cruel nurse, nurses very ill, but will let no one else take her place. It is only since I came abroad that I heard that you also were in Italy. I had sent home for further inquiries; and at this very time there is a letter on its way from England to tell me of your address. You could not long have kept me out."

He comes, and brings Julia, and together they make this place a little paradise. All the beauty of the scene has revived to me.

Clarence is resolved to try the experiment of painting a picture in the open air, with the very scene before him, instead of working in his studio from sketches and memory. He declares that my little terrace is exactly the place for him. He likes my view better than his own; and begs he may bring his easel here, and paint morning after morning, till the picture is finished. Is this an amiable pretence to disguise an act of kindness? He had already advanced some way in his picture, taken from the prospect at his own house. Well, to such natures an act of kindness is itself a pleasure.

I will accept your kindness, Clarence; I have learnt to receive—to submit to be the grateful one.

I find that Julia is not the daughter—only the adopted daughter—of Clarence. He is still unmarried. The age of Julia (she is five years old) ought to have convinced me that she could not have been his own daughter, for otherwise he must have kept his marriage for a long time a profound secret. But I think, to a bachelor's eye, all little girls are of the same age. One does not, in fact, begin to count years for them at all, till they have ceased to be little girls.

Clarence has been telling me the story of Julia, or rather of her father Montini, and how he came to adopt her for his child. It was a touching story; at least as he told it. I shall try and repeat it as nearly as I can in his own words.

CHAPTER II.

JULIA MONTINI.

(CLARENCE *Inquitur.*)

ETTERBY is a village on the borders of the New Forest, in Hampshire. On the outskirts of this village there lived an old man, something between sculptor and stone-mason; he wrote up "Statuary" (whatever grade in the arts that may signify) in white letters on a green semicircular board, which formed a sort of archway over his garden-gate. The cottage that he lived in stood back from the road, on a small plot of ground of its own; it had formerly been tenanted, together with some additional ground, by a market-gardener. One saw plainly enough that it had never been originally designed for the studio of an artist, if artist this old man is to be called. His occupation was to carve tombstones for the neighbouring churchyard—dogs and lions, couchant or rampant, for park gates, or still more ambitious figures for those whose taste leads them to plant stone statues amongst their cabbages. I think the proprietor of a neighbouring tea-garden had been his greatest patron.

The garden or orchard in front of the cottage in which the old man generally worked, presented no ordinary spectacle to the passer-by. There might be seen sundry *Fames* and *Victories*, some standing upon tip-toe, ready to drop their wreath upon any head, or hold it in any cause, for which their services should be enlisted. There was a very grim Diana, on whose privacy, even if it had not been protected by a very large quiver full of arrows, no one, I am sure, would voluntarily have intruded. Old father Time, with his scythe and hour-glass, was there, you may be sure; he sat conspicuous amongst the apple-trees. This

last was an apparition which struck terror into the hearts of the little boys of the village, especially in winter-time, when the bare trees not only permitted him to be fully seen, *but brought him out* with very appalling effect.

The sculptor was at his work one afternoon in this garden, upon a tombstone on which he had been summoned to put forth all his art. The cherub's face that he was carving on the upper part of it, and which was to form its chief ornament, seemed very intractable—was very slow to make its appearance. It was evident that the old man's hand trembled with age, and (as the result of age) with uncertainty and timidity. A wandering Italian, a gentleman by birth, an artist by profession, a patriot and an exile, was passing at the time. He stopt to look at the sculptor. He stood on the pathway, and, looking over the wicket-gate, watched with interest the progress of the old man. A good-natured smile was playing on his lips. After watching some time, he moved closer to the gate; then, after another pause, lifted the latch, and opened the gate itself; and finally, without a word spoken on either side, he quietly took the chisel and the mallet from the old man's hands, and proceeded with a task for which the powers of the timid veteran were plainly unequal.

The veteran sculptor would certainly have resented this singular intrusion, but there was that in the handling of the tools by the stranger which immediately told him that he belonged to the craft, and he knew that there was very little to spoil in the work which had been hitherto accomplished. So he moved aside, and gave place to the Italian. Very soon the misshapen features, at which the old man had been labouring, began to grow into something like form and beauty.

Absorbed in his task, the Italian worked on till the light forsook him. Then, starting up, he noticed with surprise how low the sun had sunk while he had been employed in his favourite art, and, laying down the tools, prepared to take his departure. The old man said nothing, though he secretly wished that the day had been longer. But by this time another person had joined the group. Annette, the sculptor's daughter, a young, fair, simple-hearted girl, had gently stolen to the spot; had been

looking on, pleased with the progress of the work, not displeased with the dark eyes and expressive countenance of the Italian himself. Her womanly sympathy detected in that countenance, now that the excitement of his voluntary task had passed away, the expression of fatigue, exhaustion, and perhaps of despondency. She could not suffer him to leave without offering him such unpretending hospitality as the little cottage could bestow. The slower mind of the father took up the same proposal, repeated the invitation, begged him to accept a supper and a bed, and placed the cherub at his disposal for his morning's amusement, if he should be inclined to proceed with what he had so well commenced.

The Italian looked at Annette, and then at the half-chiselled cherub, and, in the best terms which his imperfect English enabled him, accepted their offer. He was wise in doing so. The moment he entered the cottage, he felt that fortune had been very kind to him, at least for that day. The sweet feminine spirit of order and neatness to which the world owes so much, had made here also, within four very humble walls, a much more pleasant home than the external aspect of the place would have promised. With the old man's *artistic* arrangements, or disarrangments—with his tools, and his models and the like—Annette never attempted to interfere. He had no order or method, or a method quite of his own, and the attempt to teach him any other would have only vexed and disturbed him. So she let the old sculptor work where and how he pleased, and let the old sculpture deposit itself where it would; and then, between the intervals and interspaces, she wrought in her own way so wisely and so well, that the old man, though he did not know it, lived, the moment he dropt his tools, in the most orderly and comfortable manner in the world. Much of luxury in the way of provisions there certainly was not, but by some happy inspiration—for there seemed to be no one to teach her—there was not a house in all Etterby (as I myself had opportunities of knowing) where flour and water, eggs and milk, apples and potatoes, with some modicum of mutton to assist them, performed such wonders. The fatigued and melancholy exile—*Montini* was his name—felt a sense of repose and tranquillity

steal over him the moment he entered into the domain of Annette.

Montini's English was as yet very imperfect, but this did not prevent conversation—it perhaps promoted sociality; for Annette having now and then to play the part of instructress, was drawn from her natural shyness. Playful, and a little coy, and very kind, I think this imperfection in his vocabulary rather encouraged her intimacy. And if on some subsequent occasions, there was more silence between them than there otherwise would have been, even this probably did not make their hearts less tender. Silence is not always unpropitious to love. Love, (so says a piece of sculpture we are all familiar with,) when he stoops to sharpen his arrow, lays one finger on his lips.

The morning came, and saw our refugee again busy with his cherub; he had grown fond of his task. Annette's unfeigned admiration, as the work proceeded, did not make the task less agreeable. Another day passed, and another morning came, and he was still reluctant to leave his half-created cherub to the hands of another. The old man was equally reluctant to take his place in the completion of it.

You already perceive that he *could* not leave. A refugee just landed in England, (a vessel had put him stealthily on shore at the Isle of Wight, and he was making his way towards London,) you perceive that he could not quit that garden and that cottage. I wish I could bring it before your mind's eye as it must have presented itself to the homeless Italian. The apple-trees were in blossom, the gooseberry and currant bushes fresh and green; there were beds of flowers in one part, of vegetables in another; and somehow it all looked exceeding pleasant, notwithstanding that under the trees, and in the grass, and amongst the flowers and lettuces, there were lying huge dogs and stone lions, dry fountains, or a Muse as dry. Even old father Time, seated there so gaunt and feeble you would say his work must be well-nigh over—an image of sad augury for the believer in progress—failed to produce any very terrible impression. The apple-blossoms were falling thick about him. Besides, there moved in this garden a nymph—or a fair creature far more serviceable and quite as beautiful as any nymph was ever imagined to be—

in whose presence the very best of sculpture would have been forgotten. The Italian, I know, pauses from his work to gaze on the living beauty before him, and thinks no Ideal could equal it. Annette, for her part, conscious that an admiring eye is on her, hastens towards the artist, and hides her confusion in some criticism she has to bestow on that little infant in stone which begins to look up very prettily upon them both.

What had the great city of London, with all its multitude of hard stern faces, to offer to the exile that could be compared with this? The old statuary was superannuated; he wanted a successor. Here, if marble was not to be had, there was stone, there was clay, and the marble might one day be introduced; his art could still be prosecuted. And here was love! The angel of his life—was it not visible before him in the beautiful Annette? It was impossible he could leave.

He did not leave. And a few years after, if a stranger loitered in the churchyard of Etterby, he could not fail to be struck with several figures—here an angel's face, there a cherub's form—carved indeed upon a rude stone, but with so much truth, accuracy, and tenderness, as to reveal at once the hand of a master. And if the stranger proceeded onwards to the suburbs of the village, he might not only discover the artist himself, but the living angel and the living cherub that had been his models. For Annette was his wife, and Julia was his child.

I will not believe that his art was lost or thrown away, because many a simple person who felt the charm of those monumental figures, never dreamt of asking themselves whether there was any merit in them as works of art, or dreamt of such a person as the artist at all. They felt the charm. Very gladly would I be the artist for such unconscious admirers. I was one day lingering in the churchyard at Etterby, (for the New Forest was at that time a favourite resort of mine,) and I found myself first standing still, then sitting down, before a cherub's face, beaming out upon me quaintly enough between two bits of wings stuck, in due traditional manner, on either side of it. There was so much life and beauty in the face that I determined to know how it came there. On turning round, I noticed a stranger, who also seemed to be looking at the same object, and I put the question

to him. It was the artist himself—it was Montini. He had seen me stop before his work, and very naturally stopped himself to mark its effect upon a stranger. We were friends directly. He invited me to enter what he could hardly call, he said, his studio. I had been looking, as I learnt afterwards, at the very cherub the doing which had won him his Annette.

I never entered a house where I met with so charming a reception; I never was introduced to so happy or so beautiful a group as I found in this little cottage at Etterby. The old statuary had now departed this life. What had been a work-shop or lumber-room now fairly deserved the name of an artist's studio, for there were beautiful designs and models to be seen everywhere about it. Separated from the neighbouring gentry by their poverty, and from the villagers by their taste and education, the young couple lived entirely alone. But Montini loved his art, and loved Annette, and Annette loved her Italian with all her soul; and there was the little Julia running from knee to knee, never knowing which she loved the best. They took me into their confidence. Montini told me all the history of his exile and of his love. I paid several visits to Etterby, and commissioned the artist to execute for me some small piece of sculpture, as well for a motive or excuse for riding over to his house as for any other reason.

Amongst other changes which a few years had brought about, Montini had learnt to speak our language with perfect fluency. A scholar and a man of refined taste, he made very rapid advances. He studied English alternately with Annette and our poets, and soon began to expound to Annette herself the beauties of her own literature. This gentle girl, brought up in a most secluded state, and with very little erudition, described to me, with great simplicity, the alarm she felt at discovering the very superior man she had won to love her! There is no such complete disguise as to be compelled to use a foreign language very imperfectly understood. When the Italian came to her house, he only spoke a little English. Annette loved him for his gentleness, his misfortunes, his beauty. She had never seen any thing like him before. It was the story again of Miranda and Prince Ferdinand. But as the Italian learnt to read and

speak our language, the disguise upon the *mind* fell off, and revealed to her the accomplished and highly cultivated man whose ardent patriotism had alone driven him into poverty and exile. She was sufficiently instructed to appreciate this intellectual superiority, and her first sentiment was that of alarm. "He will cease to love me—he is too much above me," was her first fearful thought. "But he was so good," she said, "and he seemed to grow kinder as he grew wiser; and then," she added with charming simplicity, "I began to read myself, as fast as I could, every book in the house. But indeed it was needless; he has never loved me the less, and I have only loved him the more, since the discovery we made how much he was the wiser of the two."

Annette had no cause to fear that Montini could be faithless to his love of her. What she might have dreaded was his fidelity to a still earlier passion—his love of art, his love of fame. I trembled for the tranquillity and continuance of the sweet home in Etterby, when I heard him talk of preparing some work for exhibition at our Royal Academy. I saw him in imagination follow the precious and elaborated marble to its final deposit in a dark corner of that small and crowded room which is devoted by our Academy to works of sculpture. So small are its dimensions, that it could not exhibit to advantage more than two or three statues; one large group would fill it. I saw him in imagination standing there watching the spectators as they jostle past, catalogue in hand. Each looks for the already celebrated *name*, and only wastes his time on the Flaxman or the Foley of his age. Whether Montini would succeed in attracting any attention, or whether he would find that his work was as little *exhibited* as if it had remained in the village of Etterby, in neither case would he return the same man to his secluded home.

Meanwhile Annette so little foresaw the threatened danger from this quarter, that nothing delighted her so much as the idea of the glory of her husband. She partook of all his enthusiasm, and would talk with him by the hour of subjects for his chisel. Marble is a terribly expensive material, and he had resolved to send the marble statue—the completed, finished work.

But the clay was at hand, and the model could be made. What happy hours they spent over that clay! It is indeed in the clay that the sculptor hopes and thinks. I almost wished that the marble might never make its appearance. How happily they wrought together over the more plastic material?—poets both!—constructing one fiction for the future marble, and another for their future lives.

Ought I to grieve, or ought I to rejoice, that they were not permitted to make trial of that experiment on which their hearts were so intent? Ought I to grieve that this beautiful life at Etterby was brought to a sudden and most abrupt close before a single joy of it, a single hope, had tarnished?

I had been unable to visit Montini for some time. I thought it singular that the little work which he had promised me had not been executed, and was rather impatient to receive it; for, with our usual inconsistency, while I trembled at any thing which might break up his village home, I was bent on showing this specimen of his art to those who could appreciate his talent, and call it forth from obscurity. I felt an uneasy presentiment; and at the earliest opportunity I rode over to Etterby. Death had been there before me. Illness first, and then death. Annette had been first attacked—I never could learn precisely with what disorder. But it was fatal. Whether the same fever had extended to Montini, or whether watching and agony of mind had predisposed him for some other form of disease, I cannot say. The prevailing report was that he died of cholera. No one ventured, on this account, to go near the house; it presented a scene of complete desolation.

I will not dwell on the terrible spectacle which met me as I entered that house. The beautiful picture of terrestrial happiness was obliterated as with a single stroke. There was nothing now but the darkness of death. At the moment I entered, the little Julia was the only living thing there. She rushed into my arms, sobbing fearfully. She clung to me as to her only protector. We had always been friends. I felt at that moment that she was committed to my charge. She was my daughter from that instant. There was no one—at least in England—to dispute my claim.

I forget. There was a rival who appeared, and disputed my claim. The servant of the house had abandoned the place at mention of the terrible word Cholera. Nor had any of the inhabitants of Etterby as yet ventured to approach the house. But there was an old crone, whom the hopes of pillage had led, at all risks, to enter it. She had already been making off with some articles of value, and had returned—what think you for?—to carry away my Julia. Ay, and she begged hard to have the child, protesting that she loved it as a mother. She would have strapped it on her back; she would have dragged it, foot-sore and weeping, from town to town, to excite the charity of soft-hearted, foolish people. She would have extorted alms from them by the misery of this poor child—alms of an idle charity, that gives without making one indignant inquiry. Such is the charity of the thoughtless! and to such wickedness will it incite. This old hag felt herself ill-used, and cursed me bitterly because I came—thank Heaven!—between her and her prize.

Montini had an uncle in Italy, wealthy and of noble family, whom he had doubly offended, first, by choosing the profession of an artist; and secondly, by his political *Quixotism*, as the uncle called it. I had heard Montini say, that though he should never solicit any thing for himself, yet perhaps this uncle might, at some future time, befriend his child. It seemed an act of justice to Julia that I should find out this wealthy relative; hence my present journey into Italy.

I have succeeded in discovering him. You will ask what success I have met with in urging the claims of Julia? Much what I expected. As to Montini's marriage, the nobly-born uncle looked on it as such a *mesalliance* as not, in fact, to be regarded as a marriage at all. "Was there not a foundling hospital in London especially established to meet such cases?" In short, the only result has been that I feel, more than ever, that Julia is my undisturbed possession—that no one will interfere between us; and this security was worth the journey to obtain.

So died the noble-hearted Montini! I grieve to think what hours of solitary anguish he must have endured: his wife struck dead, and he himself prostrated by disease. But if disease itself did not paralyze all his faculties, and so bring its own sad remedy

to the afflictions it occasioned, if there was a moment when the greatest fortitude of soul was demanded, I know not, and have never known, the man more capable of responding to that demand. The calm heroism of Montini, the combination of great patience with great energy, was illustrated throughout his career. For myself, I far more frequently dwelt on the beautiful picture of happiness which his little cottage displayed for several years, than on the sad and sudden obliteration of the whole scene.

Such was the story of Montini. "You have said nothing," I observed to Clarence when he had finished it, "on the part which he had played as an Italian patriot."

"He was engaged," Clarence replied, "in some conspiracy, which was detected before the insurrection to which it was to lead, took place. He never shrunk from acknowledging the part he had taken in that conspiracy, nor in his happy retreat at Etterby did he ever forget that patriotic cause which had made an exile of him. I believe that at any time he would have sacrificed his life, precious as it had become to him, to secure the freedom and independence of his beloved Italy. But what could the exile do? To meet with other exiles, and talk bitterly and in rage, would avail nothing. Had an opportunity for action arrived, he would have been found at his post.

"One day as I entered his studio," continued Clarence, "I noticed a stiletto lying amongst his modelling tools. Montini observed that my eye had been arrested by it. 'An unfortunate symbol,' he said, smiling, 'to meet you in the house of a refugee and a conspirator. But I assure you it has never been used on any thing more sensitive than the clay or the plaster—nor was ever likely to be. A *conspirator* I certainly have been—and could I be in Italy for three weeks without being arrested, and thrown into a prison for life, I should be a conspirator again. I would prepare and incite my countrymen to that revolt by which alone they can obtain their independence, their true national life; and I see not how this is to be done, in a country where every expression of opinion is forbidden, *but* by conspiracy. We have to teach by conspiracy, to incite by conspiracy, to arm and fight

by conspiracy. It is the dire necessity imposed on us. It is the greatest affliction of the tyranny we live under, that we cannot move towards liberation but through ways and methods the most demoralizing. But it is a libel to say that the Italian patriot commends *assassination*. Why do we all, if the cause is good, approve of war and condemn assassination? For this reason, if no other: *Assassination is not war enough*. Assassination is a death without a good result—a death that breeds terror, and alarm, and enmity, but decides no public quarrel.

"'Would that the Italian patriot could altogether renounce his part of conspirator! I like it as little as you Englishmen, and know more than you Englishmen do of its pernicious effects. But you, in the happy political condition to which you have attained, do not reflect enough upon the miserable necessities of *our* position. You recoil from secret societies, from plots and insurrections; you would have nothing but fair and open opposition. Very good. But what are all your political contests? Mere debates, mere discussions—trial of eloquence, of wit, or strength of lungs—trial who shall talk loudest, or write best; an excitement which, to most people, is pleasurable enough, and the country looks on amused. But we have to earn the privilege of such debate and discussion; we argue with an opponent who strikes us on the mouth, who shuts the speaker or the writer within four stone walls—buries him there alive. The Italian, at this epoch, is necessarily a conspirator. He must talk in whispers, he must assemble in the night, he must deal his blow in the shape of insurrection and revolt. Oh, would it were the contest with us, too, who should speak wittiest and wisest! I have no distrust of the genius of Italy. But you trample us under foot, and we must turn serpents; we must hiss and sting. This is nature's great conservatism. The good god Vishnu, when he is trodden near to death by a huge elephant, transforms himself into a snake, but only that he may again appear as the divine man.'

"It is thus," continued Clarence, "that Montini would talk of the condition of his own country. He was not a violent man. He strove to do justice even to the Austrian government. 'I can understand,' he would say, 'that an Austrian emperor may be

quite as virtuous as an Italian patriot—may sincerely believe that he is doing his *duty* by retaining his power; all I know is, that the two are brought together by Fate in mortal antagonism. I am often told that laws would not be better administered, nor better laws be made, under an Italian than under this German government. Perhaps not. But there are greater questions in human life than those which are decided in a court of justice. I want the Italian *mind* to be free; I want Italian *speech* to be free; I want the Italian citizen and the Italian priest to meet each other face to face, and honestly to find out what they think of each other. That the Austrian uniform is everywhere seen in an Italian city, may be galling enough to the national pride. But if this had been the whole of the controversy, I, for one, would not call upon the red hand of insurrection for aid and relief. The whole *mind* of Italy lies under the double thraldom of soldier and of priest. The soldier must stand aside, and let me argue with this priest of mine.'"

Julia is certainly a remarkable child, precocious, and of a most susceptible nature. I am not surprised that Clarence begins to be anxious about her education, and the influences she may fall under. If she enters a church, the music thrills through every nerve; she feels the beauty of pictures, and the scenery here affects her as it would older minds. I gave her a book full of such prints as generally interest children; I noticed that it lay open upon her lap—that she did not turn the leaves, but kept looking at the landscape.

Her father, by adoption, said to me the other day, "I did not think to marry, but I foresee that I must throw this little Julia into the lap of some sweet and gentle woman, and throw myself at her feet at the same time. Julia will woo for me, and will choose for me, better than I could woo or choose for myself."

I shall be sorry when Julia leaves. To hear her ringing, musical voice upon the terrace, to watch her graceful, animated gestures, has been a great delight.

Clarence told me an anecdote the other day, which shows what a susceptibility for all impressions lies in this beautiful little creature. It was an anecdote of that kind which gives rise to many thoughts.

"I occasionally," he said, "visit the Catholic churches, out of the usual motives—the love of art, and the love of music—that attract most strangers; and Julia has sometimes accompanied me. I remember, on one of these visits, she saw a woman at her devotions before a sacred picture, and stood awe-struck, contemplating, at a little distance, the kneeling figure. When we left the church, she asked me, in a subdued voice, whether that was a saint, and whether she was not praying? I simply replied that she was praying.

"You may have noticed," he continued, "a picture hanging over the sideboard in my present parlour. It is a copy of one of Perugino's Madonnas. The other day my little damsel was left alone for some time in the room. She first placed on the sideboard two candlesticks, with their wax candles in them, one on each side of the picture. She then took some ornamental vases that stood on the mantelpiece, filed these with flowers, and arranged them before the Madonna. You perceive that she had improvised an altar, and with no bad taste. She lit her candles, and then, drawing a chair to the sideboard, she knelt upon the chair before the Madonna.

"What my little devotee could be thinking of, what threw her into the ecstatic state in which I found her, it would be hard to divine; perhaps it would be hard to divine what ecstatic persons of an older age are always thinking of; however, when I entered the room she was kneeling there, looking up with rapt devotion, *and her eyes streaming with tears.* She had not noticed my entrance, she was so absorbed.

"I took her gently down from the chair—kissed her—but said nothing. She was sobbing hysterically. I calmed her, but asked for no explanation. I thought it wise, however, to remove the picture into my own room!"

This daughter of Montini and Annette, and now the adopted child of Clarence, who loves her as the apple of his eye—one trembles to think how a nature so susceptible and so cultivated will encounter the real world. What if her beauty win her the admiration—the six months' sincere devotion—of some handsome trifler of our sex, whom she will invest for the time with all the virtues of the truest soul. Oh, what a wreck will it all be!

CHAPTER III.

CLARENCE IS STILL THE UTOPIAN.

My little terrace now exhibits a very picturesque group. My sofa is wheeled out under the acacia-tree; Clarence stands near me, at his easel, painting; Julia, under shelter of her straw-hat, is busy gardening. Her greatest of all delights is to water the flowers; she is then both doing and giving something. Yet she has, I think, one pleasure still greater. It is when she can be of any service to the invalid—can bring a cushion or place a footstool. If Bernard lets her bring to me some drink that he has been decocting, she trembles with joy. From such little creatures we learn much; we learn what is ebullient and spontaneous in our human nature.

Clarence still "talks Utopia;" and occasionally, under the excitement of his subject, he forgets his picture and the landscape—steps out from behind his easel, and with his guiding-stick in his hand by way of wand, unveils to me the programme of the Future. If Clarence likes to talk, I like to listen; I agree or disagree; put in a few words, generally, I regret to say, of doubt and dissent; but I am for the most part content to listen.

"How happily the days,
Of Thalaba pass by!"

Once or twice the shadow of the Cistercian monk has been seen gliding in upon the terrace. I say the shadow, because from the position in which I lay, I saw the shadow of the monk before he himself made his appearance. When he heard voices in the hitherto so silent retreat of Villa Scarpa, he paused at the angle of the house, doubtful whether to advance or not. I saw the shadow, but said nothing, not wishing to constrain him.

Once he advanced and renewed his acquaintance with Clarrence. The second time he came, the voice of Julia was ringing out with laughter. From where he stood he could see the child. The shadow paused longer than before. It advanced and then receded; again came forward a little, and then finally withdrew. The monk had stolen back again to his convent. I have not seen him since.

"How *can* any man think so!" is an exclamation I have ceased to make. Men brought up at the same university, reading the same books, trained by the same studies, come to conclusions diametrically opposite. Cyril and Clarence are both men of perfect sanity of mind, both were esteemed by their friends as men of remarkable ability, and what a complete contrast do they present! To Cyril it is the Past that has given us *finally* whatever of truth is worth the possessing; he has no Future except that of Heaven; or if he has any terrestrial Utopia, it must consist in the universal submission to the one Catholic Church; surely a dream of unanimity as wild as any that mortal imagination has entertained. To Clarence there is a terrestrial Future continually brightening, so that it will approximate to what we conceive of Heaven; and in that future the pure truths of religion will unfold themselves more and more, and will separate themselves more and more from the additions made to them by the imaginations and passions of men.

Clarence still holds to his favourite idea, that out of the present type of society there will be gradually evolved another and a better type. It is here I must dissent from him. Men, in some vague way, are to labour in partnership to sustain the general prosperity of some guild or body to which they belong. Thus idleness and want will be both driven from the world. To me it seems—I regret to think so—that the numerous and severe labours of society *can* be carried on only by individuals striving for their own individual good—their very self-preservation. Without such prompt and urgent motives, no digging in mines or weaving of cloth. It is the battle for life, and for preservation of wife and child, that drives on the great wheels on which all movement depends.

I cannot look upon the world, and believe with Cyril that the time is coming when all men will unanimously embrace the faith of the one apostolic Church. I cannot look upon the world, and believe with Clarence that the time will come when the spirit of equitable partnership, and the desire of the good of all, will so remodel the industry of the world, and so check and restrain the passions of the world, that want, and all the crime that springs from want, will be driven from the earth. Yet to Cyril and to Clarence these respective faiths seem the most rational of doctrines.

But although Clarence still "talks Utopia," I think I notice, in more than one respect, some modification of his views. I trace the influence of Seckendorf. I trace this more especially in the desire that he manifests to harmonize what I may rudely call the truths of physiology with the truths of metaphysics. He has added to his title of *Utopian* that of *Eclectic*.

Clarence saw this book, this Diary of mine, lying upon the table, and frankly asked, What I had been writing? I as frankly told him, and described the sort of amusement I had created for myself, by reviving the impression of some of my friends—himself amongst the number. I added, that the labour of penmanship, or rather the position of the body that it required was becoming daily more fatiguing, and that the Diary must be given up, otherwise I should be probably gleaning from his present conversations some summary of his own philosophy; for hitherto, I said, I had done more justice to his opponent, Seckendorf, than to himself.

"Oh, I will write my own Summary!" he exclaimed. "Let me read the book, and let me fill up the rest of the blank pages with the scheme of thought of 'an Eclectic and Utopian Philosopher!'"

I smiled at the idea. What was the use, I said, of writing out his thoughts in a manuscript which was now ripe for the flames?

"Not so! not so!" he said. "It shall not be burnt. I will write my *Confessio Fidei;* it is always good exercise to overlook

one's own ideas; and then we will hide the book in some loft or cranny of this villa. Years hence, some one will discover it, and smile as he learns how people felt and reasoned *Anno Domini* 1850."

I still dissented.

"It will amuse us both," he continued, "if nothing else. There are no secrets?"

"No!" I said; "that is not my reason. There are some personal confessions, but nothing, I suspect, that will be new to you. With you, Clarence, and at this eleventh hour, reserve drops off. But it will be a mere waste of your time."

"I think not," he replied. "What delightful paper it is! How tempting to the pen! And there are just blank sheets enough."

I still stood out. But if he urges his project again, he shall have his whim.

What he calls his *Confessio Fidei* is to contain his views—1. *Of the Development of the Individual Mind;* and, 2. *Of the Development of Society.* He must write a marvellously small hand if he gets the barest outline of his philosophy into the residue of this manuscript volume.

I have consented. Clarence is to read these imperfect utterances of mine. I shall owe to him in return what statement he can contrive to make, in this compass, of his own philosophical views; and posterity—or the rats—are to have the benefit of both.

I trust in the rats. Or if some Italian plasterer finds our united labour, he will not be a more formidable critic.

END OF THORNDALE'S DIARY.

THE CONFESSION OF FAITH

OF AN

ECLECTIC AND UTOPIAN PHILOSOPHER.

A.D. 1850.

INTRODUCTION.

THIS CREATION OF NATURE AND MAN A PROGRESSIVE MANIFESTATION OF THE DIVINE IDEA.

I HAVE been so often told that I am a mere *Utopian*, that I have ended at length by frankly accepting the title. And indeed I know of no other which denotes great hopes of the future development of our terrestrial humanity, which is not associated with tenets I should be solicitous to repudiate. The current name of Socialist, which, so far as it denotes a higher development of our social nature, would be acceptable enough, is far too intimately connected with that of Democrat to please me; and it is thought, moreover, (whether justly or unjustly,) to be blurred and blotted with the foul taint of sensuality and libertinism. To me the Family is the most sacred of all unions. To me chastity, or the due government of our passions, one of the most indispensable of duties. He who will not submit to self-restraint, who boasts to me of his free and ardent nature, may burn himself down to the socket if he pleases; but what has he to do with questions of the well-being of society, or what has society to do with him but to keep him at arm's length, and see that he burns and smoulders out with the least danger and annoyance to others? Self-government—the preponderance of the higher parts of our nature over the lower—is the only means of attaining, or rather it is synonymous with, the higher type of society. I can understand no social change to be an improvement which tends to weaken the marriage union. He who presents to me schemes of progress which, in domestic life, dissever the bond of marriage, and, in public life, place the ignorant, the selfish, and

the superstitious in the seat of authority, is not the man I desire to be enrolled with. Under no common banner will I enlist with him.

I cannot play the demagogue; I cannot flatter the multitude; I cannot tell them they are simply the ill-used, the ill-governed. As a general rule, they are as well governed as their own nature permits them to be. I have always striven, wherever the opportunity occurred, to dissipate the illusion which hangs over the minds of so many, that there is some vague power called society which could do wonders for them if it pleased. "Society should do this, society should do that." They themselves *are* the society, or the greater part of it. Do you want new modes of acting or of living together? Such new modes can only result from new ideas, and a new spirit of action which must be participated by all. This man, who demands all possible virtues from society, does he bring his own share of these virtues to society? Does he bring that spirit of justice, that love of the public good, which he desires to find in society when acting for him in its corporate capacity? Does he bring a genuine desire for the *good of all*, or is he anxious only for his own good? Has he risen to the conviction that his own welfare is bound up with the well-being of the whole. And is that well-being of the whole, itself a distinct and dominant desire of his mind—a great idea, which has so become a part of himself that he feels his life would be impoverished, mean and spiritless, if you took it from him? Unless he can answer these questions in the affirmative, what right has he to expect a truly patriotic and enlightened government? Happily for the multitude, great and heroic minds have, from time to time, been able to enforce upon them—perhaps through the instrumentality of their own superstitions—a better government and better rules of conduct than they would voluntarily have instituted—rules of conduct which, however, they have afterwards voluntarily adopted, thus growing into self-government. Happily for the multitude, there have been appointed by Providence the great disciplines of war, and the monarchy, and the potent priesthood —all that the Camp, the Palace, and the Temple may stand symbol for—training them forward to intelligent and pre-

meditated combinations for all the great purposes of society. Yes! I have a most sanguine, most Utopian faith in the future of mankind, but I have no faith in existing human ignorance. For men whom want has made selfish, obtuse, narrow-minded, I have unfeigned compassion; to them I would bring whatever aid were possible, be it in the shape of the larger loaf, or the larger comprehension; in them I will put no trust. I will be a Democrat when virtue and intelligence are qualities of the multitude, as I verily believe they will one day become.

For me, I trust to the slow progress of knowledge, and to multiplied efforts, in this and that individual, to think and live well for the commonwealth. I cannot tell men that, without any effort on their part, they will come to live happier and nobler lives. Sometimes a statement diametrically opposite to the one you desire to make, aids you greatly in expressing your own. M. Fourier, if I have been able to understand his system, teaches us that the most perfect social order would be educed from the play of our passions, if we would but let them have their natural scope. He boasts to have made the grand discovery that our varied passions, if left to themselves, would so counteract, so supplement each other, that the most complete harmony would result. If so, how happens it that society did not at once arrange itself into this perfect harmony by the spontaneous passions of men? Spontaneity comes before Reflection. How is it that human society was not at once complete, like the society of bees and of ants? I hold to the old guides, Reason and Conscience. It is because these have to be cultivated, or to be slowly created and perfected in us, that the progress of society is so slow. And indeed man would be no better than an ant or a bee, if he had not ultimately to shape the human society, by dint of thinking it out, and striving for it.

It is the slow education of the reason and the conscience of the human race I contemplate and believe in. I am no revolutionist. I am not looking for the day or the year when a legislative power shall suddenly change the laws of property under which we live. The Communist is supposed to be agitating in the present era for some such organic change. No venerable patrician, surveying his broad acres, could hear of such an agitation with greater

repugnance and alarm than the poor wandering artist who is now writing his *Confessio Fidei*. Nevertheless, that great organic changes will take place, as they have hitherto taken place, gradually, almost imperceptibly, is what I cannot but believe. I think I can trace movements going on amongst us, which will be found one day to be parts of this progressive change. I am patient. I do not measure out our progress by the rapid march of one man's wishes or brilliant anticipations, but by the slow, voluminous, and complicated processes of nature. In nature, a thousand causes are often at work for one effect. Nor is there any plant upon the earth whose growth is so complicate and so slow as this last and noblest,—the mind of man. Century after century it puts forth higher branches and bears nobler fruit. That it will continue to grow is the only revolution I prophesy; that this and that branch will still carry out its buds farther next year than it did the last, is what the nature of the plant and its past history justify me in predicting. Only I must add this, (lest our metaphor should embarrass us,)—that society is a far more complicate organization than the tree, and growth in one part influences and may modify the whole organism.

I therefore accept my title of Utopian, since it calls up no idea of democratic violence, nor of plans hostile to the Family, nor, finally, of a spirit inimical to religion. For, in my view, it would be quite as impossible for man to outgrow religion, as to outgrow morality. To the end of time our conscience, in its last and highest form, will be the voice of God,—his will as expressed in the reason he has created in us. I do not found morality upon religion in that absolute manner in which some appear to do. They are coevals, giving mutual and interchangeable support. When men, in the interest of religion, assert that there could be no morality at all without religion, they contradict some of the simplest and most palpable facts of human experience. Man depends *on man*, and must have a morality of some kind. Man depends *on nature*, which he soon interprets to be a dependence upon God, and must have a religion of some kind. How these two mutually aid, support, and elevate each other, I shall have occasion to show. It is my belief that no high morality could have grown up, in the first instance, without the aid of religion; on

the other hand, religion is but a grand egotism, a selfish fear, or selfish hope, till it is linked with the love of man, or the genuine desire to promote the good of others. We live more and more, as we advance, under the felt government of God; but then we understand that government better as we advance. Obedience to the will of God, and sincere desire for the good of the whole, become intimately and inseparably blended together in the conscience.

My Utopia thus resolves itself into a sanguine belief in the progress of mankind,—progress in arts, science, morals, religion.

Let me in this Introduction say a word or two on the great idea of Progress, and also on the still higher topic of the idea of God. You must excuse me, Thorndale, if, here and elsewhere throughout this essay, I sometimes repeat to you your own ideas. There is no help for this. We have often discussed these topics together. I have often learnt from you, especially where the conversation led into abstruse or metaphysical inquiries. I must sometimes give you back your own. Perhaps you will not receive it with such addition and application as I may have made.

Idea of Progress.

The great idea of Progress—namely, that our world is a progressive creation—that both nature and man have passed through different stages, and will probably pass through others—is the peculiar distinction or characteristic of modern philosophy. It is an idea which could not belong to the human race till a certain advancement had been made, both in its own history and in the knowledge acquired of the surrounding world. Humanity must have made some progress before it could look back upon a less perfect past, and forward to a more mature futurity. Nature must have been scientifically observed before the conclusion could have been arrived at, that creation is progressive—that we live in a world not so much *made* as constantly *making*—where there is not only an incessant *Becoming* and *Disappearing* of certain forms, animate and inanimate, but where these forms themselves change, and the great whole, through new manifestations of the creative power, is advancing to its destined perfection. The whole world has developed itself into its present state through certain grada-

human race; but every intelligible conception I can form of the material world around me, or of my own conscious being—what matter *is*, what mind *is*—all my philosophy, as well as all my religion, is bound up in this relationship—in this belief of an Intelligential Power through whom all is, and has been, and will be. This is a truth which makes its appearance in the earliest records of human thought, but which to this very moment has not yet taken its rightful and supreme position in the human mind. The recognition of it, in its grand simplicity, would be alone sufficient to expel many errors that still linger amongst us, and to purify and unite the creeds of all nations.

"I believe," Seckendorf would sometimes say—"I believe in God, till your philosophers bring me a demonstration of his existence."

"And then?" I said.

"And then—I do not believe in the demonstration."

I certainly have no new demonstration to offer to such men as Seckendorf; I even share their distrust in certain *a priori* arguments, as they are called, which revolve upon the necessity of a First Cause, of a Perfect Being, of the Absolute, &c. But I think I could state the great popular argument—(Nature the manifestation of a Divine Thought)—in such a way as to secure it from the objections which such men are in the habit of urging against it.

If, on examination, we find that all nature can be intellectually apprehended only as the manifestation of a prior Thought, what other demonstration can we want, or can we have, of the existence of that Thought? Other arguments are needless; and where they are not fallacious, they resolve themselves into this.

Take that favourite abstract proposition—"*An* absolute first cause is necessary." The word Cause, when applied to the phenomena of nature, is a relative term. If no *effect* can exist without its *cause*, it is equally true that no cause can exist without its effect. To speak, in this sense, of an absolute first cause, is meaningless. As well speak of one side of an angle existing apart; it is not the side of an angle till the other side exists also. Nothing in nature is a cause, unless there is also an effect. Then, if you congregate the whole phenomena of

nature together, and say you want a cause, out of nature, for this whole, you are, in fact, demanding a cause for that unity or harmony which constitutes the world, or any part of the world, to be a whole. You demand this *specific cause* of a Divine Intelligence, and are reverting to the great popular argument (as it is not very fortunately called) from Design.

We gain nothing by putting such words as *Being* and *Power* on the rack, and trying to extort a truth out of them. We can form no conception of Being, unless of some specific being or thing; nor of Power, unless it is of some specific movement or change. When we speak, in the scholastic sense, of Absolute Being, Absolute Power, we are merely falling into the old illusion of converting a general *term* into an *entity*.

But have we then nothing before us but individual phenomena? No; we have nothing else. But examine well those individual phenomena, and you will find that each one exists only as a part of some whole; you will find *that the whole is as necessary to the parts, as the parts to the whole;* and it is this unity that brings us to the great truth, that a Divine Idea lies at the origin of all things.

"But is it the province," Seckendorf would say, "of *mind* to generate this unity or harmony? Must not the ordered and harmonious creation already exist *as a condition* for the manifestation of thought? Granting that you can ask for a cause for this unity—for this harmonious interdependence, apparently necessary to every known existence—you cannot, therefore, assign Intelligence as that cause. Moreover, a human intelligence is itself made up of many parts, of many susceptibilities, many sensations, many perceptions, many memories; you have the same unity to account for *here* as in any of the physical phenomena of nature. And you have no other type for the Divine Intelligence than the human."

I answer that it is true I have no other type for the Divine Mind than the human; but the question is, how far is it necessary to carry the analogy between the two? I know, from my own consciousness, what I mean by the embracing of a whole in thought, and the acting according to that thought. But if I use this analogy (as I am compelled to do) to explain the world, or

render it intelligible to myself, I am at once in possession of a truth—or have at once advanced to a proposition—which forbids all further use of the analogy. I cannot ask myself how a Creative Thought was ever generated. Some point of similarity between the human and the divine mind there must be, or I could not speak at all of creative *mind;* but having once arrived at this thought of a creative mind, the conclusion immediately follows, that, if there is a point of similarity between it and the human mind, there is also an essential difference. From nature and from man together, I have learnt a third great truth, which is *sui generis.* The point where the divine and human meet is simply this—that I am raised through gradual steps of development to the perception of the world as a whole, and as a whole dependent upon a prior Thought. The idea of the whole is created or generated in me. But if I am compelled to think it as existing in another Being prior to the world, I am compelled also to think it as there uncreated, ungenerated, having no imaginable origin. I *can* only pronounce it to be there eternal, or at least without conceivable origin.

To my mind this great argument assumes the shape of a scientific truth, or of a conclusion to which every department of science contributes. For the very nature of things discloses to us that all known existences are intelligible only as the expression or manifestation of an idea. There is no such thing as a simple existence in nature, nor is such a thing conceivable by us. A relation between parts is necessary to the simplest object we know. Every thing must be conceived as a certain whole consisting of parts, and every one of these *wholes* is defined by its relation to other wholes, or to some greater whole of which it forms a part; and we rise at length to the conclusion that the *all* is one whole. Whatever we call the powers or properties of any thing, are but its relations to some other thing. The heat of one body is its effect upon another body. Resistance is the relation of one body to another which it repels. Extension, which is the simplest form of existence, is a relation in space between different parts, or forces. The smallest atom is still a whole, consisting of parts which have the relation of position. This relation of position is essential to extension, and therefore no extended thing can be a simple body, or simple force.

In every distinct specific object in nature—whether a grain of sand, an atom of oxygen, an organic cell, or a living animal—we recognize a certain whole; and moreover, in every such case, the whole is as necessary to the parts as the parts to the whole; or, in other words, the parts are necessary to each other. What determines this whole? What is its nature? You cannot say that it is determined by the parts, or the separate forces; for these cease to be any thing at all, when they cease to be expressions of the whole. And if they existed as separate forces, which is a mere imagination, they could not determine each other's mutual relations. The whole must necessarily be conceived by us as a manifested idea; and the forces of nature are nothing else than the *power of manifestation*. The Idea, and the Power of manifesting it, form our conception of God.

Whether we speak of forces or the atom, the simplest element in nature is still a compound. An atom could not occupy space, and so be an atom, but on condition of its having parts, and these parts the relation of position. A force of resistance could not be this force without the relation of some other body or force which it resists. We speak of elementary forces, and of these being transmuted the one into the other, but there is no such thing in nature as an elementary force. There are innumerable motions, but not one of them stands alone. Forces will be found inseparable from the Idea they manifest.

We cannot begin (as is generally done) by planting, in imagination, things or matter, or forces in space, and *then* describing the relations imposed upon them. The relations are of the essence of the thing, or the force. Whatever we call a thing or a force is such only by reason of those relations. The Idea lies at the root of all nature, of all reality.

If I here pass a criticism upon our popular treatises of Natural Theology, our *Bridgewater Treatises*, and the like, it is in no hostile or captious spirit. I know the difficulty of writing on these subjects in a quite unobjectionable manner. I would not undertake to indite a single page that should not be open to criticism. But the frequent use of the term *design* in such treatises, as expressive *of a mode of thinking*—of thinking out a plan—provokes the objection, that design, or adaptation, in this

sense, belongs to the imperfect and world-instructed creature, man. And, accordingly, one often hears it objected that design or contrivance implies memory, and a previously existing world of nature, and therefore is inapplicable to God. The term design should be limited to the acting on a plan, not incautiously extended to the peculiar operation of thought by which a plan is constructed. We start from the great idea of the whole; we are altogether in error if we use language that implies a knowledge of the manner in which the great idea was thought out, or came into existence.

Again, it is very common to find in the human *will* the type of Divine Power. I must protest against this. The will of man can be no type of the power of God. Neither do we, for the sake of the argument, require a type or resemblance of Divine power. If the world is the manifestation of the Divine Idea, Power is no other than this very manifestation. It can have no analogy in any created thing or person. It is the foundation of all known existence.

The argument stands forth with peculiar distinctness when we view our world as a progressive creation. Take your stand at what era you will, there is a past, a present, a future, that form one whole, developing itself in time. Now my human experience teaches me this: that it is in *mind*, in consciousness, that such a whole can alone exist—a whole which embraces what *has been*, what *is*, and what is *yet to be*. When we speculate on the future—when we say that as the Past prepared the Present, so the Present is preparing a modified Future—we tacitly imply that there is a Divine Idea embracing past, present, and future in one whole. For how can that which *is* be related to that which *is not*, in any other way than this: that while both exist in the Divine Thought, only one is yet manifested in the progressive evolution of events?

Our old friend and antagonist, Seckendorf, would probably return to the charge. Too cautious to advance any hypothesis, or make any positive assertion of his own, he merely stands beating off whatever arguments you throw at him. From him you would hear no idle talk about Chance, or Necessity, or Law. Laws of nature, he would say, are but the generalizations of

known facts. But he would maintain that such generalizations are all that we can attain to. The problem of Creation he would pronounce to be one utterly beyond the scope of human faculties. "We know nothing, and can know nothing," I have heard him say, "about creation. The very word is a mere coinage, resulting from a fanciful analogy drawn from the human artificer. We know that these wonderful relations and harmonies on which theologians dwell, exist, but we know nothing of a *cause* of them. You give me as a cause an Idea, a Thought, a conscious Intelligence. Now we know nothing of the origin of worlds, but we do know something of the origin of Thought; we know that there are certain indispensable conditions which precede its development; we know it as the consequent, and not the antecedent, of an established order of events. If I had lived in olden times, and the professor of philosophy of that day had told me that the earth was supported by an elephant, I think I should have replied: I am quite ignorant about the manner in which a world supports itself, or whether it has any support at all; but I do know something about elephants—I know that elephants walk upon the earth, and are supported *by it*.

Now this objection that *things* must precede *thought*, I boldly meet by asserting that things are themselves essentially thoughts. Relation is of the very essence of every known existence—the relation of parts to a whole—and in this relation the whole is simultaneous with the parts. How can we possibly conceive this whole springing forth except from an idea? It is not only that the facts or phenomena of the world are harmoniously arranged, but no phenomenon, no fact, no force exists as such, but on condition of this harmony. It is a mistake to speak of elementary forces that can be imagined as having a separate existence. The simplest—that of Resistance or Space Occupancy—cannot be manifested without motion; nor motion without resistance, or the space occupant. The electric spark seems a most simple phenomenon or force, but it requires both of these for its manifestation. There is always a relation which cannot be said to be the property of the terms or forces, because these forces themselves (take away the relation) altogether disappear. In the organic world the necessity of the whole to the parts is

strikingly conspicuous. In the simplest cell the pellicle that forms the wall of the cell is necessary to the action of the contents, and the contents are necessary to the formation of the pellicle. There is no beginning in nature. We are compelled to begin with an idea which is without and above nature. Forces and the Idea, Power and Reason, are found, in our last analysis, to be inseparable.

When it is said that we know nothing of creation, I must suggest that, at all events, creation is continually proceeding around us, and within us. All growth is nothing but creation. Growth is a repeated creation, and creation is a new growth. What is this blade of grass that springs up before me but a perpetually renewed creation? What, but the Divine Idea determines its form, its specific life? Gather together all that science can teach you of physical forces, it only leaves you still more clearly in the presence of an Idea. What chemistry, what doctrine of heat or electricity, what knowledge of carbon, and oxygen, and hydrogen, and the like, can approach to an explanation of the form which these substances assume before us? So far from the force explaining the form, you will find here and elsewhere throughout our world that a formative Idea determines the forces.

I shall have occasion again to revert to this great subject. Meanwhile, some one asks me, Is it a *personal* God you believe in? I can understand no other, I cannot conceive Intelligence without personality. But neither am I obliged to make profession of understanding the peculiar nature of God's personality; nor am I compelled to apply what psychology may teach me of the nature of *human* personality to the Divine being.

To him who is baffled in his efforts to personify God—to him to whom the Monarch-Judge upon his throne, with his innumerable host of angels around him, seems all too plainly the work of human imagination—to him who, when he refines upon his conception of a personal god, finds it melting into thin air, and who, when he calls it back into distinctness, finds it too full of humanity—to such a one I would say, Learn to see in nature and man the constant work and vivid manifestation of God. These are the forms in which he has invested himself for us.

Look around you—you are in the very presence of God. Look within you—if you cannot see the Giver, you see in your own life the constant gift. This feeling that you are God's creature —so simple as it is—is the perennial source of piety, of purest consolations, of noblest hopes.

The darkest cloud which can pass over a human soul is that which obscures from it the recognition of this great relationship of Creature and Creator. He who has doubted here, and then regained his faith, will feel so singular a gladness that he will be thenceforth almost indifferent as to what else is doubtful. It is in vain you urge the importance of other controversies, he cannot feel their importance; he leaves your polemics to those who care for them, or need them. He is again in the great universal fold. There is peace and security throughout all the universe, and throughout all eternity; for there is supreme wisdom and supreme love ruling and creating everywhere. Love and wisdom are but two names for the same thing. We call love by the name of wisdom when it acts; we call wisdom by the name of love when it thinks and feels. Whatever such men as Cyril, on the one hand, or Seckendorf on the other, may assert to the contrary, it is not a mere abstraction that is given to us in the human reason: our God is very Being, very Reason, very Love.

I, too, can recall some miserable moments, when I have walked forth alone under the open sky, and as the winds blew the great clouds along, I have felt that I also, like those clouds, was being borne along by a power as incomprehensible to me as the torment of the winds to them. How terrible, then, seemed the unresting and irresistible activities of nature! How fearful this prodigality of life! How fearful seemed the unpausing current of the generations of mankind!—a stream of conscious being poured out by some deaf inexorable Power—pains and pleasures tossed together, flowing tumultuously along. No eye of wisdom, no heart of mercy, presiding over all; only untiring Power hurrying on the interminable stream. Happily such intellectual chaos did not last long within me. Light broke through; the sun was again in the heavens; the whole world beamed forth with reason and with love, and I found myself walking humbly and confidingly in the presence of God.

tions, each change, so far as we can trace the matter, being a preparation for some subsequent change. Whether the crust of the earth is modified by the volcano, or by the slow deposit of minute shells of animals, science detects in the change a necessary condition for the development of higher forms of life. In humanity, or the human consciousness, progressive *psychical* creation is manifested perhaps still more distinctly. Man is led on from knowledge to knowledge, from power to power, from thought to thought; and here also it is discoverable that every great stage through which he passes is also a preliminary to the subsequent stage into which he rises.

This law of progress, I repeat, is the fundamental idea which distinguishes the philosophy of our own era from all previous modes of speculation. I do not say that no trace of such an idea is to be found in classical or mediæval times: no great idea of this kind comes suddenly into existence; but it certainly occupies no prominent position in any ancient system of philosophy, whether Greek, or Oriental, or belonging to the latter stages of the Roman Empire. A great *cycle* of events, a certain circular movement of all created things ending where it began, was the favourite hypothesis of Indian philosophy, and of those Europeans who cared to carry their speculations over vast eras of time. Our mediæval thinkers were generally disposed to look upon this world as a system of things to be soon and abruptly terminated; as a system, in fact, rotten at the core, and which never could arrive to any enviable maturity. A generous impatience at the moral evil around them had led the great prophets and teachers of Judea to foretell the speedy destruction of the world. A noble rage destroyed what it could not reform. Earnest thinkers, who felt that there was a *better* destined for mankind, and saw no way to it on any line men were then travelling, hurried up the scene, closed the drama at once, and introduced a new order of things—a kingdom where a righteous God should reign in the hearts of all men. It was a noble ardour, a bold imagination, which has marvellously aided *that slow progression to the same goal* which stands now revealed to us as the scheme of Providence.

Our present conviction of a law of indefinite progress we owe

partly to the quite modern revelations of Geology, unfolding to us the gradual development that our planet has undergone, both in its inorganic and organic forms. We owe it, in part, to the rapid progress lately made in various sciences or arts which augment the power of man; and we owe it partly to that very position we occupy in the long life of the human race, by reason of which we are better able than our predecessors to understand the significance of the past history of mankind. For, though it seems paradoxical, it is strictly true that the past reveals itself to us the more distinctly the farther we recede from it, or the higher we rise above it. Human life illustrates human life, and the new explains the old. But the fresh *power* which man has lately felt to have been put into his hands by the fresh knowledge vouchsafed to him, has perhaps more than any other cause emboldened him in his hopes and prospects of the future society. What might not men do, what might not men *be*, if once the great idea of *the good of the whole* could direct, govern, animate all these various powers they have acquired?

We are not in a condition to assert that the progressive movement in the rest of creation, inorganic or organic, has come to a stop; that no new animal will ever be created; or that the earth, air and water, are undergoing no changes which may be preparatory to new developments of animal life, or which may render this planet still more propitious to the development of human life. We are surrounded by an inorganic nature which is itself capable of modification from the organisms, vegetable and animal, which it supports. We may suspect a harmoniously progressive movement in the physical world; we certainly cannot specifically predict any such movement. It is with the *psychical* progress of humanity we are especially concerned. It is there alone we venture to predict any thing of the future.

But, it may be said, this *psychical* progress is but one department, one portion of that progressive creation manifested in the whole world. You may speak of the new developments of thought, or new states of unconsciousness, as the result of mental powers given to man; or you may describe the mind itself of man as nothing else, in fact, than these developments, these states of consciousness, which at each stage are produced

directly by the power of God. Either way, our new ideas are no other than new creations. And, now, who can predict the creations of God? I answer, that if experience has taught me that it is the nature of any given species (say of plants) to push out new growths from time to time, as well as to repeat the old growths, I am as much justified in predicting that there will be such new growths as that there will be a repetition of the old. I can predict the advancement of human knowledge, because experience proves to me that it is the nature of the human mind to advance from knowledge to knowledge. I can also, and perhaps still more safely, predict the extension of the knowledge already attained by the few, to the many, because I see the means in operation for such extension; and I can, above all, form some estimate, from past experience, of the effect which will be produced *on the whole organism of society* by this extension of the knowledge and habits of thinking of the few to the many. These are very modest claims to prophecy—very limited powers of prediction; but it will be found that they are sufficient to justify some confident anticipations of the future of human society.

And when, moreover, we rise to the conception that Past, Present, and Future form together one development of the Divine mind—of whose works, imperfect as our knowledge is, we yet know enough to assert that a sublime Benevolence pervades the whole—then our very belief in God becomes a new ground of hope for the future. A sublime beneficence is manifest in this complicated creation of nature and of man;—we can perceive this, although we cannot follow out the details of that beneficence in all instances; and we are bound, in strictest reasoning, to conclude that the full development of that creation will have for its result the augmented wisdom and happiness of man. It is no oratorical expression, but a quite logical statement, that Faith in God gives us confidence in the future greatness of man.

I shall be thought perhaps to be violating the approved method of proceeding from the simple to the complex, by touching thus early on the problem of the existence of God. But the best order of Exposition is not always the order of actual Devel-

opment. The idea of God, such as we now conceive it, is certainly not one of the first in order of attainment, but, when attained, it is found to be of that fundamental character that scarce a step can be taken without some appeal to it. What we call development is but another term for creation. All reality, all existence whatever, is finally known to us as no other than the manifestation in space and time of a Divine Idea. This is the "last word" of all our sciences. Power or Force, in their last significance, are but names for this manifestation of *some whole*—some Idea. For you can form no conception of any power or force *per se*. Nothing of any kind, in all the world about us, exists of itself, or by itself. It only exists as part of some whole. *A whole is always as necessary to the existence of the parts, as the parts to the existence of the whole;* so that whole and parts can finally be represented to us only as the manifestation of a supramundane idea. A conception of this fundamental character one may be excused for at once attempting to explain or to justify.

The Argument for the Existence of God.

I have no other to dwell upon than the great universally received argument—from design, as it is called. I have only to make such a statement of this as will remove it from certain objections not unfrequently put forth both in conversation and in books. It is an argument which comes in with the earliest stages of scientific observation, and which grows and strengthens (so it seems to me) with every accession of knowledge.

It may seem, as I have already intimated, a somewhat irregular proceeding to commence a review of our *psychical* development with the argument for the existence of God. But I shall have other opportunities of returning to the subject where it may be more strictly in its place. Meanwhile this relationship of Creature and Creator is the key-note of all my philosophy. I have nothing distinct to teach—I have nothing great to hope—I can represent nothing intelligibly to myself, unless the reality of this relationship is accorded to me. Not only is this relationship of Creator and Creature the perennial source of such religious sentiments as are destined eternally to exist in the

utter impossibility that there should have been a time when only one sensation was felt. The body rests constantly on some support, so that the sense of tact must be synchronous with whatever sensations the great internal organs, with their beating, pulsing, or vermicular motion, may excite: the very function of breathing sets at work many muscles at the same time, and the muscles of locomotion, stimulated from without and from within, are constantly altering the position of some limb, and bringing a fresh portion of the sensitive surface of the body in contact with the non-sensitive and resisting surface that surrounds it. Life enters by many gates at once. I cannot, for my own part, go back in imagination to a time when there were not at least internal sensations, and the sensation of tact on the superficies, distinguishing and localizing each other.

I notice a great reluctance amongst our metaphysicians to admit of *synchronous* feelings or thoughts; they say that what we call synchronous is only a rapid succession or alteration, and that the mind cannot *attend* to more than one object at a time. The object which they say is *attended* to could not be (as I understand the matter) an object of consciousness at all, if it stood alone in the consciousness: for what is called *attending to* is only a perception of a variety of relations of this object with other objects or other memories. There is a constant succession going on in our consciousness, but there is also a constant synchronism. And they are necessary to each other; for just as what is called synchronous is in part successive, so what is called successive is in part synchronous. It is evident that two sensations, one of which completely expired before the other commenced, would yield no more towards the development of our consciousness, or the formation of a cognition, than *one* sensation. How could the relation of *difference* be felt, by which they are recognized *to be two*, if they were quite isolated? Or how could the relation of *succession* be felt unless at some point they were brought together, the one commencing before the other had quite terminated; or the memory of the one coexisting with the actual perception of the other? The relations of Coexistence, Succession, Difference, will be found necessary to each other, and to be all involved in the simple recognition of two sensations *as two*.

This reluctance to admit synchronous terms in our consciousness has resulted, I presume, from a preconception formed of the nature of the mind, as a simple indivisible substance, or entity, which could only be in one state at a time. But let the mind be what it will, it lives and acts through various organs, in each of which it has various susceptibilities, and these various susceptibilities may some of them be excited at the same time. It is plain that if the various sensibilities of the man, his sensations, his memories, his passions, and the like, were not synchronous, no relationships could be felt between them, no cognitions formed, and none of those endless combinations constructed that constitute the higher region of our consciousness.

It may be worth while to remark that the very nature of all language, of all speech, will reveal to us that our states of consciousness consist of synchronous terms. The logician will tell us that "in every proposition something is affirmed or denied of something." A proposition expresses some one state of consciousness, and how could the predicate, and the subject, and the relation be held together, if these were not synchronous? How could I even say that "my neighbour has a black servant," unless my neighbour and the black servant could synchronously occupy my consciousness. When I make this proposition, I feel that my ideas are in part synchronous and in part successive.

The consciousness appears to me as one great growth. The varied susceptibilities of sensation, memory, passion being given, these are combined into new formations by the same three relationships of Coexistence, Succession, Similarity and Dissimilarity (which may be regarded as different degrees of the same relationship). Just as the blossom and the fruit rank higher with us than the stock, or the root, and yet the same laws of vegetable physiology are detected in both, so the higher forms of our consciousness may be incalculably more noble than the lower, and yet the same *psychical* laws may preside over their development. I prefer to speak (in a scientific exposition) of higher forms and wider developments of the consciousness, to speaking of higher and different faculties of the mind. *Reflection*, for instance, is only enlarged thinking. How is any thing

made the *subject* of thought, but by other thoughts being added to it? *Judgment*, which is defined, in psychological books, as a perception of relation, is no separate faculty of the mind, but an essential constituent in every state of consciousness. What we more particularly call judgment in the ordinary conduct of life, is the perception of that relation, or those relations which may subsist between certain things or events, and some purpose we have in view. *Imagination* and *Reason* will not be found to differ in the relations which bind together the several groups of thought distinguished by these names; but they differ in this, that the combination of thought, in the one case, is found to be similar to the real combinations of nature, and in the other not. The same group of ideas may pass under the name of Reason at one time, and of Imagination at another.

I do not affect any peculiarity of language, and shall use such terms as Reason and Imagination with the same freedom with which they are generally written or spoken; but I consider such expressions as only convenient forms of speech for designating parts of the great whole of human consciousness. It is not our Reason, or our Imagination, that does this or that, but such and such states of consciousness are distinguished, for the time being, by these names. At one time the Copernican system of astronomy would have been pronounced, and very justly, to be a mere imagination, whilst the existence of Apollo, the god of the sun, would have been described as an undoubted fact. Wider knowledge has reversed the order, and the system of astronomy is the rational belief, and Apollo the imagination.

SECTION II.—*A Sensation felt in Space the simplest Element or State of Consciousness.*

If I were a physiologist, I should beg you to notice that the immediate organ of sensation is the central organ of the brain, and that this is affected by the simultaneous and successive operation of various nerves; that it is not apparently the affection of any one solitary nerve that produces in or through the brain a recognizable state of consciousness; that very evidently in what we call organs of special sense the brain is affected through more than one class of nerves; that, for instance, in the

case of vision, it is not the brain as affected only by the optic nerve that produces vision, but the brain as simultaneously affected by the optic nerve and nerves of tactual sensation. And I should call upon you at once to observe, that what psychologists have called association of ideas is, in this and other the like cases, no other than *the original complex action of the nervous system.*

But I am not treating my subject physiologically; I am attempting to arrange the order of development (in the manner of psychologists) by an examination of the consciousness itself—a task, I may observe, as necessary and useful to the physiologist as to any other, since, before he can trace any state of consciousness to an organic cause, he must know precisely what state of consciousness it is he is dealing with. I must therefore commence my exposition by encountering still more closely an error very prevalent amongst our psychologists, and productive, as it seems to me, of very great confusion.

These writers are in the habit of commencing their description of the states of consciousness with what they call a simple sensation, felt, they say, not in space, but in the mind only. Now, this is an elementary state or condition quite imaginary. We know of no such thing as a sensation *felt nowhere*—a sensation not felt in space. This "pure subjective sensation," as it is sometimes called, is a mere coinage of the schools, a mere hypothesis. I appeal to every class of men, learned or simple, who [illegible] ever had, or can conceive of a sensation felt nowhere. It may have indefinite or inconstant boundaries, and may be very imperfectly localized; but the most obscure sensation is felt in some part of the body, and always [illegible]

[illegible] starting from this *pure subjectivity*, our [illegible] have had the greatest difficulty in accounting for the knowledge of the objective world. If a spiritual essence, [illegible] in itself, how is it ever to get beyond, or out of [illegible] Many writers have pronounced that the difficulty is insuperable. Happily it is entirely of our own making. There is no such problem put by nature before us, as how to make the transition from this subjective state to the knowledge

of an external object. *Our first consciousness lies in space*, and it is the relation between two such consciousnesses that reveals each other as being in space. The true subjectivity, the real spirituality of man, is the later development: memories, and combinations of memories, aided by language—states of consciousness which become independent of any special locality. We reverse entirely the order of nature, by commencing our exposition with states of consciousness unfettered to space, and looking down from these to the simple perceptions of sense. We begin our lives with a quite sensuous existence; we *are* at first mere sensitive bodies opposed to non-sensitive bodies; we rise into a spiritual existence by memories, and those combinations of memories we call reason and imagination. But I must not proceed too rapidly. There is a good deal to clear away just at this starting-point.

That we always feel, and always have felt, a sensation *somewhere*, will seem to the generality of mankind so palpable a truism, that their wonder will be how an opposite statement could possibly have been made. But the plain testimony of the consciousness was departed from, because it was thought to contradict the theory of the spiritual nature of the mind. Having described the real and sole seat of the consciousness to be a spirtual essence, not itself occupying space, how could its own simple elementary sensation be felt, it was said, in any thing but itself, and therefore in a quite unlocalized manner? An argumentative inference (as has often happened) was allowed to prevail over the plainest experience.

No such inference, however, I must observe, is necessarily drawn from the spiritual nature of mind. The follower of Kant draws no such inference, who lays it down that "Time and Space are forms of the Sensibility." Sir William Hamilton, our northern representative of this department of philosophy, draws no such inference, but exposes the fallacy of his predecessors, Brown, Stewart, and others, and shows that their starting-point of a pure subjectivity was a fatal error, legitimately conducting them to some sort of idealism. I do not wish, for many reasons, to use the phraseology of the Kantian, nor do I wish to adopt the reasoning of Sir William Hamilton, because it is complicated

with a theory of the *self*, or the *ego*, to which I have not been able to yield assent. I merely mention these great authorities to show that this elementary pure sensation, unconnected with space, which is still so great a favourite with our metaphysicians, is not a necessary inference from our belief in the spiritual nature of the ultimate seat of our consciousness.

How prevalent this dreamy hypothesis that commences our life with a *pure subjectivity* still is amongst us, I had a striking instance just before I left England. One of our last psychological writers that has attracted attention (I am writing Anni Domini 1850) is Mr. Morell. The most popular and the most instructive of our text-books of physiology is the work of Dr. Carpenter. Well, the physiologist quotes the metaphysician, and both appear to have no doubt whatever that the infant mind feels, reasons, wills, in some purely subjective manner, before it has any cognition of a world in space. Here is my note from Dr. Carpenter; the italics are in the original:—

"If, as has been well remarked by Mr. Morell, we could by any means transport ourselves into the mind of an infant before the perceptive consciousness is awakened, we should find it in a state of absolute isolation from every thing else in the world around it. Whatever objects may be presented to the eye, the ear, or the touch, they are treated simply as *subjective feelings*, without the mind possessing any consciousness of them *as objects* at all. To it the inward world is every thing, and the outward world is nothing."

That the eminent physiological writer to whom all non-professional readers have been so especially indebted, should quote with assent a passage so little accordant with the general tenor of his own speculations, is an additional proof that he considered he was referring to what was the received doctrine amongst metaphysicians. But what a strange wild doctrine it is! "Before the perceptive consciousness is awakened!" Carry back your thoughts to such a time, if you can, what will you discover? Just nothing at all. The earliest sensations are building up this perceptive consciousness. Inasmuch as they are felt in space, they are *cognitions* as well as *sensations*. What there is of consciousness at all is both perceptive and sensational. This little

infant Fakir, living "in a state of absolute isolation from every thing else around it," is to me utterly inconceivable, is a mere nonentity. Sensations in its own little body, sensation on its superfices, sensations in its muscles, are all localizing each other by relations felt between them; which feeling of relationship you shall also call a sensation or sensibility, if you will. These make up its psychical existence. So far from living out of space, it lives entirely in space.

You may ascribe the perception of these relations of coexistence, succession, diversity, to the spirit, or the reason of man,—describe it as a primary act of the reason; only do not, as some have done, call it *reasoning*. No less an authority than Lord Brougham could fall into such a mistake as to say, "*The very idea of diversity implies reasoning*, for it is the *result* of a comparison." Comparison is no other than the perception of this diversity. You cannot make a perception of diversity an *inference* of the reason; there can be nothing earlier in the mind from which to infer it; it springs simultaneously with sensations themselves. To know that you have had two sensations, is to have felt the difference between them.

There ought to be no needless mystery thrown over these relations of Space, Time, and Difference. Every sensation is felt *where* the nerve lies, and *when* the nerve is affected; but one solitary sensation could not be recognized as in space, neither could it have any order of succession, nor any difference or similarity. If such a thing exists, it is not a consciousness. From two or more sensations these relations spring, and there is constituted a recognizable state of consciousness.

Section III.—*Touch.*

Our internal sensations, and the superficial *sensation of tact*, localize each other. Without an "internal" there would be no recognizable "superficial," and *vice versâ*. Each individual sensation is felt, you say, where the nerve lies, but there must be two points at least for the recognition of position. By simultaneous sensations, internal and superficial, there arises a consciousness *of our own bodies* as occupying space. Nor am I able a moment to pause between this knowledge, and the conscious-

ness of the relation in space between our own bodies and the non-sensitive bodies around us. For we no sooner live than we move. The several sensations already described, internal and superficial, together with those of muscular movement, constitute the *perception of touch*.

No one indeed supposes there is any difficulty in arriving at the knowledge of the external world, if the knowledge of our own bodies as existing in space is given.

This last knowledge *not given*, no ingenuity can explain the process by which we obtain our belief in the external world. To introduce the feeling of muscular movement is idle, if the *limb* that moves has not been, as the learned say, *cognized as in space*. And what is the sense of *resistance* to a creature not recognizing itself in space?

When philosophers represent to me the infant, in its purely subjective state, as *willing* to move, and finding an obstacle, and then calling the will the *me* and the obstacle the *not-me*, and *so* getting, at the same instant, a knowledge of itself and of the external world,—I am lost in the maze of absurdities that rise up before me. How can the human being *will* till there is knowledge what to will? It must have moved by spontaneous or involuntary contractions of the muscles, or by a certain *un*anticipated effort, before it could have *wished* to move, or have moved by an intended or anticipated effort. It must have known what motion was, and if it had known this, the whole problem would have been already solved. This infant, if it could will any thing, could only will the return or prolongation of a certain supposed subjective sensation attendant on muscular movement. And why should the *not-me*—that which prevents this desired sensation—be any thing in space? why more in space than the *me*? Some power or force opposed to its will seems all that the infant could think of. Our cogitative infant might as well think it was another and opposing *will* as any thing else. No real world comes out to us in this way. Even very acute writers seem to be misled by the double use of the word "internal." It is employed both to mean spiritual, and also the space within a certain boundary. Now, it is only in the last sense that its correlate is external in space. Draw a circle, and you immediately have a *within* and a *without*.

To a bounded sensitive body there is necessarily an external space or external body. But the opposite to this spiritual *will* of our quite spiritual infant, must be just as mysterious as the will itself. There is nothing to *posit it* in space.

How strange a business is the explanation given by Reid and Stewart of our perception of touch! Nothing in ancient or mediæval philosophy seems more fantastic. There is first a mere *sensation unconnected with space*, and from this the mind passes, as by a mysterious symbol, to the perception of touch. Such curious machinery is invented because the *sensation of tact* could not be supposed to be felt at once in our own body.

Section IV.—*Vision.*

I have said that the internal and the superficial sensations assist in localizing each other, and thus producing the consciousness of our sensitive bodies in space. This being given, resistance to muscular movement becomes intelligible; and these together constitute our perception of Touch. I have now to add that this perception of Touch is a necessary condition of Vision. Without the position in space given to us by this perception, there could be no vision. I must be conscious of standing *here*, or I cannot see the object *there*. If the image given by the light were the sole consciousness, it would not be vision. The necessary relation between the *here* and *there* would not be felt. The consciousness, so to speak, would be solely in the image of sight. But my body standing here in close contact with the earth, and many contiguous things more or less remote, has its given position. By which means this *other* position of the luminous form is recognized, and becomes to me a cognition.

But how shall we describe this new sensibility of light and colour, which of itself would not be vision, but which, given to a creature who has already the perception of Touch, constitutes the conspicuous element in the perception of vision? We said that our sensations were from the commencement localized. Here is one localized in a space *beyond* the body. If numerous points of contact upon the skin are felt as covering a certain area on the superficies of the body, this seems only in consistency with the nature of our physical frame. The nerves of touch are

there. But if points of still more subtle contact upon the retina of the eye, are not felt on the retina, but give, as their result, the sensation of a corresponding luminous area in a space beyond the eye, this seems a strange anomaly. It is as if one should say we felt out of the body.

Nevertheless, I must accept the anomaly just as I find it. Such is, in fact, the nature of this sensibility. It is not localized on the retina. The subtle touch of light has this result of a luminous point in some space beyond the retina.

I have read with attention the received explanations of the matter, and have come to the conclusion that, in the present state of our knowledge, the only true philosophy is to accept the simple fact as it stands before us. All the ordinary explanations proceed upon the assumption that there was *once* a sensation of colour not localized in a space beyond the eye. This is a mere hypothesis, and what is more, a really inconceivable hypothesis. Try and imagine the sensation of colour or light localized in the retina, or not localized at all, it has ceased to be the sensation of colour. The sensation of *heat* marks out an area more or less distinct on the surface of my body; the sensation of *light* marks out an area more or less distinct in a space beyond the superficies. Try and conceive this last *on* the superficies, and you have conjured up some new sensation similar to heat, but the sensation of light is utterly gone.

It requires a little moral courage to rest in the simple unlearned statement I have made. But it is far better to accept nature's apparent anomaly than to have recourse to a fantastical hypothesis to explain it. Our psychological writers interpolate an imaginary sensation, which was once they say felt, either on the retina, or in the mind, but which is not recoverable by us, owing to the obstinate associations it has formed with the perception of touch. Dugald Stewart, and others of his school, place this original sensation in the mind, and then proceed to explain vision as they explained the perception of touch. This writer more than once draws our attention to the "remarkable fact" (3) that the sensation of colour or light, "which has in itself no outwardness"—a mere mental state—"having no similarity whatever to the thing expressed"—should become so

He who believes in God is necessarily an optimist: an optimist, mind you, for that whole of things which embraces the *has been*, the *is*, and the *will be*. I cannot but feel assured that, if the whole plan of our world, as it will finally be developed, could be understood by us, it would be understood as one great and perfect idea. I may not be able to unravel the perplexities which human life, and the social condition of man, present to me; I may not be able to foresee the future, or to trace the way to happier societies; but I know, through faith in Him, that all will finally be revealed *to be*, and *to have been*, supremely good.

Division of our subject.

Our great subject, the progressive development of man, appears inevitably to divide itself into Two Parts. The Development of the Individual Mind, and the Development of Society.

Society is progressive, because the individual mind is progressive, and here and there one outshoots the others, and leads the rest forward. Thus the law of progress must be sought for in psychology, or the nature of the individual mind. But again, the individual is born and developed in and through society, and what he is and becomes must mainly depend on that society, and on that era in which he lives. If the individual has his development from birth to maturity, the society has had its development from age to age, each generation receiving and transmitting with some additions, the arts, institutions, customs, knowledge, which form the social life of man.

This division of our subject at once presents itself, and I adopt it. But nevertheless, the *individual* and the *society* are so intermingled, that I cannot profess to adhere to this division with such strictness, that many topics may not be touched upon under both heads.

PART I. will contain the Development of the Individual Consciousness. It will be a brief treatise on psychology, showing how the mind presents us with one great, and intricate, and continuous growth.

PART II. will review, through some of its great stages, the Development of Human Society—in its industry, its morality, its science, its religion—and show how all these various movements constitute together the Progress of Mankind.

PART I.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE INDIVIDUAL CONSCIOUSNESS.

THE psychologist, or one who would describe the progressive development of the consciousness, does not necessarily enter into the question of the nature of that substance which is conscious.

I adopt, as the best result at which I can arrive, the generally received dualism of mind and body. But, as a psychologist, I am only concerned with the consciousness itself, and the order of its development, not with the substance in which it is said to inhere, or the essence from which it is said to spring. Those indeed who think that, in the simplest state of consciousness, this twofold nature of man is felt—that a spiritual *ego* stands out at once in opposition to the material world—that the two terms are involved in every perception—may find it necessary at once to enter upon this problem. I do not detect this direct intuition of a spiritual self, but receive it as the best and only theory on which I am able to rest. I have, therefore, for my present and specific object, simply to describe the gradual development of the consciousness. In what substance, or connected with what other powers or forces, or modes of divine action, God has created it, is a separate question, and one which, after all, may not be of the importance generally attributed to it. For, if matter itself be nothing else, in our last conception of it, than a mode of divine action ——. But I must touch on this topic, if at all, at a later period. Let me now confine myself to my psychological development.

I used to think that I had a word to say—I also—on the old topics of metaphysics or psychology. I have fancied that I had some contribution to bestow on subjects that have occupied

many of my hours, on which I have read many books, which I have revolved in many a solitary walk. This perhaps is a mere delusion. Such delusions must attend, I suspect, on every student of metaphysics. For there are no possessions to be had in this region but such as we have put our own labour into—(Locke's well-known definition of the right of property, is correct enough here:) and then, after refashioning the materials for our own use, we are apt to forget that others had been before us in the same task. Each one of us takes the clay afresh to the potter's wheel, though he turns out nothing but the old forms, in their old fragility.

It has happened to me, I will confess, to have reperused a book after some interval, and to have found on the second perusal a clear enunciation of some truth which I, in the interval, had been painfully elaborating for myself. It was there, on the page, when I first read the book, but I could not *see* it then; I had not worked my way up to it, was not in a position to make it my own. One such experience as this should make us very cautious in advancing a claim to originality. All that we can be sure of is, that while taking whatever aid was offered from the right hand and from the left, we marched sturdily on, under no man's banner, but seeking only for the truth.

Section I.—*General Statement.*

All our writers lay it down that we must proceed from the simple to the complex, and in this I readily acquiesce; but it seems to me we are on a false track in seeking for what is generally understood as a *simple state* of the consciousness. The most simple we can descend to is still a complex state. Just as in the material, or the organic world, the simplest atom, the simplest cell, is still a compound, so the simplest state of consciousness will be found to consist of terms and a relation. That *pure and simple feeling or sensation*, with which our psychologists so often commence their exposition, has no existence but in their own pages.

Writers who are admitted to be most skilful in their mental analysis, when describing the relations by which our acknowl-

edged complex states of consciousness are held together, reduce these relations to three—1. Co-existence in space; 2. Succession in time; 3. Similarity and dissimilarity in our sensibilities, perceptions, feelings, &c. Now, tracing back my self-examination to the simplest state of consciousness I can recall, or conceive, I find these three relations, Space, Time, and Similarity or Dissimilarity, all involved in it. I come, therefore, to this conclusion—that there is no such thing as what is generally described as a simple sensation, or simple state of consciousness—that these relations of Co-existence, Succession, Difference, are found in the simplest state we can summon up for examination—and, furthermore, that the most complex state is still a combination (of more simple states) bound together by the same three relations. To take our illustration from the growth of the plant, these relations are found in the simplest *cell* of the consciousness, and they bind those cells together into more complex *tissues*, or more complex forms of thought.

What I cannot remember, has no existence for me. Some one may suggest that there may have been states of feeling of a simpler kind which I cannot now recall, but that which I can neither recall, nor form any conception of, cannot exist for me. The simplest state I can summon up for examination is that of some feeling in some part of my body, (and which, being localized, is so far a cognition of my body,) and the localization of that feeling implies more than one feeling, implies feeling in some other part of the body, and the felt relationship of position. For although each of these feelings may be said, from the very nature of the human body, to be felt in a given space, felt somewhere along the nerve, still this fact is not revealed in the consciousness except by two or more of such feelings, and the relation of position. Position is to space what succession is to time. In order to have this simple experience of a sensation felt in a given limb, there must have been more than one sensation—there must have been several sensations—and (as will appear more distinctly by-and by) the felt relations of Co-existence, Succession, and Difference.

We have only to look at the nature of the human frame, and the conditions under which it is developed, to see the all but

Section VI.—*Imagination.*

The term Imagination is popularly applied to any anticipation. We are said to be full of the "imagination" of any pleasure. A repeated impression of the senses which kindles desire, or prompts to action, becomes an anticipation. The past is thrown forward to the future. No *future*, I must remark, could be developed in the consciousness without a *past*. An impression from the senses (without any reference to past time) might indeed repeat itself, and prompt to action, but it would exactly resemble in its mode of action, the primary sensational impulse. Unless this impression, or some like it, had first become a memory of the past, it could not have given rise to an anticipation.

The term Imagination is also sometimes applied to what Dugald Stewart has distinguished as a conception—a single image that has lost its place, or that never had any place, in our own experience.

But the widest and most appropriate use of the term Imagination (and that in which I now employ it) is to signify the new combinations amongst our thoughts themselves, amongst our memories, amongst our ideas however acquired, whether through our own experience or the medium of language.

Used in this sense, *the faculty of Imagination* is no other than a term to designate the growth of the consciousness, beyond perceptions and memories, by the new combinations of the latter, either amongst themselves or with perceptions.

As sensations combined (through feelings of relationship) to form perceptions; so remembered perceptions, through like felt relationships between them, combine to form new and complex thoughts or trains of thought.

But, you will say, every combination, or train of thought, which is not a memory, is not called an imagination. Certainly not. If the new combination or sequence is of the events of human life, it may bear such a resemblance to actual experience as to take the name of foresight, probability, judgment of the future. If of the facts or phenomena of nature, it may prove on examination to be a representation of sequences which really take place in nature, but which are not directly revealed to the senses. In this last

case it takes the name of Science. Imagination becomes Reason whenever it bears this examination with human life, or with the course of nature. We perceive, we remember, we form new combinations of memories (often wild enough at the commencement); we compare these new combinations of our own thoughts with nature ever before us; we correct and modify them, and thus we have science, or such intellectual conceptions of nature as the senses alone could not have furnished.

We catch here an inkling of the great law which distinguishes human progress,—the necessity so generally imposed on man of passing through error to truth, through imagination or conjecture, to reason, and to science. On this we shall have occasion to dwell more fully hereafter. Meanwhile I have to observe, that all these combinations of memories are formed by the same three relationships which governed the formations of our perceptions out of sensations—Coexistence, Succession, Similarity, and Dissimilarity.

I must be very brief. I have only the choice here between a long dissertation and the briefest statement, such as will be of little use except to those who are familiar with psychological inquiries. Our ablest analysts have shown, in their treatises on the Association of Ideas, that the three relationships I have mentioned determine what they have called the succession or sequence of ideas. In doing this, they have demonstrated, in fact, that these are the felt relationships by which all our new combinations of thought are constructed. I may be able to make this clear by some observations under the head of Association of Ideas. Meanwhile I would ask you to survey the various knowledge of mankind, and to note how the whole is governed and determined by the three relations of Coexistence, Succession, and Difference and Similarity. Number and magnitude, all that the mathematician deals with, are but the relations of succession and position. All experimental science is founded on the observed order or succession of events. That anticipation of the future which constitutes all the activity of human life, and is the main element of life in all of us, is founded on a perception of the same relation of succession. Reflect for a moment on the vast variety in our sensations, our perceptions, our pleasures, pains, passions,

appetites,—and remember that this one relation of succession implies all we mean by cause and effect,—and you will have no difficulty in admitting that a perception of the diversities, and similarities, and sequences of all these sensibilities and perceptions, goes far towards a summary of all human knowledge.

SECTION VII.—*Association of Ideas.*

Under this head psychologists have treated both of that close association by which two or several ideas become apparently one by their habitual union (a fact which in this brief exposition I can merely take notice of in passing), and also of those laws by which a distinct succession of ideas is regulated.

But what is very properly called a succession of Ideas is also a combination, or it could not be felt as a succession.

There is a certain vague impression generally connected with the expression "laws of association," as if they gave us a greater insight than they do into the nature of the human mind. When it is stated that the relation of similarity or succession, or any other relation, governs the succession of ideas, it seems to be frequently overlooked that the relationship between any two terms of our consciousness, could not possibly account for the uprise in the consciousness of one of these terms. Both must be present in the consciousness before the relationship is felt. I cannot recognize that one thing is like another till both are present in the consciousness. When we speak of the relationship between two ideas, we of course speak of *felt* relationship, of a feeling which is itself part of the consciousness. It cannot be this feeling that carries us forward from one idea to another, since both ideas must be there in order for this feeling to exist.

What the psychologists have demonstrated in their laws of the association of ideas is, that certain relations enter into every combination of thought which forms at the moment our state of consciousness. And they have shown that these relations are the three I have so frequently mentioned.

It follows, that if these relations exist in every new combination, they must give us *indirectly* the law of succession amongst the elements of any state of consciousness. But a feeling which

cannot exist till both terms are present, cannot be the link by which the one ushers in the other.

Even in simple memory I cannot have the *feeling* of memory till I *have* remembered. What determines the uprise of this or that state of consciousness, lies *below* the consciousness—lies in laws or powers to which the consciousness does not reach. A Materialist, I presume, would connect the consciousness immediately with certain vital actions or functions of the brain. The brain acts so and so, by the same laws of vitality that the heart beats, or the lungs play, or the artery and the nerve coöperate in their subtle functions; and the result is such and such a feeling, or combination of feelings. A Spiritualist will remind us that the mind is not only that which *is* conscious, but also that power which determines what the consciousness shall be. But in both cases it is to an *unconscious* power, or a power acting here unconsciously, to which we are referred. To my mind, both Materialist and Spiritualist conduct us at this point directly to the power of God, whose creatures we alike are, whatever we call that substance which He has chosen to endow with the wondrous faculty of consciousness. Can we, indeed, form any idea whatever of substance, except as the power of God?

We can state the laws by which these combinations of thought are formed, but the power from which they proceed, or the limits imposed upon their growth, remains a profound mystery. The botanist can show us that for every leaf, and stem, and flower there are certain laws of growth: he can trace the tissue to the cell, but he has no law to determine why one tree rises to the height of sixty feet, and why another scarcely leaves the ground. In like manner the psychologist can point out to us certain laws of mental growth or development, but he can assign no law to determine the limit or extent of this development—why it should advance to such a point and no further, or why it should advance at all. We can here only refer at once to the Divine Idea. Our familiar illustration will serve us also in another point of view. We say of the seed that it has a certain power to grow the plant; yet it is a mere imagination that draws the plant out of the seed. The seed brings but its share, is but the starting-point, gives little more than the fixed

spot where the various powers of nature (some fetched from the sun itself) meet to create the plant. And so we say of the mind of man, that it has the power to think, and build up its consciousness, and grow its tree of knowledge; but a whole world around has been busily helping; and here, also, we have a creation of God out of still more complex materials and forces. We *are* this tree of knowledge; we did not grow it.

But it is time that I turn to another phase, or other elements of our consciousness—namely, to the *Emotional*.

Section VIII.—*Pain, Pleasure, Passion, Appetite, Sensibilities that immediately induce movement.*

Every sensation is or becomes a cognition, inasmuch as it is felt in space. But it may be, and perhaps always is, something else. It is to some degree a pleasure or a pain. It may also prompt to immediate movement. We start if we are pricked, and that independently of any experience that teaches avoidance from injury.

Our passions and our appetites also stimulate to movement—put in violent exercise certain limbs or muscles—in quite as simple, and therefore inexplicable, a manner as a mere puncture does. No *explanation* can be given of our appetites and passions, or the effect they have upon our muscular system. Hunger, thirst, fear, anger, like physical pain, move to violent efforts, that are the *foundation* of voluntary movements. They act prior to, or independently of, any thing we call Thought.

Man shares to some extent with the lower animals in these primary impulses. The term *Instinct*, which has been used in so many different senses, applies, in the most definite meaning which has been attached to it, to this connection between certain sensibilities, or feelings, and certain consentaneous movements of the limbs and organs of the creature. An animal sees or scents some other animal, and straightway feels terror, and takes to flight. This terror may be described as some new sensation or sensibility pervading and agitating the frame of the animal. Or perhaps it scents another animal, and straightway feels appetite, and pursues and devours. In the animal that flies, there is first the susceptibility of scent, then the diffused feeling through the

agitated frame that we call fear, then the flight. In the animal that pursues, there is the appetite of hunger leading to the chase and the capture. We must hand over these facts to the physiologist. He may probably explain to us something more than we hitherto know of the machinery connected with all this play of the consciousness. As matters of consciousness, we must simply accept and record the facts.

In the human being there is the same direct sequence between sensibilities or passion, and movements. The feeling of anger admits of as little explanation as that of pain. In the simplest cases it is nothing but pain diffusing its agitating influence through the nervous system, prompting to contortions and to violence. The rage of hunger and the rage prompted by an injury, are equally spontaneous. How soon memories and anticipations (thought) mingle with our passions, I need not say. There is no state of anger that an adult person experiences that is not mingled up with thought, or chiefly prompted by it. But anger itself is an emotion which, in the course of development, precedes thought. I can no more explain it than I can explain hunger or thirst, and the first actions these prompt to. Fear that impels to flight, Anger that drives us to destroy, Sympathy with another's pains and emotions, which induces us to help him in his distress, or share in his passions, Love and Joy (at first scarce distinguishable) which flow from pleasures received, and which attract us to the giver—these I find to be original sensibilities of the human being. Nor can the human being be said to have exclusive possession of them.

I glance at the passions as seen in the lower animals, because we cannot very well imagine that in them they are preceded by any processes of thought. In the adult human being they have been so inextricably mingled up with memories and anticipations, that it is difficult to recognize them here in their true order of development. If any one, indeed, should ask me why I call the instinctive feeling of the hare, that flies from the hounds, by the name of *fear?* I can only answer by asking another question: Why do I call the feeling of the same hare, if I pinch its foot, by the name of *pain?* I can in both instances judge only by the outward signs which I know in the human being to be

accompanied by pain and fear. And if I may say that animals have fear, then throughout the animal creation no one can doubt that fear is either to be described as itself a sensational state, or as an emotion directly consequent on sensation.

It is this connection, established by nature between sensation or passion and muscular contractions, which lays the foundation for will, or voluntary movement.

Section IX.—*The Will.*

Sensations or perceptions at first excited or produced by external stimulants on the organs of sense, and through them on the brain, are afterwards reproduced as ideas, without these external stimulants, by the sole action, we say, of the brain. So also certain of our muscular movements, which in the first instance are due to some cerebral function put in action by an external stimulant, are afterwards repeated as from an internal stimulant. Just as the brain originates an idea by its own proper action, so it originates (in connection with this idea or a revived sensation) a movement. This power of action from within is what, I presume, writers mean by *volition* (or mere effort) when they use that term in distinction to *will*, or voluntary movement.

Some contend that it is not necessary that the brain in this case should have been first prompted to its function by an external irritant. We cannot remember, before we have perceived, but we might, they say, have moved *from within*, before we had moved from an impulse or sensation derived from without. This is a question I do not pretend to decide. The statement I have made seems to me the more probable, the more favoured by analogy. By what is indisputable, and a fact to be borne in mind, is, that we have this cerebral power of originating motion, just as we have this cerebral power of originating thought, independently of external impulse. But this power alone (and more than that of thinking alone) is not what we call *will*. It is the union of the two—it is anticipated movement—it is effort for an object or desire, which constitutes a voluntary action, or that state of consciousness we call free will. It is the relation between thought and act that gives our sense of Power.

Physiologists speak of muscular movement produced by *irritability* alone; a nerve is in some way affected, but not to the production of sensation, and movement follows. The Psychologist has only to do with this irritability when it is exalted to, or accompanied by, sensation. He has to remark that it is precisely this fact, that sensation is followed by movement, which lays the foundation for the next most important development of life. For it has been detected by those who have minutely examined this subject, that, in willing to move, the anticipation or idea of movement awakes a certain *guiding sensation*, which is immediately followed by muscular contraction.

We desire to move, and we move; or we revive, by our thoughts, passions which lead directly (as explained in the last section) to certain movements. In either case our limbs are placed, so to speak, at the disposal of our thoughts.

No little perplexity, it seems to me, has arisen from the habit of speaking of the will, meaning thereby a voluntary act, as if it were some simple energy, or simple state of consciousness. Our free will is the felt relationship between thought, or desire, and action. We indeed often describe a mere mental resolution (which of itself is a mere act of judgment, perception of relations) as an instance of will; but in this case the resolution or judgment has reference always to some action or course of conduct to be pursued. It may be a determination to *refrain* from some act, but the refraining itself will imply a constant control of thought over action. A person who feigns to be dumb might be said *to do nothing;* yet to accomplish such a purpose as this would require a remarkable control of thought over all the muscles connected with speech. A judgment or decision which has no reference to our own conduct, never receives the name of will. A judge who decides a point of law, or the man of science who gives you his advice where to dig for water or for coal, is never said to exercise his will in this act of judgment. It is the union of judgment and action that constitutes our free will.

If any one should say—But this judgment, this choice, this perception of relations, is not this *free?* I think he could be told at once, This judgment is certainly an act of my mind, but

associated with the external forms in space, "that we find it impossible to conceive of it apart from some extended surface."

If by "extended surface" is meant a resisting surface, it is quite possible to conceive of it apart from such a surface. Press the optic nerve with your finger, you have a globe of light which you do not connect with any resisting substance. But what is truly impossible, is to conceive this sensation of light that has "no outwardness." A luminous appearance in outward space is just the simplest fact we can get at. Science, some future day, may present us with a nearer insight into the matter; at present it stands thus:—contact upon the retina by some subtle matter is not followed by the sense of tact, or by any sensation localized on the retina, but by a sensation of points of light, in the direction from which those delicate touches come.

No doubt there are associations with the sense of touch which fix for us the *relative* distance of visible objects. It is possible that all visible appearances might appear originally at the same distance from the retina. But a sensation of light that has "no outwardness," is not a sensation of light at all. We are merely uttering words to which we can attach no meaning. The *pain* felt in the eye itself, from excessive or sudden light, is another matter. The sensation of light itself is no other than this marvellous apparition in space.

I must observe that the phrase "association of ideas" is not applicable to all the combined operation of the senses of touch and sight. I have said that of itself the eye could not give us vision, because the position of the luminous form *beyond* us, is only revealed by the position in space already acquired by touch. But this is a case of the joint operation of two organs of sense, not of association of ideas. The real fact being, that what we call the perception of one sense, is a state of consciousness, the result of several senses. Physiologically speaking, there is but ONE organ, the brain and all its tributaries. The eye is the organ of vision, because it is added to a creature who has already the sense of touch, and the faculty of movement. It is planted on the common organ of the brain, and so becomes the marvellous organ it is.

You need not fear that I shall weary you with many quota-

tions from other writers, for I have no books here to refer to, and must take all my store from my own commonplace-book. But so fantastical is the account of perception given by our Scotch philosophers, that a person not familiar with their writings, or the writings of such Englishmen as have followed in their steps, would scarcely believe that it was still gravely taught amongst us. It was as a proof of what is still taught, that I made a few extracts from the work of Mr. Morell, the last expounder in England of their metaphysical system. Following Reid and Stewart, he speaks of a sensation, "which has no similarity to the thing expressed," being a sort of symbol by which the mind perceives the presence of a visible object.

"There is no similarity," he says, "between the sensation itself and the perception. The sensation, which is a mere feeling, is a *sign* which the mind, by its own innate intelligence, *interprets* into a perception." Surely a strange use of such words as "sign," and "interpretation," and "intelligence!" We have the mind, hitherto ignorant of all things, interpreting something it meets with for the first time, as a symbol of something hitherto utterly unknown. But what I insist upon is this, that no man, or metaphysician, ever detected in his consciousness what passes here under the name of the "sign"—ever was aware of any thing but what is here called the "interpretation."

Assuredly, if the *simple* and unlearned position I take up, is not very satisfactory, I lose nothing by foregoing the benefit of such explanations as these.

Our Scotch friends have overlaid the subject of vision with their doctrine of association of ideas. They seem to be afraid of attributing any thing directly to the senses. The extent to which Dr. Brown and his disciples have here applied this doctrine, will one day rank amongst the "curiosities" of metaphysical literature.

We have two eyes, and see but one image. To a simple man this seems a very simple matter. Two sensations are only two to the consciousness, by reason of some relation of difference felt between them. Two images exactly alike, seen at the same time and in the same place, are *not* two, but one. The luminous forms given by both eyes at the same time,

occupy so very nearly the same space, that there is no perceptible difference. There is nothing to render them *two* to the consciousness.

Dr. Brown explains the matter by his favourite doctrine of association of ideas. He, like his predecessors, accords to either eye simply some vague "visual feeling," which none but the metaphysicians know any thing about. And then he remarks, that it matters not how many "visual feelings" the two eyes may generate; these visual feelings have been accompanied by the touch of a single object, and therefore eternally suggest only a single object. "If," he writes, "the light reflected by a single object *touched by us* had produced, not two only, but two thousand images, erect or inverted, the visual feelings thus excited, however complex, would still have accompanied the touch of a single object, and if only it had accompanied it uniformly, the single object would have been suggested by it precisely in the same manner as it is now suggested." If there had been two thousand images, and they were so nearly alike in all particulars that no relation-ship or sense of difference arose to the consciousness, they would, in fact, be but one image.

As to the "inverted" image here alluded to, there is, in my simple view of the matter, no difficulty to be explained. The inverted image on the retina was never the object of our consciousness, while that upright image in the air is precisely the direct object of our consciousness.

Of the other special senses I have no occasion to speak. I proceed at once to the Memory.

Section V.—*Memory.*

How soon memory of some kind is developed it would be hard to say. Any repetition of an impression, the external cause being removed, has been sometimes described as a memory. In the processes I have been hinting at, where the repeated or revived impression of one sense blends with the actual impression of another, there may be said to be a species of memory. But where the revived impression blends thus immediately with some other, (forming the component part of a new perception,) where it does not stand out separate in the con-

sciousness, *a recognized repetition*, there I should not give the name of memory. This recognition of the past seems to belong to a perfect memory.

As touch was a requisite part of vision by supplying one of the two positions in space; so present perceptions, whether of touch or of vision, are requisite to memory by supplying one of the two positions in time. Without a *here*, there can be no *there*; without a *present*, there can be no *past*.

Although the revived impression is a new sensibility, and must have, in general, some inherent difference from an actual impression, yet this alone cannot relegate it into the past. There must be existing present impressions for the relationship of past and present to be felt. Were there no other *present* than the revived impression, the revived impression would itself be our present. And this is exactly what takes place in dreams. The senses, in that condition, giving us no actual present, revived impressions or images, produced by the spontaneous action of the brain, take the place of reality. They are not recognized as memories or mere imaginations, but fill the quite unoccupied space.

You will not confound the feeling of the relation of succession with memory, for this feeling, as I have said, is found in the simplest state of sensational existence we can conceive; one sensation is felt to follow another. The successions of the past are our memories.

Let us look back on so much of the road as we have traversed, and note how completely the mind is a development of that kind that the preceding state becomes an element in the subsequent state of consciousness.

Our sensations are felt there where the body is, but they localize each other, and the simplest state of consciousness we can recall must consist of terms and relations. The internal localize the superficial, the superficial the internal sensations. Our limbs move in the first instance by what the anatomists call reflex action, and the consciousness of sensitive limbs in space, occupying position, renders motion, which is change of position, intelligible. Tact and motion now explain to us *resistance*. Resistance to sensitive limbs moving in space must be *posited* in

space. The infant mind does not, as some metaphysicians tell us, posit the *cause* of resistance in space, but the resistance itself. This resistance is, and always continues to be, our *matter*, what we call substance. The atom is never any thing to us in its last analysis but this quality of resistance posited in space. The consciousness resulting from touch and muscular movement—knowledge, as we call it, of the external world, and of our own bodily position in it, lays the foundation for the glorious sense of sight. We have the *here* and the *there*. As vision gives us the distant object, so an *inner sense* (as it has been sometimes called) repeats the past. And this relation of the *past* is made possible by the sensational *present*. The senses not only give us the remembered image, but some continuous present action of our senses is necessary to constitute it a memory, and mingles in that complex state of consciousness we call memory.

Speaking of the memory, it has been well remarked that the periodical changes in nature, and especially the alternation of day and night, have greatly contributed to its distinct development. Events by being associated with these periodical changes, which can themselves be distinctly numbered, get a clear definite place in the order of succession.

I would observe that there is a *sense of familiarity*, from having seen a thing before, which can be referred to nothing but a modification of the sensibility, but which does not constitute a complete memory, unless the previous perception, by being associated with other events, has obtained a place in some order of succession. When I see a thing the second time, my impression is different from what it was the first time; but till I can recall where, and when, or with whom, or under what circumstances I first saw it, I have rather a confused and perplexing feeling than a memory. When you look at any familiar object, as at any well-known face, you have this sense of familiarity; but if you are not thinking of any time but the present, you do not apply the term memory to your state of consciousness. It has not all the elements that constitute a complete act of memory.

In dreams we often have this sense of familiarity, accompanied with the most egregious oblivion of events. We dream

of a dead friend, perhaps the dearest friend we had; we recognize him, and yet never once remember that he is dead. We have all that sense of familiarity by which the face is recognized as the face of our friend; but in the dream this image has taken the place of reality, it is our actual present, and not one in a succession of events belonging to the past. Unless we dream the very incident of his death, we might see our friend night after night in our dreams, and not remember that he had ceased to live.

The mention of dreams reminds me how closely connected are the reproduction of past impressions, and the new and varied combinations of those past impressions; for the dream is an imagination as well as a memory. Perhaps an imperfect, confused, inaccurate combination even *precedes* in the order of development the precise and accurate memory. This would not be inconsistent with what we shall have next to say of the importance and dignity of the Imagination. It may be true that perfect and precise memory may not be at first acquired, and yet be also true that the faculty of making new combinations of thought, and especially new combinations of distinct memories, is one which preëminently distinguishes the human being, and conducts him onwards to his highest attainments of science.

With the full development of memory—this reproduction of the perceptions of sense, in order of time, and so that relations may be felt, or comparisons made between them—with this commences our intellectual being, our true spirituality, and only *subjectivity*. To think of a thing is to remember it; and when we say we examine any present object of the senses, we are recalling other objects, or other events, in connection with it. *The very consciousness of our own powers* of acting and of thinking is due to memory; for consciousness of power is anticipated action, and anticipation is founded upon memory. Consciousness of continuity of being, of personal *identity* is due to memory. At each instant of our lives the train of remembrances of the past, and of anticipations of the future, meet in the actual present, and give us our grand sense of personality and continuous being. But I shall refer again to this knotty point of the *self*, or of personality.

even close attention. Besides which, a large number of our terms (such as "government," "church," "nation,") represent a wide classification of objects and events which never were simultaneously brought before the senses, and which do not therefore summon up any distinct imagination at all. By the use of language our thoughts are literally borne up into the air; they float upon a word; they are held together by the mute symbolism of the unuttered word. All this tends to spiritualize and separate the thinking self. No wonder it looks down upon the body as a very gross property.

When we deliberately speak of, or contemplate ourselves, the *I myself* stands for the whole of our consciousness of every kind —all our sensations, memories, hopes, knowledge—so far as we can embrace such a survey. When we are engaged with any one present object or thought, we tacitly refer it to *this whole;* and this rapid constant reference is expressed in the "I did it, I saw it, I thought it." We say "I think" with just the same confidence and decision as we say "I see;" yet in the "I think" the *object* is itself a thought. What can the *subject* be but other thoughts?

If in the expression "I think" you detect a recognition of the *power* to think, you have still to account for that permanent continuous *self* which is the great characteristic of humanity. If *personality* is revealed in the instant thought, *personal identity* is revealed only in the memory.

My exposition would be incomplete if I did not allude to the manner in which we necessarily speak when we would express the relation of any of its parts to a whole. It is a manner of speech forced on us by the nature of things, but which has often led to the illusion that *the whole* was something more than the union of all the parts.

Suppose I am speaking of a monkey: I say that *the monkey has* four hands, that *the monkey has* a long tail, sharp teeth, &c. Yet all this while I use the term monkey to express that whole which is really made up of the four hands, the long tail, the sharp teeth, &c. At each time the term monkey embraces the very limb or organ which I go on to say is *in possession* of the monkey. I cannot speak or think of the matter in any other

way; for the part I want to separate, for distinct contemplation, is really involved in my idea of the whole. And if the monkey could speak, it would say, *I* have four hands, *I* have a long tail, &c. The *I* of the monkey would stand for the whole of the monkey, and yet, for an instant, would be brought out into distinct juxtaposition with some part of that whole which it embraced.

In like manner the *I* of human speech embraces the whole of my consciousness—this present particular consciousness of which I am speaking being included, and yet at the very same time it stands out in a momentary juxtaposition with this particular consciousness. I say *I have* a certain thought, *I have* a certain perception, and yet this "I myself" includes the very thought, the very perception.

It cannot be otherwise. The relation between the whole and one of its parts can be thought out or expressed in no other manner. The very property which I describe as *a property of the whole*, was already in my idea of the whole. If I say "gold is yellow," I had already included yellowness in the very word gold. There is a momentary exclusion of the part from that whole to which it is nevertheless our very purpose to assert that it belongs. To revert to our monkey: if it could speak, and proclaim its properties, it would say "I eat nuts;" and if asked to define its *ego*, it would assuredly put the eating of nuts very forward in the definition.

Think what the consciousness has grown to be of the matured and cultivated man, and what he has to summon up of innumerable ideas whenever he reflectively takes cognizance of himself —remember that the sensations that now come to him are the *property of this whole*, (for so he must habitually think and speak of them,) and you will not be at a loss to explain the illusion we are under when, in reverting to our earliest sensations, we still suppose that some other self was present besides these sensations themselves. We can summon up no sensation or perception now, that does not belong to this thinking self.

Section XI.—*Progressive Development—New Knowledge, new Sentiments.*

I must break away from these very subtle and technical

discussions. We have seen enough of the process by which the consciousness builds itself up; and even if doubt should still hang over some parts of the ground we have traversed, the general truth of the progressive development of the consciousness will surely have been sufficiently established. I may proceed to take notice of some few of the specific developments themselves. I shall select such instances as will illustrate the progress of society. Indeed, it would be very difficult to select any other; for, as I have already observed, the moment you describe the development of any one individual, you begin also to describe the society to which he belongs. If the subject of your examination be the individual as he now exists in the nineteenth century, it is impossible not to look back to those past generations which have made the nineteenth century what it is—past generations which, so to speak, underwent for the men now living those earlier stages of progress in which they otherwise would have been toiling.

Man's power of making new combinations of thought, and thus advancing beyond the direct tuition of the senses, is first stirred into exercise by his bodily wants. Apparently no creature has to get his food with such difficulty. These wants prompt his ingenuity, prompt him to self-help, prompt him also (the imaginative being that he is) to wild petitions for help from unseen hands. He makes some rude instrument, he frames some rude worship. He enters, from the same impulse, into art and into religion. We see him at once the most laborious, and the most imaginative, of creatures.

The simplest kind of new combinations of thought are seen embodied in mechanical contrivances, as tools of agriculture, weapons for the chase or for war, the first inventions in the arts. Here there is an application of the knowledge gained at one time by the senses, to the immediate wants and purposes of another time. A man who has noticed that wood floated in the water, might bethink him of passing a river by getting astride of the trunk of a fallen tree. I am only stating general principles; I do not undertake to illustrate them. I saw yesterday a countryman leading his horse and cart down a hill. He wanted to rest his horse, and he adopted the simple expedient of putting a stone

under the wheel to keep the cart from pressing forward. Here, I thought, was a case so simple, that the man might easily have been the original inventor. He hardly needed any one to tell him of such an expedient. He had seen stones enough on the road, and had noticed them as impediments to his progress. Here he wants the impediment; a stone is at hand, and he applies it. If he wanted still to proceed down-hill without distressing his horse, he perhaps *ties* the stone to the rim of the wheel, and here is a *drag* invented. As this tying implies the previous invention of a string or a rope, we have also, in this instance, a rude illustration of the manner in which one invention assists and leads on to another. The more arts, the more probability of new combinations amongst them.

Art begets science. You produce a desired effect with one thing, you try another similar thing to produce the same effect. You begin to classify things according to some common effect or property. And then, without being urged by any immediate need, you ask yourself the question, Will this act like that? will this burn? can this be eaten? without having any particular wish to burn, or to eat it.

Our curiosity for knowledge merely for itself, comes from the application of knowledge for some practical purpose. Art precedes Science. But science, or the love of knowledge, when once developed, is no longer dependent upon the practical uses of that knowledge. A new intellectual desire is generated. There is also another mode by which we approach science—through religion, or through the imagination which first devises anthropomorphic, or supernatural causes of things. From these supernatural causes we descend to the examination of such real causes as are within the reach of our observation.

What I remarked of inventions of art holds equally true of scientific knowledge. The more we know, the more probability is there that any new fact or new observation will lead to increased knowledge. If a people who lived in tents had hit upon the invention of glass, it would have been of little value to them. Just in proportion to the number of arts already in existence would be the value and application of this new art. And so with scientific knowledge,—the more we know, the greater probable

value of any additions to our knowledge. The polarization of light would have been a mere toy at one time; in the present condition of our knowledge it promises to throw light on several branches of science. Are we not introduced here at once into the progressive nature of man?

And here let me make a general observation, so necessary to be kept in view when we speak of growth or development of the individual consciousness. There is some vague prejudice, even in the philosophical world, against the doctrine of gradual development. What is called an original tendency or sentiment, is supposed to be much more noble and permanent than one derived from others, or conditioned upon their previous existence. Now it is precisely our noblest sentiments that come last in the order of development; and it is only this *order of creation* of which we speak, when we note the precedent conditions on which they depend. This love of knowledge, for its own sake, is not the less a new and noble desire because it makes its appearance in the order we have mentioned, because it might in man never have made its appearance at all, if his ingenuity and observation had not been at first called forth by the imperious wants of his nature. All we do here, or elsewhere, is to trace the *order* in this marvellous growth, or creation, of the human consciousness. "To derive all our ideas from sensation," appears to me an unfortunate and ambiguous expression. It seems to imply that we derive the higher from the lower,—the more from the less; which surely is impossible. But there is a course of development or of *growth* which starts—not from a pure sensation, as I have endeavoured to point out, but from states of consciousness composed merely of sensations and the relations felt between them of difference, of succession, of position.

Even writers of a philosophical reputation will sometimes (as when speaking of the sentiments of morality, or the love of the beautiful) convey the impression that there is a peculiar honour and dignity in a state of consciousness being *original*, and that, by showing its necessary conditions of development, we in some measure peril its existence. But it must be as permanent as these very conditions, if, by the same Power who appointed these conditions, it too is appointed to appear in its place. In fact,

every thing is, in its place, as new and original as the most elementary facts in animal life. These, too, have their conditions in physical or inorganic nature. All that analysis (which is but tracing back the processes of time) can effect, is to show its place in the series. You cannot reduce the higher to the lower; you can only show how the lower was a stepping-stone to the higher.

So far from this theory of development degrading any noble sentiment, we are soon taught that it is precisely the higher that need the lower as conditions for their appearance. It is the later and maturer growth we are called upon especially to admire. I apprehend that a man incapable of pain would have been incapable of a rational fear—of that fear which arises from anticipated evil; and, being fearless of what any other man could do to him, he would have been incapable of moral government. Pain, fear, moral responsibility, you may assign them this order of development, but you do not find this prospective fear in mere pain, nor moral responsibility in mere fear. It is itself a new and higher product. The charm of a landscape to the eye of the artist or the poet involves a great deal more in it than the vivid pleasure of harmonious colours, but that *sensuous* feeling of colour lies at the foundation of all the rest. You do not call the flower a less original or less permanent part of the plant than the root or the stalk. Remember there is nothing in man or nature that is unconditional; and what seems to approximate to this character, is the very lowest, not the highest in the scale of creation.

Amongst physical phenomena there may be a strict dependence of one class upon another, but you cannot trace (to use a now frequent expression) *the passage* from one to the other. You cannot trace the passage from the inorganic to the organic—from chemical phenomena to the phenomena of vegetable life. You only trace an order of development. You cannot trace the passage from the mechanical to the chemical phenomena of nature. A mass of matter might revolve eternally in space, exhibiting nothing but movement of the mass. The chemical phenomena might be conceived as a quite new creation; we should only say that the new creation was built upon the old, as its apparently necessary foundation.

He who reflects for a moment on what Language does for us, and how language itself is modified and enriched as the ages advance, cannot fail to note a progression as well in the character of our sentiments as in the amount of our knowledge. Language is preëminently the instrument by which one age is able to transmit its thoughts to its successor. It is the very creation of the intellect of man, and yet is the constant instructor of every living generation. Language is the memory of the human race. It is as a thread or nerve of life running through all the ages, connecting them into one common, prolonged and advancing existence. Every one who speaks makes the air echo with a wisdom gathered from past centuries. The new-born child is born into a world of thought as active about it as the world of sense on which it opens its eyes. For it the air teems with knowledge, since it is full of human speech. The child listens and babbles, and the mere sound[illegible]uts together become for it also a knowledge[illegible]

There are some subjects, I would observe, and those which especially concern the nature of our social life, which never can be understood unless we take into consideration the history, or progressive development, of our sentiments. I allude especially to our notions of Law and Punishment, and indeed to all our moral sentiments; for although the conscience may be said to exhibit certain great elements at all times, these assume very different aspects or proportions. Let me say a brief word on some of these topics.

Section XII.—*Law—Punishment.*

Revenge is our first law; it is both law and punishment. It has been called "nature's wild justice;" a very needful passion, without which one may truly say there would be a very scant development of life; an altogether indispensable movement or fury of the soul. Revenge, for its own part, takes no heed of the future. What good it works in this way, it works blindly. A rage that is the result of injury inflicts injury. The first modification of the passion is to measure the revenge by the injury received. It then takes the name of retaliation. An eye for an eye; life for life. Its punishments are strictly retributive. Pun-

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ishment is the very end sought, whether by the injured man, or by a community sympathizing with, and sharing his passion.

Even the community takes little thought, in its rudest stages, of the ulterior good to the whole society derived from the punishment inflicted. This is for a long time the secondary consideration. The punishment is inflicted first from mere passion, and *then* is seen and detected the good result that may ensue from it. God gives us *life* first, and then reflection upon life—itself a higher life.

But with the advance of civilization, and with enlarged thinking, the advantage to accrue to society comes prominently forward. The feeling of revenge is not laid aside, but the punishment begins to be regarded chiefly as means to a further end. It is a penalty imposed to secure obedience to a law. This obedience to the law has become the great end. Punishment has ceased to be simply vindictive, or that measured vengeance, meted out by another hand, which we call retribution. The jurist measures out the punishment according to his need for it; the lightest penalty that will secure obedience to his law, is the most acceptable to him. Even the public mind begins to view punishment in the light of a necessary means to a most desirable end. Enlightened men require the threat of no penalty whateyer to secure their obedience even to a law which they may partly disapprove, so impressed are they with the indispensable necessity of a public law, and a universal obedience to it.

As cultivation extends, the esteem of our fellow-men becomes more valuable: it is more valued in itself, and it comes to be the representative of a greater amount of happiness. As the complicated civilization of society advances, mere good opinion of our fellow-citizens leads to greater advantages, and ill opinion becomes a greater punishment; therefore most men obey the law without being coerced thereto by the specific penalty attached to its infringement.

In this state of men's minds the infliction of punishment is looked on as an odious necessity: the criminal himself becomes a subject of compassion. The wish arises to reform him, and bring him back, a good citizen, into the common fold. This, too, would be the most desirable result for society itself. If, however,

I can attach no meaning to the words when you ask if it is *free*. Freedom is essentially a relation of succession between the judgment and the act. Up to the limit of our physical powers we act as we wish. This is a very intelligible freedom. If now you ask the question, Can we will what to wish? is it not tantamount to asking if we can wish what to wish?

We not only can act as we wish, or choose, or desire, but experience teaches us many ways of controlling or diminishing any hurtful desire. We can avoid temptation; we can place ourselves under good influences. What more is wanted for our culture into wise, good, and happy beings?

But how is it, some one may still persist in asking, we regret our past actions, if we really *could* not have chosen better at the time than we did choose? What we really are lamenting, what forms the sting of our regret, are the present results, the ill consequences we are suffering from. While these are present, we cannot but regret the cause of them. But whether you *could*, under the circumstances of that last moment of action, have chosen otherwise or not, the past is irrevocable. Look at it how you will, it is folly to regret the past, *unless* your regret for the past is also a better resolution for the future. There lies the meaning and purpose of your regret or your remorse. No greater wisdom in the world than penitence. It is the new and better life springing from the old. The agony of the retrospect is security for future peace and future goodness. In the life of man, the past and the future form together the actual present of each day, each hour; you cannot divorce them. Your free will is your present power over the future.

As it is with our own regrets, so it is with any punishment (other than mere instinctive passionate revenge) that we inflict on other men. There is always a contemplation of the future in every rational punishment for the past. We deter the culprit from doing the like again, or we deter others by showing that a certain penalty really does follow from certain conduct. He who has formed for himself, under the abused name of justice, or retribution, the idea of a punishment which is not revenge, not the natural outburst of a creature's instinct prompting it to self-defence, and which at the same time contemplates no future

good to the culprit, or to society, has framed for himself, whether he is aware of it or not, the conception of a calm, pure *maleficence*.

Section X.—*Personal Identity—The Self or the Ego.*

This will be as fit a place as any other to add a few words on the much-debated and difficult question of personal identity, or the nature of such convictions as are involved in the expressions, *I* see, *I* feel, *I* think.

"What the consciousness declares of the nature of *self*," is a problem one cannot quite pass over. I, who am more solicitous to form as wide a basis as possible, so as to carry on with me in my subsequent course the reflective men of all parties, than I am to advocate any one class of metaphysical opinions, am desirous of stating here at the outset, that very different answers may be given to this question, without endangering any of those great principles of religion or morality on which the progress of mankind may be said to depend. And it is fortunate for me that I am able to look upon this, and some other kindred subjects, with a certain degree of indifference; for I have honestly to confess that I do not always see my way clear amongst them. I rise into some *higher truth* which is not affected by the discussion, and repose in that. Whatever the nature of my own existence may be, I know myself as a *creature*—the created of a Divine Intelligence. This I find revealed to me as the great truth, the necessary postulate of all other truths.

There are two opinions on this subject of our personality which have alternately preponderated in my own mind—1. That there is felt by us in the simplest state of consciousness, whatever that may be, the relation of *subject* and *object:* the sentient, or the percipient, being implied in the sensation or the perception. 2. That this relation described as between subject and object, resolves itself, on examination, into a relation between the several terms of any one given state of consciousness.

I confess that I lean at present to the latter opinion. But I make no confident assertions, and feel no little satisfaction in reflecting that the decision is not of that vital importance which some have represented it to be.

Even the great question—*Material or Spiritual?* is not, as I shall have by-and-by to show, conclusive upon the paramount doctrines of God and Immortality; and our answer to this other question, with respect to the nature of our conscious *self*, is not even conclusive of the debate upon Materiality or Spirituality.

The spirituality of the mind may be held with as perfect consistency by one who derives that conclusion from some subsequent process of thought, as by one who founds it on an intuitive belief. And, on the other hand, the intuitive belief in this relationship of *object* and *subject* by no means precludes the hypothesis of materialism. I have, indeed, met with the argument put in the following manner (if my memory does not deceive me, by Dr. Alison in his work on Physiology):—"The mind does not know itself as *object* of cognition; it knows itself as *subject* in every cognition. We cannot therefore know the mind in itself; but there is one thing we can say of it with confidence—that it cannot be this material body which *is* capable of being an object of cognition. If we cannot say what it is, we can at least say what it *is not*." But is this statement correct? If the brain thinks, it could, while thinking, know itself only as *subject*, or that which thinks. Granting that in every cognition the thinking power or agent recognizes itself as *subject*, there will still remain this question, Whether a material organ, which in the dead body you may handle and dissect, and so make an *object* of cognition, may not, in the living body, be the *subject* which cognizes? I apprehend that it is by no direct appeal to the consciousness that you could decide this question.

I will state the first of these opinions, and I believe the more prevailing one, in the words of Sir William Hamilton: "When I concentrate my attention on the simplest act of perception, I retire from my observation with the most irresistible conviction of *two* facts, or rather of two branches of the *same* fact—that *I am*, and that *something different from me exists*. In the same act I am conscious of myself as the perceiving *subject*, and of an external reality as the *object* perceived; and I am conscious of both existences in the same indivisible moment of intuition. The knowledge of the subject does not precede nor follow the knowledge of the object—neither determines, neither is deter-

mined by the other. The two terms of correlation stand in mutual counterpoise and equal independence; they are given as connected in the synthesis of knowledge, but as contrasted in the antithesis of existence."

"When I concentrate my attention on the simplest act of perception." But it is evident that when I thus concentrate my attention, I, in fact, am thinking, *i. e.* memories are mingling with this perception; and when "I retire" from this observation, I am, in fact, remembering—I do not get back to the simple state of perception. If I think of a present object, a crowd of *other* thoughts surround it; if I think of an absent object, I have all that consciousness which makes up my sensational present. I can only get a glimpse of the simple state of perception by endeavouring to estimate what must have been the primitive elements of that state. When I, an adult man, set myself to think, I am immediately remembering, and it is therefore a state in which memory mingles that I am really analyzing.

But the general remark I would at once make is this—not that we have not this feeling of *self*, but that the moment I examine this self, I find it take the form of some *specific state*, or states of my consciousness. Instead of being involved, as described in the passage I have quoted, as an inseparable element in the simplest consciousness, it is involved as one of the distinguishable terms in our always complex consciousness. For no known state of consciousness is really simple.

Here lies one great source of our perplexity—in the mistaken notion that we commence our psychical being with some simple sensation, or can go back in our analysis to some quite simple perception. In order to conceive this same quite simple object, we coin a *self* which could not really be developed till a subsequent stage. One term in our consciousness reveals another. There is no state of consciousness recognizable by us in which there is only one term.

The *self* which we have, and from which we never can release ourselves, is developed with memory. I do not say that a creature who has no memory, or the human infant before the memory is developed, is not conscious of some relationship to which

we should give the name of *self* and *not self*. One set of sensations would be in contrast with other sensations or perceptions; thus its own sensitive body would be felt at every instant of its life as contrasted with all other bodies. That would be its *self*. But such a creature would have no past and no future; it could not have that *permanent self* which constitutes the personality of man, and which extends through the past by memory, and through the future by anticipation. The *self* of such a creature would be merely its own sensitive body at the present time. And if the adult man could, in imagination, reduce his being to a mere sensational existence—if (presuming he ever passed through such a stage) he could get back to that stage of development when he had no memory—his *self* and *not self* would be merely one set of sensations or perceptions felt in relation to another set.

There is no question that when I now contemplate any object I have this relation of a *self*, which is not certainly my body, nor any thing in space, nor any set of sensations. The only question is, what is the nature of this self? My answer is, that it is my memories, my anticipations. The *present* of an adult man is always a consciousness which extends over the past and the future. It is this *self* which now stands over against any visible object that comes before him. At least he cannot reflect or think an instant but he summons up the past, in the shape of general knowledge or personal event.

This sensitive body, you say, is *not me*. It is *mine*. Very true. Such is the sentiment developed in us. But if there existed a period when sensation and perception were developed, and not memory, this sensitive body was your *me*—the only *self* you could have recognized. Such a period, in the life of man, perhaps never existed; before some perceptions were fully found, the memories of others were probably called forth. Only in the lower animals may such a condition be found. But, at all events, we may note how, with the growth of memories, and thoughts, and anticipations, the very character of the *self* changes. It is this being *that thinks* to whom the sensations *now belong*. This preëminence of thought (acquired largely by the use of language, not only as means of communicating ideas,

but as instrument of thinking) is the real spirituality of man. If the spiritual essence is not developed up to this point, it would give him little cause to boast. He thinks, he remembers, he recombines, perceives new relationships amidst his thoughts. He seems to owe nothing to the earth, he travels on with a host of memories and anticipations of his own creating. Each instant of his life is but that point along the line at which he surveys a past and a future, projected by his own intelligence. This body is now "the machine that belongs to him." Its sensations belong to this spiritual being; and when he tries to look back upon his earliest stages of existence, he cannot divest himself of this *thought self*, and he sees even in the infant, busy as yet in forming its perceptions, a self akin to his own.

But could we really transport ourselves back to our first infantine state, we should find the *self* close gathered up into the little soft body of the child. No problem has it to solve about externality or space. It itself is as much in space as any thing it touches. It lies, like the tender worm, close upon the earth: all its conscious self moves and feels in space. Afterwards, thought after thought rises, and they form new combinations, and now memories, and anticipations, and innumerable reflections form a *thinking self* so paramount, that the whole body, wonderful as it is, seems to belong to *it*. This sensitive body, which was at one time almost equivalent to the *me*, is now *mine*, and in our exalted moods is held to be a very subordinate part of ourselves.

This thinking self is aided greatly in assuming its vast proportions, and its peculiar character, by the use of language. The symbol of speech, which renders our processes of thinking so rapid and voluminous, tends to separate them still more in their nature from our perceptions. Our thinking is less and less connected with the material object, for even the distinct imagination or memory of it is no longer always necessary. Words, by their frequent use in certain sequence, get to have a felt relationship to each other, which suffices to carry us over large and familiar tracts in all our reasonings and communications; as any one may satisfy himself who takes notice of what passes in his mind while reading a book to which he is giving

who does us a kindness, not because it is *meritorious* to do so, but simply because he is impelled by his own loving spirit, or good nature, is perhaps the man above all others on whom we bestow our moral approbation. Though no idea of merit, or deserving, prompted him, we are ready, on our side, to pronounce him most deserving and meritorious.

There are, then, at least Three distinct stages of development to be noticed in the full and mature morality of a human society —stages which coexist also as permanent forms; the higher does not supersede the lower. 1. Spontaneity; anger and sympathy, and the love that begets love and approval. 2. Law; the classification of the approved and the disapproved in human conduct, forming a rule, enforced by public opinion, to the infringement of which penalties more or less distinct are attached. The good and evil take distinct titles of right and wrong, the ordered and commanded, and obedience to the law is at once a merit and a duty. 3. Reflection, which grows out of this state—reflection on law—on the sentiment of duty—on the nature of the law which ought to be wedded to this sentiment of duty—reflection which rises to, or takes the form of, the great idea of the good of the whole,—our legislative mode of thought.

This is the last phase of pure morality; it coexists with its predecessors; it is incessantly reacting on them—improving the customary or traditional law—modifying and humanizing by a still more subtle process, the spontaneous passions. Here, in this great idea of the good of the whole—religion and morality must *eternally meet*. For is not the good of the whole the Idea of the Creator himself? Has he not educated us to this idea? Is it not, when once developed in us, necessarily imperative? Do we not feel that at this point the Creator has elevated his creature to a participation in his own Divine Idea?

The first sense of merit was but the echo of another's praise, and that first voice of praise was but a cry of pleasure which broke forth from many voices at some untaught act of kindness. And now at length all is surveyed and arranged in the enlarged thinking of the meditative man, and he sees how beautiful was that untaught affection, and he directs that voice of praise so that it may constantly promote the good of the whole.

Morality may be said to attain its perfect state when our legislative mode of thinking, and the conduct it prescribes, or say when a desire for the public good, becomes so general, that it gains on its side the force of public opinion, and all men are expected to partake of it in some degree. The elevated sentiment of duty to the public is then forced, in some measure, on all minds.

If the great idea of the good of all has, from time to time, as better and better understood, led the reflective man to contradict, in some point, the positive moral code of his day and generation, and so lost for him, or endangered, his *merit* with mankind, because he rose above his contemporaries—did the reflective man feel that he stood alone? Had he risen into some state of melancholy isolation? No! It is precisely here that the reflective man has always looked up—and to the end of time will continue to look up—to that Power who *made the whole*, and made him, his creature, there to understand thus much of it—taught him and sent him forth teacher or prophet to the people.

I ought now to trace the development of our religious convictions from their more crude and quite imaginative stage to that point where—themselves become the highest reason—they must meet eternally and coalesce with our highest moral convictions. But this great topic of the progressive development of religion must occupy a considerable space in the second part of our exposition, and to introduce it here might lead to the inconvenience of going twice over the same ground.

I must say a few words on a subject which has been all along hanging over our heads, and then we can proceed from our psychological examination to the broader views which the history of mankind reveals to us.

Section XIV.—*Material or Immaterial?—Final Reference of all things to the Divine Idea, to the Divine Power or Being.*

I would have willingly avoided all discussion of so very obscure a subject as the nature of that substance or essence which is the seat or source of our consciousness. No greater difficulty presents itself anywhere than to form any intelligible conception of substance at all, material or immaterial; whether, therefore,

the consciousness is developed in this or that kind of substance, cannot be otherwise than a most perplexing inquiry. There are some metaphysicians, indeed, who very triumphantly point to this idea of substance as one which convinces them that we do not derive our ideas from sensation, or that they are not all developed in that course we have been describing. We *have* this idea, they exclaim, and we do not owe it to the senses—we draw it therefore from a pure and separate fountain of intelligence. I wish, for my part, I could find in my mind this clear idea of substance. I open the atom of matter and look in; I find no substance; I find points of resistance—the counterpart of my own sensations—and a relation of position. It is *space*, position—not substance that I find. I would willingly, I say, have altogether avoided this discussion, but I could not; because an impression prevails that there is some philosophic creed called Materialism, held by a small but intelligent minority, which, if received, at once renders all religious convictions untenable—which is fatal, in short, to any conception or belief of the Divine Being.

This persuasion I wish to remove. I do not know how extensively it prevails, but, at all events, I could not advance further into my subject, and leave an enemy of this kind in the rear—I who hold that all other kinds of progress have their last result and climax in a religious progress; which last (as is the manner of all organic wholes) reacts upon every other element of human prosperity. The stem is necessary to the leaf, and the leaf to the growth of the stem; they form together one development.

I myself am utterly unable to conceive of thought as the function of a material and constantly fluctuating organization. I have no doubt myself of the immateriality of that which ultimately *is* conscious. I do not find this belief, as I have already said, to be a sort of intuition; it results from the best examination I can make into the subject by observation and reflection. It is a postulate of reason or science. I want a *something permanent*, and altogether different from the matter revealed to me by the senses, acting in and through the material organization, in order to render the process of thought in the least degree intelligible to me. In the vital action of every organ, whether

muscle, or nerve, or brain, there takes place a partial disintegration and dissolution of the organ itself. In the brain, some chemical decomposition and recomposition is perpetually going on as the precursor of every state of consciousness. Is it the atom of matter that goes, or the atom that stays, that actually feels and thinks? Or can the thought stand poised somewhere betwixt the two? Or will the active atom, that takes the place of the outgoing one, put in its claim? Or does the thought, in some incomprehensible manner, reside in the whole mass? Is my consciousness in this pulpy mass, which is changing while I speak, while I feel? Something permanent there must be, if only to be *acted on*, let the cerebral movements be of all the importance that can be claimed for them.

It is no part of mine to contradict the prevailing doctrine of our physiologists—that every act of thought, or state of consciousness, is preceded or accompanied by some vital function of the brain. It seems, to me indeed, that it would be unscientific, or contrary to all we know of the uniformity of nature, to stop short of this conclusion; to say that, in some instances, the condition or action of the brain affects the thought, in others not. But now, having once fully recognized this truth, why am I to be startled or perplexed by what follows as a necessary consequence, that if this instrument of thinking be damaged by ill health, or any other cause, my thinking will be damaged too? Yonder piper can make no music but through his pipe: if you crack his pipe, you crack his music. But what is the pipe without the living breath blown into it?

What I have been endeavouring to demonstrate of the nature and development of the consciousness, appears to me to afford an additional proof of the immateriality of that which *is* conscious. I might bring myself to conceive of a nerve being sensitive as to pleasure and pain, but by no stretch of imagination can I represent to myself a nerve or a ganglion perceiving or feeling the relationships between different sensibilities —what we call comparing or judging. Yet, if I am right in my analysis, this perception of relationship is involved in the simplest state of consciousness we can possibly summon up for examination. No accretion or aggregate of mere sensibilities

can explain the consciousness; for the simplest sensibility we can call to mind, inasmuch as it is felt in space, is still a complex of several sensibilities and relations felt between them. This perception of relationship is with us from the beginning to the end.

Seckendorf would remind me that other animals than man have the very same perceptions or cognitions in which I trace the necessary exercise of an immaterial force. Now, I feel persuaded (although I cannot make this out clearly to myself, and perhaps, in the present state of our knowledge, it is not capable of being distinctly demonstrated)—I feel persuaded that there is some radical distinction between the consciousness of man and that of the lower animals. But what I cannot explain even to my own satisfaction, I must not, of course, insist upon. I must content myself with answering, that I find it easier to admit that other animals partake of a like immaterial essence, than to conceive the consciousness of man resting directly on the material organism. Better give to the dog a soul also, than try to believe that the reasoning of the mathematician, the knowledge of the man of science, the highest sentiments of admiration and adoration—that all this divine revelation of God's universe in the human consciousness can be reduced to the tremor or the sensitiveness of a nerve.

An analogy is very hastily drawn between other vital functions and the function which a materialist would attribute to the brain. We find no difficulty, I have heard it said, in attributing the power of contractility to the whole muscle—the same one power—although the muscle is continually undergoing a change of parts. If similar particles of matter occupy the same relative position to each other, we say that, to all intents and purposes, it continues to be the same muscle. Why may we not, in like manner, give the function of consciousness to the whole brain, or a specific function of this kind to any specific portion of the brain, although the organ may consist of parts which are continually being removed and replaced? I answer, that the power of contractility is still nothing but motion; it can be distributed over every separate atom of the muscle; it is but an aggregate or result of the motion of every individual particle.

To make the analogy at all serviceable, we must be able to distribute our sensibilities in the like manner; we must suppose that every atom in the brain takes its *own* part in the consciousness, and that it is the perfect similarity of sensibilities, or their perfect harmony, that gives its unity to the consciousness. We must suppose that every particle of oxygen or hydrogen, or whatever name we give to the modification of matter, can, in its turn, by juxtaposition with other particles of oxygen or hydrogen, become sentient or percipient. The supposition seems very violent. And remember this: it is not sufficient to give each particle of matter a sensibility; you have to account for *a feeling of relationship between these sensibilities.* Where will you place this?

I can admit that certain motions in the brain may be the proximate cause of consciousness in the mind. This may be the link of connection between the psychical and the physical creation; and for this purpose the brain, like a muscle or the lungs, may undergo incessant change, and yet continue substantially the same appropriate organ.

I have myself an unshaken conviction of the essential distinction between matter and mind, and for the necessity of *both* for the development of our consciousness; but what I am most solicitous to explain is this: Granting that some such supposition as I have last hinted at should be thought to be tenable, this view of the nature of the conscious substance in man would by no means overthrow our belief in the Divine Power and the Divine Idea of which we say this world is the manifestation.

I hear nothing with so much pain, or so decided an opposition, as when some very zealous but not too profound reasoner labours to prove that a consistent materialist must necessarily be an atheist. If any given materialist chooses to proclaim himself an atheist, that is his affair, not mine. What I assert, and feel it needful to assert, is, that no rational or intelligible view, call it by what name you will, that can be taken of the nature of man, leads to atheism.

Say that you describe the human mind as a result brought about by, and in, a vital organism, you cannot have here, it is objected, a type of the Divine and Creative mind. Certainly

not. But what is understood, in any case, by having a type of the Divine mind? In stating the argument for the existence of God, a cautious reasoner will guard himself sedulously against the rash assumption of taking the human mind as a type of the Divine, in its power and nature. Let the human mind be all spirit, it surely is still a created thing. It is not the absolute source to itself of its own powers; for if so, it would be God itself, and not the creature of God. It is not because I am *a conscious being*, of this or that kind, that I am able to assert some similarity between the human and the Divine Being. It is because (in whatever substance or substances) God has created a *certain state or condition of consciousness* in me—has elevated me to a consciousness of the harmony of the whole, and made me to understand this whole as essentially the Divine Idea. God has revealed himself to man by creating in him great ideas, bearing a similitude to his own. In this way he has made, or may be more properly said to be making, man in his own likeness. He has not created *a being* like himself, which surely we may venture to say is an impossibility.

Whatever, therefore, you choose to pronounce upon matter or mind in itself, cannot possibly affect the consciousness. That we have perceptions—that we live in a world in space—is indisputable, however you explain the percipient. That certain ideas are created in, or added to, the consciousness, is equally indisputable, whatever theory you have of the thinker. So some may talk of *atoms* and some may talk of *forces*, but the mountain and the sea, and all this physical creation, remain unalterable.

Our knowledge, when you take it item by item, seems to melt away, vanish into hopeless obscurity. Matter is (for us) finally resolvable into our own sensations or consciousness; and again, our consciousness is derived from the external object. We seem involved in a vicious circle. But here, as elsewhere, there is an organic whole. As the last great idea that is evolved in the consciousness—the idea of God—could not be evolved without previous perceptions, previous ideas, so it will be found that the very earliest of these previous perceptions becomes fully intelligible only in the light of this last revelation.

I hear a melancholy note running through our metaphysical books, that we cannot know *things in themselves*, as if there were here some calamity to bewail. But if things are the manifestation of the Divine Idea in space, what more of them *have* we to know than we do know? To inquire into this occult *substance* is, after all, simply to ask the hopeless question, *how* the Divine Idea manifests itself in space? or whether there is some intermediate, *not revealed to us*, between the Divine Power and these forms in space? I do not exalt the idea of substance into God, as Spinoza has done, but I lose sight of the perplexity it occasions to us in the power of God.

Every thing exists only to us as part of some whole, as the manifestation of some idea. The atom, in its simplest property, is known as a *resistance*, and this implies other bodies to resist. It is a relation between it and some *other* body. And here lies the hopeless nature of that old perplexity—the infinite divisibility of matter. We are in search of that which nowhere exists, some quite simple thing that can be conceived as alone. What we call the atom consists of parts, and must always consist of parts as long as it is an atom.

You cannot conceive of motion without the atom to move; and yet it is motion which has revealed this property of resistance. No motion, no atom; no atom, no motion.

And if you were to say of man himself that he was merely a *consensus* of many parts forming a whole, and could proclaim himself to be no other than such a manifestation of the Power and Reason of God—how would this militate against a belief in that Divine Power?

When, in our works of Natural Theology, we read of the adaptation of the animal to its external circumstances—to its food, to the ground that supports it, or the water it floats in, &c. we always feel that there is here some obscurity. The animal, in fact, would not be in existence *but* for all these adaptations; and we cannot properly speak of the animal as being there in nature, and *then* look about us for adaptation to that external nature. Nature and the animal form one whole. The necessities of language, and the limited scope of our thoughts, oblige us to contemplate the subject in this piecemeal manner; but it

is plain, on reflection, that without these adaptations there *is* no animal. The observation has been sometimes made in a hostile spirit, but, in truth, it only reveals to us that we ought, if possible, to ascend a stage higher and take a wider view of nature.

Again,—we sometimes hear those who expound this great argument, speak of certain forces, or even certain masses of matter, as first existing, and then of an Intelligence regulating and "collocating" them. But these writers would find it impossible to follow out their own conception. Every force vanishes from us, and becomes a nullity, when you abstract it from a harmony of forces. Every thing ceases to be the thing it is when you abstract it from its "collocations."

If we cannot penetrate into the nature of things—into such problems as the words *Substance* and *Force* suggest to us—if science give us, or the world itself, *no commencement*, no first principles—it has, at all events, demonstrated the one great commencement *out of the world* for all that is in it. Never more, I think, will any human dreamer put a chaos at the commencement of all things. Chance and Chaos we have got rid of for ever. A chaos seems to me a sheer impossibility. Existence and an harmonious order—Power and Reason—come before me as inseparable. A nebular mass (if such there be) is not a chaos. It is a creation where few laws and relationships are developed. If a speculative astronomer, in proposing what is called the nebular hypothesis, puts before our imagination a "fire mist," revolving in space, this fire mist must be supposed to have its own laws; each particle its relation to other particles, or they would not be the particles they are.

Thus, I think, I may state it as clear, that no materialism, or any intelligible views that may pass under that title, can militate against the great argument for God and God's existence recognized as the real source of all known being.

You will perhaps remind me that, in my zeal to explain this point, I have passed very rapidly over the question of materialism itself. Let us, then, ask ourselves what is materialism, or what is the form in which it can come before us so as to challenge our acceptance? Do men speak of some occult *substance* and *substratum*, or do they speak of the known properties of matter,

when they say that the material organism thinks and feels? I apprehend that a speculative reasoner of our own times would do neither of these.

Most assuredly a person of reflective habits of mind would not make so blundering a statement as to say that the *property of extension* exercised the *property of thought*. He would simply note an invariable connection between the two properties. Even of the property of motion he would not say that it belonged to the property of extension—he would limit himself to the statement, that motion necessarily implied the presence of an extended body. It is a property developed only in an extended body; but extension *per se* does not move.

Neither do I think that a speculative inquirer, who really belongs to this nineteenth century, would care to discourse much about this occult *substance*. He would say, If you ask me whether it is the same occult substance that is extended, and that moves, and that thinks, what other answer can I possibly give you than that these properties are developed in this order? What can I know of an occult substance? or how many occult substances there may be? I know this, that motion requires an extended body, and that there is always both extension and motion where there is thought, or any kind of consciousness.

His materialism limits itself, then, to a statement of this connection. I, too, and every one else, must admit this connection between matter, and motion, and thought, but we interpose another substance, a spiritual essence, on which this matter and motion act, or which acts in correspondence with them. He thinks this interposition superfluous, embarrassing, unauthorized. What we call the action of mind upon matter, he resolves into the action of one part of our organization upon another part.

All our knowledge of the external world—up to the introduction of sensation—resolves itself into form and motion. Extension or resistance—which you may call space-occupancy if you will—and various kinds of motion, (of attraction and repulsion, if you like so to name them,) to these all our knowledge of objective realities is reduced. This is no hypothesis; it is a simple statement of fact. When we speak of colour, of heat, of sound,

in this state of the public mind, any crime suddenly increases, the old feeling of vengeance is at hand; it is immediately roused, all compassion for the criminal is thrown aside, and the safety of society alone considered. Down comes the axe with remorseless vigour. This is as it should be—as the very constitution of our nature has determined that it should be. It is the society released from immediate, or great fear, that can alone view punishment in this last phase—of a sad necessity to be accompanied by measures for the restoration of the criminal.

Section XIII.—*The Moral Sentiments.*

There is no part of our nature of so vast importance, or of so exalted a character, as that to which we give the name of Conscience. Here the man becomes a law unto himself; the human reason takes the form of a supreme rule and command, controlling the passions, determining the future conduct, and moulding the inner life into one harmonious whole. The man rises above the fluctuation of events, for *he* is constant. In its last and highest phase I see in the conscience the felt union between the created human reason and the Divine creative reason. But the conscience has many forms or varieties of development. Throughout all human history religious sentiments have blended with those purely moral, but they have mingled in different proportions, and both the religious and moral sentiments have been of a very different complexion.

Nowhere is it more necessary to take notice of a certain order in the development of our thoughts and sentiments than in this intricate subject of Ethics. Again and again do men try to coerce all morality, all that men understand as moral goodness, into some definition that, in fact, only accurately expresses a certain portion of this vast subject. It is *a history* and not a *definition* that the subject requires. Not a few have taken the last and highest form of morality—a sentiment of pure duty, unexpectant of reward or punishment of any kind, and have attached exclusively to this the name of virtue. Others, fixing upon the lower but more general sentiment springing from the fear of punishment, or the desire of esteem, have altogether ignored the existence of any higher phase of moral sentiment.

Some (like our Paley) have embraced the motives of religion as well as those of morality in their *definition* of virtue; apparently forgetful that if Virtue is that good action *only* which is done "in obedience to the will of God," vice is that bad action only which is done in disobedience to God. How this would restrict our notions both of vice and virtue I need not say. The only result of such definitions, if accepted, would be to drive us to coin new names for the old vices and virtues that cannot possibly be included in the new limits. A learned Spanish Jesuit in his *Medulla Theologiæ*, did give for his definition of vice what is the exact correlate of Paley's definition of virtue, and raised such a storm about his head as is not yet quite forgotten. As to our Paley's definition, it figures at the commencement of his book, but it cannot be said to interfere with his subsequent exposition.

Nowhere, as in this subject of ethics, is that predilection so strong which I have already remarked upon—the predilection to believe that what is *best* in our minds was also *first*—original, intuitive. This not only obscures the apprehension of a necessarily intricate subject, but tends to throw a certain despair or despondency over the future moral improvement of the race. Men, for instance, are disappointed and dismayed at the deficiency or defect observed in the world at large in certain moral sentiments, or moral judgments; and as they consider these in the light of first truths, or primitive elements in the human consciousness, they conclude there must be something radically wrong or perverse in this human nature, and they can entertain little hope of any better development in the future society. But if they had seen that there were certain necessary conditions for the development of the higher sentiments of morality, and that moreover *these conditions were being gradually supplied*, they would then have surveyed the whole subject of morality both with a clearer apprehension, and in a far more hopeful spirit.

Those who fail to perceive the gradual development of the higher modes of moral thinking and feeling, lose the greatest source of hope we have for the future progress of society. Those higher modes will extend, not only by the direct teaching of men and books, and the communication of ideas from one class to another, but also, and mainly, because a greater number

(owing to the steady advance of arts and sciences, and a material prosperity consequent thereon) will be in a condition favourable to their reception and their development.

The highest form of pure or simple morality is where the reason of the man chooses and adopts a line of conduct because it is for *the good of the whole*. Here the reflective man legislates at once both for himself and for society. For himself, because the reason having once approved a certain conduct, must issue a self-condemnatory sentence if a momentary passion obscures the rule, or leads him to transgress it. For society, because he stands there proclaiming a great truth to others, in which all others are concerned. But this *legislative* mode of thinking is not the first which is developed: it is developed only in a few minds, and not in those till society is somewhat advanced. In no mind does it exist alone, or unaccompanied by other and more ordinary motives of morality.—Still it does most certainly exist. It is a grand element wherever it is found. It will always make its appearance amongst reflective minds. Over them the great idea of the public good will sometimes dominate like a passion. From time to time, in comparatively dark ages, there have risen great teachers—raised up by God—I do not say miraculously, because, in my conception, all his works are equally miraculous—to be the leaders of others. Such is the plan of our world. Minds here and there outgrow the rest, and lead them onwards, whether in religion, or in science, or in morals.

But the multitude of mankind have, up to this moment, no such *legislative* mode of thinking, and their morality is imposed upon them by the existing opinions of society, and the approbation and disapprobation of their fellow-men. I do not say that they have no vague idea of the good of the whole, as a great end of the moral law, but their idea of *that whole itself of society* is too imperfect to enable them to think with clearness in this legislative manner. Occasionally they will assume the higher position, and ask *why* this or that should be the moral law; but in general they acquiesce in the right and wrong of their own day and generation.

This sentiment of obedience to a law imposed on them by the opinion of society, and the rewards and punishments attached to

that opinion (obedience being *merit*, disobedience *demerit*,) has been often fixed upon as the great ruling moral motive of mankind. It is the most general and the most potent, but it does not embrace the whole subject.

For, there is not only what I have called a legislative mode of thinking which rises *above* this sentiment, and asks itself what is the best law for the good of all, but there is a whole region of *spontaneous feelings*, passions that lead to inflict injuries or bestow pleasure—loves, hates, and sympathies—which lie *below* this middle stage. Below it, in this sense, that they were there before any law whatever existed. For the moral law enforced by opinion was not, in the first place, made by the legislative thinker. It was the existence of some law that *made him a legislator*. The law, in the first instance, grows out of our spontaneous passions and the force of habit.

Before there was any thing so definite as a moral law, this or that act would be approved or disapproved. Why? Simply because it injured, or it benefited; because it sprung from hate or kindness; because it immediately enlisted the quite spontaneous sympathies of the whole group of men and women, companions and relatives, who were witnesses to it. There is a spirit of kindness moving us to do favours to each other, quite as certainly as there is a spirit of hostility and tyranny which leads us to exercise our power in doing injury. The one must be loved and the other hated, and not alone by those who suffer and rejoice. There is that sympathy between man and man that if you wound one you wound others also. When an injury that is done to one man is revenged by twenty, you have the rudiments of a criminal code.

I said that our spontaneous feelings were below this moral sentiment of *merit* and *demerit*, in the sense that they are prior in development, but they are not always below it in the esteem they share. Let any one try to form a definition of morality that would exclude them, and it will be seen directly that he is denying the title of virtue to a class of actions men preëminently value, and distinguish as conspicuously moral. To the very last our spontaneous feelings of kindness and of sympathy are the elements of human nature we seem to prize the most. A man

which most assuredly, without the wine, would never that day have made their appearance. He drinks a few more glasses, and the wit degenerates into nonsense, and the amiability into a maudlin humour, or changes to a quarrelsome temper. He drinks still more, and there ensues a complete confusion in all his thoughts; we say he is no longer a rational being.

"Now observe," continued Seckendorf, "it is precisely on the succession and combination of ideas that our rationality depends: this *is* our rationality. And here you see the very successions and combinations are determined by the physical condition of the man. I want to know what proof you could have more convincing than this commonplace fact I have been just describing, that the vital organism takes the initiative; that in its movements or functions, whatever they may be, you have the proximate cause, or immediate antecedent, of that succession or association of ideas which distinguishes us as rational beings. Either you or Clarence was observing a moment ago, that the felt relation of similarity, or any other feeling of relationship, could not be the cause which immediately determined the order of our ideas; because the ideas must be already present before the relationship can be felt. You concluded that the law of succession must be sought for, either in the mind acting as unconscious power, or in the vital organism acting in the like unconscious manner. I show you a vital organism which, stimulated by the very process of nutrition, performs some functions that determine the vividness and the associations of your thoughts. It seems to me you have here the unconscious power you were in search of, or all of it you are ever likely to find.

"In times past Dreaming was held to be a proof that the soul thought independently of the body. As matters are now understood, it comes before us as a very signal proof of the dependence of thought on the state of the body. In the state of sleep, the brain is only partially or imperfectly in action; it may be roused to very vivid action of some kinds while others are suspended: the old harmonies are broken up. All the peculiarities of the dream correspond with this limited activity of the cerebral organ.

"Strange enough this state of dreaming. There lies your

philosopher, motionless—his eyes closed, and the other senses more or less suspended. Sleep has many different degrees, and in even what is called sound sleep many sensations are still excited. An indigestion, or an uneasy couch, make themselves known by their stimulating effects upon the brain, prompting to some imperfect or partial action. There lies your philosopher in his sleep, dreaming the most absurd, impossible things—dreaming himself guilty of some atrocious crime, without questioning a moment how he came to depart from all his established and reasonable principles of conduct—dreaming of dead friends, and forgetting they are dead—the victim of one train of curious fantastical thought. What seems abundance of power is mere poverty: all the stores of his knowledge are closed, and nothing but this phantasmagoria is present in the consciousness. It is a most limited affair, but we may remark that precisely that power of new combination, preëminently given to the spirit, is the one power that is here exercised. The eye is closed, and the repetitions of the brain take the place of real objects; and these mock perceptions are mingled and combined often in the most extraordinary manner. Event follows event, but no inquiry is provoked as to the possibility of their sequence. No suspicion is felt at the most astounding absurdities; no other memories, no other knowledge is revived. The man of science lies there on his back patiently agaze at the most monstrous phantasms, credulous as an infant.

"You cannot say that he is any longer the same person, so far as his consciousness is concerned. *When he wakes*, then he remembers the dream and calls it *his*, and is aware of all its absurdities. Then it takes its place as a strange event in his own history. While the dream was in progress, so little of the past and anticipated future of the man's life was revived in the consciousness, that scarcely can he be said to have had the same personality. The blind man was seeing, the deaf man was hearing, the just and humane man was flying for his life as an assassin.

"We sometimes argue and reason in our dreams, as well as invent incidents; and you must have often observed how the dream approximates in its character to the waking thought as

the sleep is breaking away. Some conditions of sleep, as somnambulism and the trance, would require especial examination. But I have dwelt enough on this topic. To bring before you repeated instances to prove the correspondence between the state of the consciousness and the condition of the brain, must surely be needless."

You held your own ground. Such instances as intoxication or dreaming, and others of the like description, proved no more than you had already admitted. This organ of the brain lies in the domain of nature. It must be subject to the incidents of animal life. It lies midway between the outer world and the inward spirit—is a subject both of the material and immaterial.

If you recoiled from the supposition that Judgment or the Intellect could be finally ascribed to any other than the soul of man, you were, I remember, still more indignant when the debate was carried into our feelings and sentiments, our angers and our loves, and these were represented as sensibilities of the nervous system —sensibilities of pleasure and of pain associated with our perceptions and thoughts: you lost all patience. That the mind acted on the body, and the body on the mind, even in our highest joys, hopes, affections, you readily admitted; but that these joys, these hopes, these affections, should be finally resolved into sensibilities of a sympathetic nerve, or semilunar ganglion, was to you intolerable. Nevertheless, Seckendorf, with most provoking calmness, would proceed with his distasteful exposition.

"You strike a parrot," he would say: "every feather is ruffled; he screams, he beats the air with his wings, he aims at you with his beak; each limb is convulsed; there is a turmoil of excitement through his whole frame. All this excitement *is* his anger. You make no difficulty here; you collect all the several emotions leading to, or accompanied by, all these several actions, and you call the assemblage the anger of the bird; you do not say the bird is angry and all these sensations occur, but the occurrence of all these diverse sensibilities and commotions is the anger of the bird. The blow had kindled (*how* I do not pretend to say) all these violent emotions and commotions, whose nature is that each excites a successor, so that the turmoil is likely to increase till the strength of the animal begins to fail.

"If, some days after, you present yourself before the same parrot, your very presence recalls the blow; you see again his feathers rising; he again aims at you, and clamours vociferously. The same commotions, though probably not with the same violence, are repeated; and again you say they form the anger of the bird.

"When I strike a man or a boy, does not his lip quiver and his hand clench? does not his whole body tremble with excitement? And does not all this excitement kindled throughout his frame constitute his anger? He has no other anger than these sensibilities; they are not the products of his anger. These sensibilities, moving and working perhaps every muscle in his body, *are* his anger. And if this man sees me again, or remembers me in my absence, they will be a revival of the same sensibilities. If other motives or habits have not induced him to control external manifestation, he will still clench his fist, and his lip will tremble. At all events, the knitted brow, and the fire in the eye, will demonstrate the internal commotion of the frame.

"This habitual control over external demonstration, I need not step aside to explain. The fact is very plain that, whether owing to the presence of others, or to quite physiological causes, feelings which in their original character prompted to violent movements, may exist in a modified manner in a man still as a statue. Revenge may simulate the greatest calmness. And the effect of habit or repetition shows itself here as elsewhere. The feeling appears to retreat within some more limited compass; it lingers about the region of the heart, the lungs, the brain, when it no longer convulsively stirs the hand or the foot. The effect of music will afford no bad illustration. A savage beats some miserable *tom-tom*, and works himself by its rhythmical clamour into a violent passion; he dances to it with all his might. A citizen of London sits at a concert, and hears a most stirring march played by a hundred instruments, without moving a limb or a muscle of his face. Yet something of what the savage felt over his *tom-tom* is stirring in the more covert regions of his nerves—is, at all events, excited in his brain, the very seat of all feeling.

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"To return to our parrot. If, instead of striking him, you feed him with dainties, and caress him gently, he bends his head with pleasure to your touch. Relaxing and pleasant sensations evidently steal through the whole body of the bird, and gentle emotions prompt him to move blandly towards you. If afterwards you only present yourself before him, he will approach with all these signs and demonstrations of pleasure. You say the bird knows you, and you do not scruple to say, so far as a bird can feel at all, that it loves you. Its love for you is made up of all those pleasurable emotions prompting to gentle actions.

"And now, look at a little human child. See how it dances, laughs, and shouts! Every part of its most delicate and impressible frame is thrilling with pleasure. All this *is* its joy. It has not a joy that manifests itself in these sensations; but all these vivid sensations prompting to movement, and also called forth by movement, constitute its joy. It is a vivid happiness, to which every part of the frame seems to have contributed; the little legs and arms, the throat, the lungs, the eye, the ear, all are busy. All are busy, acting on or with that central organ—the brain. What we call the *cause* of the child's joy—the event that stirred this pleasant tumult of a thousand nerves—may be slight enough: some toy, some novelty, some promise, or expectation, scarce discernible by the vision of a man; and in common parlance we sometimes call *this* the joy of the child. But it is not the first stroke upon the bell, it is the whole ringing peal, the whole harmonious chime that is set a-going, which constitutes its joy. And note how a caress, a tone of kindness, strikes upon the silver bell, and how the whole chime, in lower tone, and softer cadence, repeats itself. From the gentle hand of the mother comes every gift; pleasure and joy become love; and the sweet habit of loving grows on from day to day. In the very young child, love and joy are undistinguishable. Strike often on the silver bell! you who have these little creatures in your charge. Thus will a beautiful, and musical, and loving nature grow up before you.

"And its grief,—is not the sigh, the sob, the tremour throughout its little frame—or rather the sensibilities that both provoke these and are provoked by them—the very passion of its grief?

MUTILATED PAGES

And when the child has grown to be a man, and many sad memories are overpowering him, what is now the state which we call his grief, but these memories on the one hand, and all the distressful feelings these memories revive? If he does not sob, there is a feeling of distressful languor diffused throughout the whole system, an oppression on the heart and lungs, and all the organs of life; and if these sensibilities, when revived by thought, should be limited (so to speak) in the area over which they exert themselves, and should be no longer traced through the whole body, but confined to the brain, this by no means alters their real nature, so that they can be any thing else than bodily feelings."

I think I have now given this subject—through these reminiscences of Seckendorf—quite as much prominence as it deserves. It would be useless to repeat the reasonings by which we have been both persuaded that the old-fashioned Dualism is the only philosophy in which we can rest.

But now, let me once more make the observation with which I commenced this section—Adopt this Unitism of Seckendorf's—see in man the climax, as it were, of the whole powers of nature—what is there here to contradict our great truth, that this whole can be conceived only as the manifestation of the Divine Idea?

I like that formula of Oersted's, "Every thing that exists depends upon the past, prepares the future, and is related to the whole." Is it not indisputably true? And how can past, present, and future, be related in one whole, if that whole is not the divine eternal idea of the Omnipotent?

All growth is but repeated creation. Creation is but new growth. I call upon you to see in the human species God's last creature upon this earth—a creature whom God may be still said to be creating—which from age to age puts forth new growth; for what are new truths, new sentiments, but new psychical growths or creations?

And is it not true that, just in proportion as our scope of thought is enlarged, we must rise into grander conceptions of the Creator, and feel, in the very truth of being his creature, an inexhaustible source of piety and of hope? Say that each

one of us has but this present life, how great this life becomes—great in its ample vision of nature and of God, great in itself and its own affections, great in its embracing the lives of others! Say that our dream of immortality is but a sort of *provisional faith*, educating and disciplining us for a noble society on earth (a doctrine I should lament to be compelled to believe)—say, that to ask for the reproduction or recreation of a given man, is to ask for the recreation of the whole world of which he was a part—say that it is as idle to wish back the dead as to wish back the roses of last summer—you still have this living man before you, with all his expanding knowledge and generous affections—you still must admit the continuous growth of this Humanity—this greatest creation of God, the sum and climax of all else we call creation.

To which progressive growth of Humanity, or the Human Society, it is time I should now turn.

PART II.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF SOCIETY.

I AM almost alarmed at my undertaking, though entered on half sportively. Out of so vast a subject as the Progress of Humanity to take up a compact, succinct, and manageable portion, is a nicer task, I fear, than I can accomplish. It seems an easy thing to fill a goblet from the ocean; there is water enough, and wave after wave comes bounding to your feet with an overwhelming prodigality. But take your glass down to the beach and try. The chance is, you have the water all over and about you, and very little in your goblet. Yet some such experiment I must now make.

A few preliminaries must be first settled. Am I to predict one destiny for all mankind? or am I to limit my anticipations to the more advanced nations of the civilized world? Or on what high pinnacle of observation am I, in imagination, to perch myself, in order to survey impartially the great stream of time?

SECTION I.—*Preliminaries.*

That which at first sight seems a somewhat narrow and limited method of proceeding, is nevertheless, I believe, the safest and the most philosophical. I, an Englishman, take my stand in England, and in the middle of the nineteenth century, A. D. 1850, and from this position I look backwards and forwards from the past to the future, and around upon the rest of the nations.

I do not decide that England is the foremost country in the world; I may safely assert that she is in the foremost rank. It would be difficult to prove that any other country exhibits the elements of progress more distinctly. I, at all events, know

we speak generally of sensations; what lies out there in the objective world are movements of particles of matter that produce in us the sensations of light, and heat, and sound. Resistance and motion are the only properties that exist out there in space, whether I am present or not to be affected by them. The belief that these exist independently of me, or of the properties of my organic body, I need not descant upon. To deny this *belief* is absurd; and to assert that the belief is merely subjective, and has no counterpart in objective reality, is only denying it under another form of words. A mere verbal denial is possible, but a mental and veritable denial is impossible. Really to desert this belief would be tantamount to the resignation of all consciousness whatever.

But space-occupancy and movement are all that we *can* conceive as existing apart from a sensitive body. Up to the introduction of sensibility there is nothing else known. Mechanical phenomena are at once recognized as masses of matter and the laws of their movement. In chemical combinations you have molecular motion. Heat, light, and electricity, viewed as physical agents, *can* only be conceived by us, either as motion of some subtle matter spread through the interspaces of that which is visible and tangible to us, or else as nothing more than peculiar motions of this same visible and tangible matter. When we advance to vital phenomena, what is the growth of a vegetable or an animal but other movements of particles of matter by which they assume the new organic form? or what is the contraction of a muscle, or any other merely vital function, but a movement in this organ? It is not till we contemplate the animal as sensitive that any thing is introduced to our knowledge but extension and motion. We have, till then, in the organism a most complicated result of mechanical, chemical, and vital movements.

What animal organization, the materialist would say, is the first in order to feel pleasure or pain,—what creature it is that first leans to the soft pressure on its skin, or recoils from the sharp puncture, I pretend not to decide. But I assert, that I find it as impossible to dissociate this new arrival *sensibility* from its two great predecessors, extension and motion, as to dissociate motion from extension.

You will remember our conversations with Seckendorf, when we three wandered together in Switzerland, and occasionally forgot even the presence of the Alps themselves, in our entangled discussions upon some of these abstruse topics. I have met with no one who stated the materialistic view more cautiously than he did. The term materialism, indeed, he was wont to avoid, as it gave rise, he said, to gross misrepresentations; he would coin the term *Unitism* as a simple opposite to the generally received *Dualism*.

I cannot do better than recall some of his statements. It is thus Seckendorf used to harangue us:—

"There are two schools of philosophy,—there are two hundred you impatiently exclaim,—well, there are as many as you please, but there are two preëminently distinguished by their different *methods*, by the different courses they pursue, in their inquiry into the nature of man.

"The disciple of the one starts from objective nature; or, if he commences his inquiry with some needful psychological survey, he finds that his knowledge of the external object is the simplest element of his consciousness. He finds that those *somethings* out there in space (whatever he pleases to call them, congregations of atoms or forces) are related to each other, and to his own sensations in a manner very interesting for him to understand. Between these *Somethings* that surround him, one great distinction he cannot fail to make—that between the Organic and the Inorganic. He finds it very possible to conceive the inorganic existing without the organic; quite impossible to reverse the order. Though he cannot trace the passage from the inorganic to the organic, he sees the dependence of this last upon the first. At each instant the vital organism and the surrounding material world, with its mechanical and chemical laws, form together the living, breathing creature that we see. Not only is the earth needed as a constant support to the vegetable or the animal, but there is a continual interchange of parts between the organic and the inorganic, without which interchange there is no life. Life cannot be accurately described as some property belonging exclusively to the organism. Whatever may be the peculiar contribution of the organism, or, to speak more correctly,

whatever it is that is first and exclusively developed in the organism—this alone would not be life.

"Confining him-elf now to the organic, our student finds the relation of dependence here also. First, the vegetable is necessary to the animal,—elaborates the food for it,—then this process of nutrition is (in very palpable, and also in many recondite ways) complicated with every higher function of life. Tracing his way by the aid of the comparative anatomist, he sees organ added to organ, sense to sense, or the sensation specialized in an appropriated organ, and raised therein to greater and greater potency. He sees the assemblage of limbs and organs connected together, and made one organism by means of a network of nerves, filaments that run up to a common centre of consciousness. Between the central brain and the outlying system of nerves, there appears to be this relation,—that whereas, in the first instance, the brain is brought into activity by some affection of the nerve, it may subsequently revive, by some internal stimulant, this state of consciousness, or one similar to it, without direct aid of the nerve. Thus a perception is due to the nerves of vision and of touch, *and* the brain; a memory of that perception is independent of these nerves, though, if very vivid, it is noticed to have an effect upon them; in other words, the revival then embraces the affection of the nerves, and we seem to see, and we shrink as if we felt. So, too, passion, feeling, or emotion, is, in the first place, due to the brain as affected by certain nerves running throughout the body; subsequently it is revived in a modified form, with less affection of these nerves. In the case of passion, there is an internal extension of the impulse from nerve to nerve, which has led many to suppose that the passion, in the first instance, *comes down from* the brain. But into niceties of this kind we must not enter.

"Our philosopher, we say, of the objective school, proceeding from the simpler to the more complex organizations, finds himself far advanced in the study of man, whilst as yet he is only studying the animal life around him. The unity of parts in each organic whole has struck him with admiration. In this unity or harmony of many parts lies the *oneness* of the creature. Wonderful is the dog that looks up at him with its manifest though

limited intelligence. Eye and foot, nostril and throat, every limb and organ displays an admirable *consent*. He is *one*—this dog; one through the perfect harmony of powers and sensations, desire and act. He sees you, he remembers you, he in some sort loves you; your presence at least gives him pleasure; he courts your caress; he has gentleness and joy, as well as anger and ferocity. He too perceives, remembers, and combines his memories, so as, in his limited sphere, to employ the knowledge of the past in the present emergency. But that the phrase would imply an imperfection—and he, too, is perfect in his kind—what is he less than an 'arrested development of man?'

"And now when our philosopher arrives by this route at the study of the human being, half his work is done. The remaining half you may exalt as you please; but the psychical development peculiar to man is so intimately connected with, so unmistakably dependent on, that which he has in common with some of the higher animals of creation, that there is found no room or place for the introduction, for his sake, of an entirely new entity of *mind*. To our philosopher it seems that the whole world is one—one continuous and rising development. Vast is the difference between the cultivated man and every other creature in the world; but this cultivated man makes no abrupt and sudden entrance on the scene. Even for him he cannot break the great unity of the scene around; even for him he cannot establish a new starting-point.

"The philosopher of the opposite or subjective school takes for his starting-point his own consciousness. He finds nothing more simple, and nothing more real, than that spiritual entity or power he calls *himself*. His reason is an act of this power; his will preëminently so. He asserts that he is a power living in nature, not a part of nature, a power animating the very material organs it makes use of for the development of its own consciousness. 'I am not,' he indignantly exclaims, 'a mere result, a mere consciousness produced in a vital organism of incalculable complexity and wondrous harmony—I am the conscious being, source of my thoughts and resolves. Such is the sublime creature God has made me. It is from this power of my own reason I draw my knowledge of these objective realities with which you

would confound me—that I get the very idea of substance or being, whether applied to the material or the spiritual world.

"There have been giants of this race. But this old heroic race of metaphysicians is dying out—is, I think, nearly extinct. They belonged to the heroic age of philosophy, when men did great things, and the greater for being a little mad. The solitary Thinker would understand himself and all humanity, and perhaps all the universe, by dint of a profound self-examination. We have now learnt that half our knowledge of man lies out beyond us, and is better studied in the forces, and in the life, that nature is everywhere exhibiting. The heroic philosopher would be indebted to nothing but himself. He would begin with his *Cogito*, and reason from his *Cogito*. We, of the modern and prosaic race, scatter ourselves over all fields of science. We know that nature does not begin man with his *Cogito;* we lived much before we thought—we lived as animals before we lived as men—we moved our limbs involuntarily, or our limbs moved for us, before we performed a voluntary movement; long, long was the series before the philosopher could sit apart and mutter his *Cogito*. I do not think this method of shutting ourselves up, and merely pondering our own consciousness, will be ever again adopted by any great recognized teacher of the philosophy of mind.

"I certainly am not conscious of being *the cause of my own consciousness*, or the author of that harmony or unity of many sensations, passions, thoughts, memories, which constitute me to be the creature that I am. The cause of all this harmony which I see without me, and detect within, is to me incomprehensible; but (as Clarence has been lecturing us) such harmony, or divine reason as he would call it, does indisputably enter into the very nature and existence of every thing we know of. Embrace in your imagination a whole planetary system, or fix your regard on the simplest creature that is crawling on the earth, everywhere you see a harmony of movements, or of properties, which constitutes the object you contemplate to be what it is. And look within yourself—what but a harmony of multitudinous movements, perceptions, thoughts, feelings, constitutes you to be the conscious being that you are. Strange hallucination, yet not

altogether inexplicable! That whole of many parts, which *is* your mind, is constantly spoken of as the cause of each successive part, or each developed consciousness. I suppose if the tree were made conscious of all its boughs and all its leaves, it would think of itself *as tree* even when it went back to that period when it was simply a seed; it would think the tree had grown the tree. But man is no more the author of that harmony which makes him to be man, than a planetary system is cause of its own regular movements, or this lizard, darting hither and thither between our feet, is the author of all that marvellous harmony of vital movements and susceptibilities which constitutes it to be a lizard."

Here one of us interposed—I think it was you, Thorndale. You disclaimed all pretence to be independent of nature, but you asserted that a *Dualism* of mind and matter was inevitably forced upon us. You declared that you must have *both starting-points*—that you must embrace both the objective and the subjective method, which, you added, was in fact, and always had been, the prevailing method of all mankind. How *not* study the objective or material world? But this study leads us only to a material organization—we can go no further this way—we must take the other starting-point if we would investigate what lies behind this material organization, and makes use of it as its instrument.

"Its instrument!" replied Seckendorf. "The vital organism is the instrument of the mind. This is the favourite analogy. But it is an instrument which takes the initiative. If your analogy be of a musical instrument, it looks very like the performer. Adopt this last fanciful analogy. The material organ shall be the pipe, and the spirit shall be the breath blown into it. Now, what if the pipe have a rhythmical movement of its own, by which it enlarges and contracts its orifice, causing a new note at each change—which is the performer, the breath or the pipe?

"My companion takes a few glasses of wine; the circulation of the blood through the innumerable vessels of the brain is quickened; the process of thought quickens too. But it is more than quickened; it is varied. My companion grows witty, cheerful, perhaps eloquent. I listen to combinations of thought

underwent those modifications which ended in a perfect adaptation to the climate. It is surely not disease that lays the foundation for the finest specimens of physical power that the sun looks down upon. On the coast of Africa, the black man, tall, well-formed, in full health and vigour, braves a heat that strikes the European into hopeless lassitude. I do not say that his ancestor was not a white man, who came from Asia, and that an adaptation to the climate may not have been gradually brought about, but the process could hardly be that to which we give the name of disease.

It unfortunately happens, in this controversy, that every array of facts can be accounted for on either hypothesis. The *gradation* of races, the intermediate peoples you may interpose between any two extremes, may be explained either by supposing one race undergoing changes as it gradually spread over the surface of the earth, or by the intercommunication of different races, meeting and blending with each other. So the degree of similarity which philologists think they have traced between all the languages of the world, may, in the estimation of some, point to a common origin for all the inhabitants of the world. To others it may appear that such similarity as the philologist is able to trace, may easily be explained by the simple fact that all mankind have similar organs of speech, similar organs of hearing, similar wants, and similar faculties of mind. The antiquarian, or the historian, can help us least of all. The earth is everywhere peopled before an authentic note of history is heard. Tradition only speaks of the shifting and changing, the rolling here or there, of the great seas of human population. What carries us back farther than this, comes manifestly from the harp of the poet, or it is the early speculation of philosophy uttering itself in the language of the myth.

Varieties there doubtless are amongst the inhabitants of the world; but these inhabitants themselves are constantly changing and intermixing. No man can point to any spot on earth, and say this spot shall be always inhabited by barbarians. It is very possible, too, that a people, whether from a difference in race or influence of climate, may be unable to originate what yet they may be able to learn, or to imitate. The science of Europe may

be taught throughout Asia, though it might never have been produced there. And who knows but that, when the problem of a powerful, rational, equitable society, shall have been worked out in these temperate zones—so favourable to strenuous and persevering endeavour—who knows but that the bright example may be seized upon by many a nation in the East, amongst whom it may even extend with the rapidity of a new religion? The Asiatic, appropriating the science won by our severer labours, and such of our arts and inventions as may be serviceable in his more lenient climate, will carry them off as lawful spoil and unenvied pillage, to his own more favoured soil and more delicious skies. There, in the brightest regions of the earth, he may exhibit the most perfect, as he exhibited the earliest, of the forms of civilized and social existence.

Humanity, after all, is one. And just as any people advances by one individual rising above his compeers (for which outgrowth of the individual you can look to no other cause than the same creative and beneficent Power to which all individuals owe their existence and their growth,) so all mankind advances by a like preëminence amongst this or that people. We, then, planting ourselves in England, and in the nineteenth century, endeavour to look back on the great stream of history, and forward, so far as any indications of the future can be detected by us.

"Every thing that exists depends on the past, prepares the future, and is related to the whole." Each age, in its place in the succession, has had a certain perfection or unity of its own, but has been also a preparation for its successor. Something of this I may be able even in this brief sketch to indicate, as I rapidly trace the progress of mankind—in the arts which administer to the comfort of life, in science, in morality, in religion; or say, in industrial prosperity, in laws and government, in speculative knowledge.

Section II.—*Ancient Civilization.*

It would be useless to inquire how men lived in that long period which probably elapsed before written language was invented, and of which no record has been transmitted to us. The first records themselves strangely enough present us with gods, and

demigods, and giants, instead of men; and fables of the imagination instead of real events. Men exercised their imagination first, before they tasked their memory. The commencements of every people are shrouded in mystery or fantastic fable. Not unwisely. It was well that men should respect themselves, and there was perhaps a time when the tapestry hung up by the imagination at one end of the vista, was a better subject of contemplation than the bare and unsightly truth. Whatever the commencements of the race have been, they will be ennobled, and perhaps explained, by the future. When the whole programme of humanity shall be unfolded, every part of it will be seen to be fit, and in its fit place. Already we can afford to tear down the tapestry, though instead of gods and heroes, and a golden age, and a garden of innocence, a most rude and primitive people should be dimly seen, half hidden by the interminable forests amongst which they ensnare or pursue their prey.

Some speculative writers have doné their best to fill up this vacant space in our annals, by describing the progress of mankind from the wild hunter to the less wild shepherd, and from the shepherd to the settled agriculturist. Yet, as the climates of the earth are various, and offer at once various kinds of food, it is more probable that these important differences in the method of obtaining subsistence (which lead to so many other differences in life) were developed, not successively in any stationary population, but according to the localities men occupied. The earth, the common mother of us all, would educate her children, as soon as they extended their area of population, into various arts and methods of obtaining food. And we may note here, that the difference in climate and produce of the several lands and shores of our terraqueous globe, thus variously educating the several portions of the human race, would fit them at once for that important office already hinted at, of stimulating or assisting each other in the career of progress.

When some writers have suggested that no nation ever civilized itself, and have therefore represented civilization as coeval with the race of man, they have overlooked the fact of the early difference established between the several tribes or nations of the earth, and of the assistance they would render to each other.

What assistance, you will say, can the less civilized and less instructed afford to the more instructed, who often convert the former into their mere slaves? I answer, that this very conversion of them into slaves was a very marvellous assistance, as I shall have occasion by-and-by more fully to explain.

When the curtain draws up, and we really catch some glimpse of the world as it was in olden times, what is the spectacle presented to us? The scene opens on us with great cities already built, in Egypt and in Asia, Thebes and Memphis, Nineveh and Babylon, with wide outlying regions occupied by less settled and pastoral people—pastoral not therefore peaceful—with some of whom these imperial cities are making war, to others offering commerce.

I suppose I may consider it undisputed that the civilization of these and other great cities of antiquity—even those of Greece and Italy—has been surpassed by that of the present capitals of Europe. But if any one should be doubtful or captious on this head, I should beg him to reflect on these two elements of the ancient civilization,—1. Amongst social institutions, Slavery; 2. In religious worship, Sacrifice. These two institutions or customs, on which we are now able to look back, are sufficient of themselves to establish the fact of human progress within the historical period.

It is true that both Slavery and Sacrifice, under various modifications and various interpretations, have survived to periods of civilization which, in many respects, might bear comparison with our own. But their nature and origin are undisguisable. They bear the indelible stamp—the one of having originated in an era of violence, when sheer Force was in the ascendant—the other in a period of dark ignorance, when either a very savage, or a very childish, imagination predominated in religion.

Slavery, in the great cities I am speaking of, arose out of war; and war again was carried on with the object of enslaving other people. Men were captured, bound, dragged in, and compelled to labour for the victors; the women and children had perhaps been put to death. What aspect slavery may have borne in patriarchal tents, or in some pastoral communities, is another matter; it might here have been nothing else than that *hiring for life*,

which would have been the only equitable, and perhaps the only possible contract for labour at a period when commerce had not yet introduced the use of money. But in the great cities of antiquity we have indisputable proof of its origin in war, and that the captive was converted into the slave.

The rite of Sacrifice tells its strange tale with the same distinctness. Many were the subtle interpretations and doctrines connected with it in later times; but the imagination that could have given rise to the slaughter of the ox or the lamb, as a mode of worship and propitiation of the god, transfers us at once to what we should call the infancy of the human intellect, if the infancy were not of so terribly passionate a character. For it was not the ox or the lamb only that was slain: in the earliest periods of which we have historical record, *human* sacrifices extensively prevailed. And this points very plainly to an imagination *exercised under the dominant influence of the passions of war*. That the god was held to be pleased with the slaughter of men and of beasts—that the pouring out of blood propitiated him—that the voluntary infliction of suffering was an acceptable mode of testifying their devotion—that such ideas prevailed, is indisputable. Men who desired nothing so fervently as the destruction of their enemies, and to whom no sight was so acceptable, imagined that the god who was to give victory in battle, would be himself pleased with destruction, and they were willing to offer it to him in any shape that might be supposed to secure his assistance. I consider this early, most prevalent, and most passionate form of religion to be deserving of especial study, and shall return to it again.

I do not pretend to decide whether men commenced with simple and innocent offerings to the god, and then rose in their *bidding* for his favour, till they sacrificed human life; or whether they commenced with this horrible rite, and substituted animals and other offerings as they became more peaceful and more humanized. The custom of making offerings to some supernatural power seems invariably to accompany a certain ignorant and unreflective state of society. Travellers tell us of simple savages who offer meat to their idols—put it to their mouths—with exactly the same unreflective imagination that prompts a child to put the cake it is eating to the mouth of its

doll. What served as food to man, was given to the god, with some vague feeling that it would be food to him also. And the custom, once established, would perpetuate itself by the belief which is sure to follow on *any* religious custom, that the god would be angry if the accustomed service were not rendered. The most respectable origin that can be assigned to the rite is, that as men approached any human being, any prince or governor whom they wished to propitiate, with some gift or tribute, they approached their supernatural ruler also, bearing in their hands whatever gift they could. They would worship their god as they did their prince. And indeed, to an ignorant people governed by a despot, prince and god are very much alike. The prince is half a god, and their god was perhaps once an earthly monarch before he ascended or returned to the skies.

A feeling, too, which may demand some respect from us, mingled with the most painful and odious rites of sacrifice. When we can do no service to a being greatly superior to ourselves, we can at least show our devotion, and prove our *will* to serve, by doing some disservice to ourselves. We can wound, and cut, and mangle our own bodies—we can destroy our most valued possessions—we can destroy our cattle and our slaves. The *penance* was, doubtless, adopted as a means of proving our devotion to the god, long before it was employed as a moral discipline for the man himself; and we may remark in passing, that it still has a certain *merit* attached to it, in the eyes of the common people, quite distinct from any moral purpose it may answer. Even with regard to the terrible rite of human sacrifice, it ought not to be forgotten that, when men have sacrificed themselves, or their own children, in any period of public calamity, or to earn the favour of the god on any public emergency—this may have been as great and noble an act of heroism as any that history has to record. In whatever terms you would describe the conception formed of the divine Power who could be so worshipped, you cannot but admire the worshipper. He who performed the sacrifice was truly great. You would say, from your own intellectual position, that there was a certain divine idea *growing up in the man*, though it

appeared as yet in his own act of worship, and not in his conception of the deity.

Acts of heroism, however, which grow out of a certain rite or custom, no more explain the spirit in which that custom originated, than *subtle interpretations*, afterwards invented by speculative minds, show the mode of thinking that presided over its institution. But I must not be tempted to pursue this subject any further at present.

Section III.—*Progress of Industry and of Industrial Organization—Era of Slavery.*

In ancient civilization Slavery was everywhere present. It is an institution we now justly hold in abhorrence, and we congratulate ourselves on our escape from it; but an institution once so general had, we may be sure, its legitimate place in the development of human society. We must not simply recoil before a fact of this description, but must endeavour to comprehend its full significance.

Unless one man had possessed the power to coerce many others to work for him, in order to please his tastes and desires, there would have been no industry but of that kind which each man practised for his own wants and those of his family. These being satisfied according to some rude standard, Industry would have remained stationary. The simplest arts only would have been practised, and probably in the rudest manner. To perceive this, we have only to ask ourselves, For whose benefit would any of those arts have been first practised or attempted, wherein the efforts of several men are required for the production of that which only one can possess or enjoy?

Take the tent, or the habitation, for instance. You wish to pass beyond that rude stage of the art of building in which each family builds for itself, builds some structure that just suffices for shelter—you wish to pass from the hut to the house. Now, it is evident that it would require the labour of many men to build one much larger and superior house than those which each man had contrived to raise for himself. The task would never be entered on—the wish could never arise—the requisite combination of labour would never have been brought about—

unless one man had been in the condition to compel others to work *for him*. That combination of the labour of many for a common purpose—which is so much extolled by the political economist under the name of "division of labour"—was first brought about by the power of one man over others; in short, by Slavery. And that important office of the "capitalist," the supplying food to a labourer occupied about other work than the procuring of food for himself, was first performed by the owner of many slaves, and the proprietor of the corn for which he neither ploughed nor sowed. It was the power of a despotic master which united multitudes in a common labour. It was the wish or the caprice of such a master that raised the standard of production in any art. If the object to be constructed is of a complicate character—as a house or a palace—this would necessarily lead to that division of labour wherein each one limits himself to some specific part of a general task. It is the slave-owner who has the key of the granary, and he necessarily is the first capitalist; but he sustains the part very imperfectly, since he employs his capital only for himself.

The reason why we find that an agricultural population takes so great a stride in advance of one that lives by the chase, is, that those who possess and cultivate land can have slaves who cultivate it for them. The owners of such land can gather themselves together, for common defence, in fortified places. The city can originate amongst them. Men subsisting by the chase could not have slaves; for unless the master supported his own slave, he must give him a degree of personal liberty altogether incompatible with a state of servitude. And accordingly we find that, amidst such people, the arts, after obtaining a certain point, rest stationary. Some practice of barter and exchange may lead to so much "division of labour," that one man may make bows and arrows, and another go to the chase with them, repaying the maker of the bow with a portion of the produce of his chase. But no design could be entered on for the production, by many, of what only one or a few can enjoy—as a large house, elaborate furniture, splendid trappings, armour, and the like. Only a despotic power can effect this. A subsequent era of society will reap all the benefit of the

England better than any other nation, and can speak more confidently of the new phases of thought appearing there amongst mankind. Nor am I precluded from casting my eyes from time to time on our great European contemporaries;—nation reflects light upon nation. A speculative Frenchman would take his station in France, a German in Germany, an American in the United States. I do not even decide that England will always maintain her place in the foremost rank of nations; others may pass her in the race; she may suffer a reverse in fortune, such as the great nations of antiquity. Something may be wrough out—some great step may be first taken here in England, and yet the further development of human society into its complete type may be carried on in other and distant parts of the world.

It is not my business to advance a whole world at once. Progress has always been both partial and intermittent. One nation makes great advances, whilst others are stationary, and, after this energetic period, becomes itself perhaps stationary, or retrograde. Other nations have taken up the work—not precisely where it was dropt—they have generally been proceeding on some pathway of their own—but they have received new impulse, aid, and direction from the more advanced people. In the ancient world, nation after nation is seen rising into eminence, throwing the light of its great example over many other people still sitting in darkness; then itself sinking into obscurity, or disappearing from the scene. Egypt, before descending to the enormous tomb she had reared for herself, transmits the torch to the youthful hand of Greece; and Greece, the marvellous, is seen to accomplish more for the life of all other nations than she even accomplished for her own. Athens and Jerusalem—how few their palmy days!—how long their reign over the minds of men!

I hold it amongst the weakest of all modes of argument to take us to the ruins of ancient cities, and bid us sit down there and contemplate them in despondency. It is from the history of a world, not from the history of a nation, that we have to predict the future of a world. Progress belongs to Humanity, not to Rome or Greece. A certain type of social existence is

developed; then a higher type is subsequently developed. It matters not whether this is done within the same city, or the same neighbourhood, or in remote parts of the world. The progress which Humanity has made is equally clear. The ruins of an ancient city may be compared to the fossil remains we exhume from the earth; they are no proof of an expiring vitality, but of a vitality that has been putting on new forms. Nature could not grow *that shell* into any higher type; she left it, and grew another. I take the ruins to be a proof of the progressive development of human life. Men had built well, but yet imperfectly; there was something wrong at the foundation, something wrong in the plan; they must begin elsewhere on a new plan. That broken shell is left standing there as a record of the past.

It is not my business to advance a whole world at once. Seckendorf would sometimes throw at my head vast hordes of Tartars, Calmucks, Malays, Hottentots—I know not what—and tell me to humanize and cultivate them, and gather them into refined communities animated by a love of the public good. Let them first approach those forms of civilization which we have already, and long ago, realized. I do not propose yet unrealized types for them. At other times he would remind me of the difference of climate. It is here too cold, it is there too hot. As well attempt to civilize the wild bear of the polar sea, as those who have to pass the winter with him. Be it so. Perhaps the human family may one day call off its vagrant children from such unpropitious localities as the polar ice, or the torrid desert.

I am told of Arabian tribes who, in their simple way of living and thinking, have presented, generation after generation, as unchanged an aspect as the skies above, or the desert around them. Yes, and it was in the desert around them that the immobility lay. Note how the inherent vigour of these Arabs springs forth at the preaching of a Mahomet. "After the race had lived," says the author of *Cosmos*, "for thousands of years almost without contact with the rest of the world, and leading for the most part a nomadic life, they suddenly broke forth, became polished and refined by mental contact with the inhabitants of the

ancient seats of civilization—subdued, proselytized, and ruled over nations from the Pillars of Hercules to the Indus."

Such were the *men*. The desert still reclaims its own, and the existing Arab of the present day may be very much what his predecessor was a thousand years ago.

Of climates, it may be observed, that some favour repose more than activity; and in such climates men are capable of strong passions and great efforts, but there is not that steady and enduring industry which raises a whole people into a prosperous condition. Successful wars, or an able despot, produce a temporary excitement, and vast works are accomplished. But when the great king dies, and government falls into the hands of men devoted only to pleasure, it is seen that no sterling or genuine progress has been made by the general body of the people. The great pageantries of war, and state, and perhaps of religion, hid the universal poverty and ignorance. This consideration may serve to explain to us the fact, that of the people whom we call savages some appear to have retained, in their language or customs, traces of a more advanced state of civilization than that in which they have been found by us.

But the world is one, and all the climates of the world are subservient to one humanity. Arts and inventions which spring into existence in a temperate zone, will not be kept within any such boundary. The intercommunion of nation with nation is indeed one of the indispensable conditions of the progress of mankind. When I am reminded that even an industrious people like the Chinese have manifested for ages very little advancement, I must reply that, if this is the case—for we know too little of the Chinese to speak of them with confidence—I can only view it as a very striking proof that an intercommunication or rivalry of nation with nation, polity with polity, is one great means of progress. And such intercommunication will come. "How oppressive to the imagination," says one, "is the eternal immobility of the Hindoo!" And the words are hardly out of his mouth when this immobility begins to move. My fellow-subject the Hindoo (become such, I am afraid, by no will of his own) still thinks, it seems, that the river Ganges is a god—somehow or other, river and god at once—he still clings to his castes

and his institutions of Menu—he would not dine for all the world at the table of the Governor-general of India. A Soudra, I am told, may be a prince, and a Brahmin may cook his dinner, but the Brahmin cook must not eat with the Soudra Prince for whom he has been cooking. They die very hard—these religious customs—but die they do. My fellow-subject the Hindoo underwent the other day a very creditable examination in physiology. If many Hindoos study physiology the Ganges will flow within its banks, a very noble river, but no god at all: there will be more of the god in the human body that has still life enough to bend over the stream. My fellow-subject the Hindoo will have railroads running through his rice plantations, and may be very happy by-and-by to eat what he can, without inquiry who eats with him, in a five minutes' scramble at a railway station.

Whether we continue to hold India, or whether it break from our grasp—as one day it surely must—we shall have proved its benefactors. A war of independence would be the greatest boon we could *inflict* upon it. This would excite a nationality and patriotism, which, amongst other good offices, would infuse a new spirit into their effete religion; at present, it seems, either a mere abstraction of philosophy, or the most puerile and cumbrous of ceremonials.

Seckendorf would at one moment throw in my way the diversity of *race*, and the next moment remove the obstacle himself. He would cynically observe that the stronger animal, like the stronger plant, will take possession of the soil. The red man dwindles away before the white, and leaves to the stronger, and the wiser, the earth he could make so little use of.

There may be diversities of race, but it has never yet been proved of any people that it was incapable of progress. Of no people can you say more than this, that at present it is lower than others in the scale of knowledge and power: you cannot deny that it is capable of culture; you cannot deny that culture reacts upon that very nervous or cerebral organization in which the difference of race is supposed to consist; you cannot therefore assert of the descendants of any existing race that they will be incapable of attaining to whatever grade of excellence other human beings may attain. Every people of whom we know

any thing has evidently made *some* progress; so that the very utmost you can say of any given race is, that progress is slower with them than with others; you cannot possibly draw a line or boundary—thus far and no farther—in the case of any one people.

The only question of any interest for us to decide is, the nature and degree of diversity between the several populations of the earth. This diversity is not made greater than it is by assigning to these populations an independent origin; nor can it militate with our sentiments of universal fellowship to believe that this human species was brought into existence in different parts of the earth, with such constitutional varieties as adapted each race at once to the climate it inhabited. It has been remarked that the mingling of races has led to an improvement in the physical constitution of men, and as this commingling of races has gone on very extensively, and is still going on, we shall at all events be entitled in time to speak of mankind being essentially one race, and one great family.

I am glad, for my own part, to find that this question, of the manner in which the world was peopled by man, has no important bearing on my subject, for it is one on which I have felt it difficult to come to a decision. Speaking of life in general, vegetable and animal, there is nothing which our botanists and zoologists have more distinctly made out than this—that there is no central point on our globe from which vegetable and animal life can be supposed to have radiated—but different districts, marked out with more or less distinctness, have had their own Flora and Fauna. Life, like the light from the sun, with which it is so intimately connected, has visited impartially all quarters of the globe. It will not do to say that, wherever the requisite conditions for life are found, there life is found; because if by requisite conditions we mean the conditions to support an animal, then wherever grass is growing under temperate skies we might expect to see a horse grazing; and if we mean the conditions for the formative growth and production of an animal, then the answer is, that such conditions are not known. But though our knowledge does not permit us to make this wide generalization, no fact is better established than this general and independent

origination of life. No one draws all the animals of Africa, and America, and Australia, out of Asia.

But man, it is said, is an exception to the rule, and for a very plain reason. Other animals could not emigrate, as man does, from one region to the other, and man is endowed with a capability of adapting himself to different climates. The Indian elephant could never have traversed the desert, or made its way to Africa; it was necessary that there should be an African elephant also. The Asiatic tiger or leopard could never have crossed the Atlantic, or got round by the north pole into South America, and it was necessary that the jaguar should appear in that continent. It is otherwise with man. Put him down in any one spot upon the globe, he, or his descendants, could find their way, by land or water, sooner or later, to every portion of it. To him also has been given a constitution capable of bearing every diversity of climate.

This ability to accommodate himself to different climates is not denied, but is it of such a nature as to render quite superfluous the hypothesis of originally different races? And are the constitutional varieties now present on the surface of the earth such as we can account for by any process of acclimating we are acquainted with? The physiologist gives us two classes of facts, which lead to opposite conclusions. He appeals to the constancy of nature in perpetuating the same types, and shows us points of difference, say between the black African and the Hindoo, which are strictly hereditary. On the other hand, he shows us that this constancy of nature is liable to be interrupted; that the type may be modified, in certain unessential particulars, by the slow action of climate, food, &c.; and that these modifications become, in their turn, hereditary. To which class of facts are we here to attribute the greatest weight?

One observation I will hazard. When I am referred to the *unhealthy* influence of certain "hot and swampy districts" of Africa as a cause of the blackness of the negro, or as mainly concerned in the process of acclimating the white man—as if the adaptation to the climate was obtained through disease and physical degradation—I must demur. It was surely the healthy Asiatic peopling the more healthy parts of Africa, who first

labour and ingenuity which was in the first instance forced into existence by an arbitrary will, and the very arts thus rudely fostered will aid in producing a better organization of society. It is thus one era prepares for the next.

I said that slavery does not exist at all amongst our savages of the chase; but there is a certain domestic slavery one finds even amongst them. One whole sex seems to be made the slave of the other. The first use which the stronger sex makes of its strength, is not assuredly to help the weaker, but to make the weaker sex work for it. Domestic as well as social order seems, in the first instance, to be obtained by mere Force exacting obedience. Whether the union of the Family requires, at its first institution, this harsh discipline, I cannot say—one does not like to think it; but, except some superstition has early intervened, the savage woman is generally seen to be the slave of the savage man. She carries the burden, cooks the meal, *and retires while the man eats it.* This last trait marks the harsh nature of the bond; for, of course, she must take her share of the necessary labours, and it would be difficult enough to define what that equitable share would be. There is a stage when the conjugal union is little better than a mere slavery. The man has to keep his wife as *an exclusive possession.* This is something gained to society; only he holds her with too rude a grasp.

In the ancient civilization we are speaking of, the whole society seems organized—in its domestic, industrial, and political relations—by mere Force. It is a slavery everywhere—in the house, in the workshop, in the palace. But great things were done under this first organization of society. On the banks of the Nile, whose periodical overflow occasions so singular a fertility, population thickens—power grows with numbers—a city is built—wars of conquest are undertaken—the enslaved population of outlying districts are brought in and compelled to work. The boldest imagination sets them at their task. They raise pyramids, palaces, temples, and fill them with curious works of art. These men—who, if they had been labouring for themselves, would have been impelled each by his own petty want—have become the servants of this great magician—the imaginative faculty of man.

On the banks of the Nile, or in the plains of Asia, the labour of multitudes was tasked for the service of lordly masters—but of lordly masters who themselves lent their ear to the suggestion of the man of thought, the man of genius—of him who could devise a new thing, and foresee new possibilities. In this way the spirit of Thought was moving and moulding. Barbaric splendours arose, and also many useful productions, whether of the loom or the forge, which have since been repeated and multiplied for the advantage and enjoyment of numbers. When we look back to the palace of some Pharaoh, or some great Satrap, we see the invention and industry of a whole multitude set at work to exhibit to the world *one great model* of art, enjoyment, beauty, luxury—afterwards to be copied piecemeal, or on a diminished scale, for thousands. I doubt not that the useful and elegant articles of furniture which now so agreeably adorn the residences of free and equal citizens, may be legitimately traced to the power of some Satrap dreaming of nothing but his solitary magnificence—to him and to that unknown man of genius who was called in to help him dream. Nor am I aware that we ought to feel much commiseration for the crowd of enslaved labourers. They, as the world then stood, lost very little when they lost their freedom, and they gained something in their habits of industry, even though these at first were enforced on them. And note this always—that a life made up of few elements, or few enjoyments, may seem to us a sad one to *descend into*, but is not on account of its mere simplicity an unhappy life. The earlier generations of mankind, like the ruder classes of our own time, may have had, for the most part, a very limited existence, but not therefore a miserable one.

The more we think of it, the more clearly will it come out to us, that the great governments and polities of antiquity were due to this relationship of slavery; so far due to it, that other and coöperating causes would have been ineffective without it.

It is commonly said that the first wide Despotism arose out of war—out of conquest. The commander and victor in battle retained his authority in peace. But what enabled him to retain authority over soldiers as brave as himself—to perpetuate the authority of the camp in the city—and not only to perpetuate it

in his own person, but to transmit it to his son? This—that there was a domestic tyranny in each man's house, which bound the lord of it to uphold that existing rule, whatever it might be, which retained the whole community together. Every owner of a slave was himself a despot; and if despotism or a military rule was established, he would support his own power by supporting that of the great national despot. At a subsequent era these lords might combine and form an *aristocracy*. A monarchy of limited extent seems naturally to resolve itself into an aristocracy. An extensive despotism, where combination amongst the chiefs is extremely difficult, supports itself by its own magnitude.

Property in land and cattle, it is often said, will of itself introduce some measure of law and government. Very true; but, though it seems a harsh thing to say, it was *property in man* which first introduced settled stationary governments, and led to the *great city*. The possession of land alone is not always found to settle and fix a population. Agricultural tribes, who have no slaves to till the soil for them, are apt to be as nomadic as pastoral tribes. A peculiar spot like that of the banks of the Nile, not only fertile in itself, but surrounded by a desert which makes their "happy valley" precious to its inhabitants, may detain its population. But even then, without the institution of slavery, it would always have remained a mere village population—each family living in its own hut or tent.

I have no wish to disguise the harsh nature of this relationship of master and slave. But it was what the times demanded. What we see most prominent in all early periods are the passions of war. These, too, have their terrible joy. It was some step in advance when the victor spared the captive to convert him to a slave. A harsh relationship it must have been under these circumstances. No equal rights; labour compelled by the scourge; obedience prompted by force. Yet the relationship itself modifies, and its harsh lineaments fade away. If the slave is a domestic, some community of feeling and of interest *will* rise up between him and the family he serves. If multitudes of slaves are herded together, they have a society of their own—a society within a society. Nature and habit so contrive it that no permanent condition of humanity is without its solace. Harsh

enough, however, the relation must still appear to us. But it is indispensable that we note the important part it has performed in the onward progress of society.

A single tyrant compels thousands to work for him—to build a palace, or it may be to build a tomb for him—and he gives them a rag and an onion a-piece. What seems more monstrous than that these half-naked creatures, who have so much to procure for themselves, should be toiling at an immense pyramid for the dead carcass of a man. But the *natural order* of events is often precisely that which, at the first blush, we pronounce to be most *unnatural;* for we think—very mistakenly—that what is most rational would be first chosen. This most rational thing is just what we have, through many curious paths, to get at. The great pyramid of Egypt presents no very rational or very amiable object to a reflective man. It stands there a most egregious egotism; at the best, a sublime folly; an eternal mountain of stone, and this absurd mummy at the core of it. Nevertheless, the knowledge and skill were, doubtless, very great which this monstrous symbol of egotism was the means of eliciting. Let it stand there for ever in the desert as a monument of a great era in the progress of mankind.

Throughout all this ancient civilization, note one thing: The Judge and the Moralist, Law and Public Opinion, all decree in favour of this right of property of man in man. Men become enlightened jurists and profound philosophers, and reason much of the public good—and Religion puts on her high moral aspect, and enforces the most equitable and philanthropic maxims of conduct; but all these generalizations of law, morality, and religion circle harmless around this institution of slavery—embrace it, or do not oppose it. The public good requires it, or did require; its necessity is still believed in. It is written down as with an iron pen in the table of the law, that man has an undisputed right to his slave.

Section IV.—*Era of Wages.*

I advance at one bound from the Past to the Present, from the era of slavery to what, so far as the organization of industry is concerned, may be called the era of wages.

The Many must work for the Few before the Many can work for the Many. And this working for the Few is brought about, in the first instance by compulsion—by slavery—which, again, is the result of war—the combination of armed men giving to few the power over many.

It may appear to us that the harsh system of slavery lasted much longer than was necessary, but its necessity, as a prior condition to the system that followed, cannot be denied. And what system is it that dies out just when we think it might be dispensed with? How could it be a system, and have all the permanence and stability of custom and habit, and not also manifest this inconvenient and obstinate vitality? He who has reflected on what we owe to custom and habit, will not be very impatient when he observes them still perpetuating what in reason we think had reached its legitimate period of dissolution.

It was only in the city already built and peopled—it was only in the already organized community, that the new relationship of employer and employed, of capitalist and workman, destined to substitute that of master and slave, could spring up. It would be needless for me to describe what has been narrated by many others, the manner in which free and paid labour was substituted for compulsory labour. Speaking generally, one may say that there grows up in the great city (as descendants of free men and otherwise) a large class who are neither slaves nor proprietors of slaves. Of these some apply themselves to trade and commerce, and enrich themselves; others, being poor, are willing to enter into their service. Thus the relation of employer and employed would gradually arise, and for a long time coexist with that of master and slave. It would probably soon be found by the enterprising citizen that, even though he could purchase slaves, the paid labourer was more profitable than the slave. The slave must be bought and fed, and was after all an unwilling workman; it was better economy to *buy the labour only*, and labour of a more voluntary character. The improved plan would make its way slowly from the town to the country. The owner of land and serfs manumits his serf, and pays wages to him as his labourer. He manumits himself at the same time

from the responsibility of maintaining his serf. But the change of one system for another has never perhaps been effected in the case of land without the aid of coöperating causes, such as political revolutions, or that destruction of the Roman empire which dispersed the inhabitants of cities into the country, and gave both new owners and new labourers to the soil.

One cannot wonder that the change should be slowly effected with regard to land. He who has land and slaves seems to throw away his land when he parts with the slaves who cultivate it. Only in a settled country, where all the land was pretty well appropriated, could he have been sure that the possession of the land would have called back, or retained for him, the manumitted serfs. Besides, till trade and the use of money have penetrated throughout the country, there must be some modification of slavery or serfdom. With no money and no shops, how pay your labourer in wages? And to pay him in subsistence, and hire him only by the month, would be the worst and most cruel of systems. A hiring for the whole of life, by subsistence for age as well as youth, sickness as well as health, would, in the absence of money wages, be the only equitable bargain.

Mark now how, with the proved possibility and establishment of a new system, the moral code of society changes! Slavery has become criminal. The rights of property have been thus much abrogated, that property in man is gone. To claim such a property is stigmatized as a flagrant wrong; and society cannot go back to its old code. We call this right to personal freedom an eternal right, although it is comparatively new to us; for it must be eternal for all time to come. We call it sometimes an eternal truth; and not without reason; for does it not belong to that more perfect type of society which the eternal mind is slowly manifesting on the earth?

Let us unreservedly and cordially admire what has been accomplished in Europe under this new organization of industry, and under what may be described as a new moral code, so far as one relation of life is concerned. Security to all of property! Free disposition for each man of his own labour! This was the new charter; and for chief administrator, the capitalist, who not only combines and directs the labours of many, but combines

them for the service of all classes of the community. How have the industrial arts prospered under this new system! How have all their results been multiplied! What large numbers enjoy all that human labour and ingenuity have produced for the substantial well-being of a man! The Despot and the Taskmaster, having done their part and lived their time, have retired from the scene; and whatever was effected by arbitrary power, is far better accomplished by the persuasive capitalist with cash in hand for all means of coercion. In these later times especially, the rapid progress of all sciences and all arts is the theme of perpetual wonder. I need not add my acclamations; I will add only, that nothing indicates that we have advanced to the limits of this species of progress. On the contrary, every man feels it to be quite as certain that new discoveries in science, and new processes in art, await mankind in the future, as he knows it to be impossible to divine what those discoveries and processes will be.

And now if this progress continue—if the multitude of mankind should be able to command by their labour those advantages which pass familiarly under the names of comfort, competence, civilized condition, and the like, how can I but foresee in this a preparation for a still greater approximation, and a more equal and permanent relationship, between employer and employed? I cannot but foresee in this power of producing for the multitude an abundance of all the requisites of a humanized existence—combined with the increasing intelligence of that multitude—a condition of things in which this great business of "food, clothes, and fire" will be conducted in such a manner that want, and the great evil of our present state, *uncertainty*, will be driven out of the world. Not that I suppose a time will come when men will suddenly say amongst themselves, "Lo! we have now a productive industry which, if wisely and equitably directed, would suffice to give house, clothing, books, instruction, and the like, to all. Let us then reorganize this industry, that it may accomplish so desirable a result. Let us set to each one his task, and assign to each the conditions of a happy existence." This is wild talk, and shows an utter oblivion of the manner in which society progresses, and in which all great permanent changes are effected.

The "desirable result" is already in part accomplished, and the part accomplishment will gradually lead to such modifications in our customs and relationships of life as will tend to its complete accomplishment.

Meanwhile all our prosperity and well-being, present and future, are bound up with fidelity to the existing system—the charter we live under—the present rights of property. The landlord and the capitalist are as essential to our civilization at this moment, as the hand that holds the spade or forges the steam-engine. I would assist in making this clear if it were at all necessary. For not only do I hold this conviction in common with all sober and rational men—in common with those who would smile at my hopes of the future as visionary—but on account of these very hopes, I perhaps hold the conviction with even more earnestness than they do. Every thing depends here in England, the future as well as the present, on faithful allegiance to our laws of property.

Perhaps a few words from a Utopian, in opposition to those sophisms or mistaken moralities by which these institutions of Landlord and Capitalist are occasionally assailed, may not be amiss.

I cannot imitate the energetic style of the mob orator, but the pith and substance of his reasoning might be stated thus. After describing the landlord's title as originating in mere force, and stigmatizing it as usurpation—forgetful quite that what he calls force is nothing else than that spontaneous development of society springing from the nature and passions of mankind, without which he would not have been there to talk about society at all—he would probably proceed to say: "I can understand the supreme justice that the man who sows shall reap; and in order both to sow and to reap, he must have a property in the land. A man and his family have a sacred right to so much of the soil as they cultivate and live upon. And if the son succeeds to the father, he also is clothed with the same perfect and indisputable right. But that a man should own land, and inherit land, and enormous portions of it, which he cannot cultivate, which other persons cultivate, giving him large tribute in the shape of rent—in this I perceive no justice at all.

"Nor," would he continue, "is the inherited wealth of the Capitalist to me in the least more equitable. It is to the invention of money we owe the capitalist. Money not only enables us to reward a man's labour by giving a general claim on the labour of others; it also enables the man who has this claim given him, to postpone, at his pleasure, the exercise or assertion of it. He can not only postpone his claim to the days of sickness or of old age, but he can waive it during his whole life, and transmit it to his child. The accumulation of such claims in the hands of the descendant becomes capital, or may become capital if he is disposed to employ it as such. Now, it is quite just that A, having wrought strenuously and gained his reward, should be able to postpone the enjoyment of that reward to any period of his own life; it is quite just and proper that one use he should make of the claim he has on others, should be to educate and provide for his family, and place his son in a position to labour as he had done before him; but is it just that that son, who himself has done nothing for society, should make a quite indefinite demand on the industry of that society? Because A wrought well, in and for his own generation X, is this a reason why B should live idle upon the labour of generation Y? By what right can B assert a claim upon the harvests of the earth, who neither this year nor last year did any thing, in any the most circuitous way, towards their production?"

The answer is clear. Such is for the good of the whole. This man who inherits his father's money (if he is not a spendthrift, but desirous of adding to his wealth) makes his claim on the harvest of generation Y, that he may call workmen about him and set them upon this or that undertaking. He feeds them as they work, and products of all kinds are multiplied, and the very industry of the farmer is stimulated to obtain them; and, finally, the granary itself is better filled than ever. This "unjust inheritance" proves to be the source of general prosperity to generation Y.

The capitalist does nothing to produce, at least directly, the corn and the meat that feed the labourer; but he is quite as necessary as if he did; for it is he who combines men together for the production of commodities, whether of need or of luxury.

If indeed men had intelligence enough to form the same combinations, for the same purposes, without his aid, his office might be dispensed with. But they have not this intelligence, and great must be the training and discipline, and elevation of taste, before they could possibly have it.

You complain of the misdirection of industry—that the workmen are not exclusively employed in producing what they themselves want. Why, this is one of the indispensable functions of the capitalist—that he employs men in producing something of a higher character or description than could be produced for all; than could, at least, in the first instance, be produced for all.

And as to the Landlord, without him, in some form or other, there would never have been any civilization at all, nor any products of industry beyond the rudest and quite indispensable. To him all refinement is in the first place due. In England, at this moment, if it were not for the landlord, the earth itself would be utterly defaced; not a tree would be left growing; nothing but a miserable patchwork of half-cultivated plots and allotments would meet the eye. I need not add that the capitalist, in his character of man of wealth, performs also many of the functions of the landlord.

Some one perhaps says, This seems true, but explain to me why there is this contradiction between institutions which are to command approbation, and the plainest maxims of justice and equity? He who sows should reap; and we should share alike in what God gives to all. Explain to me this contradiction.

I both can and will explain it. The maxims of justice, as you call them, and which you adopt as the last general laws to which appeal is to be made, are not the ultimate rules of morality that you take them for. They have to submit, and to be subordinated to, a higher and wider rule. The *good of the whole* is the paramount, all-embracing law, to which appeal is always finally to be made. The only unalterable law of morality is this, that the good of the whole be secured, at every epoch, to the utmost power and intelligence of mankind. This maxim, that a man should possess the produce of his own labour, or a full equivalent to it, admirable maxim as it is, is not final; it has

to submit to a greater law—the good of the whole; it never has been applied unrestrictedly in any human society, worthy of the name, and never could be so applied.

All such excellent maxims as express themselves in the terms Equality and Fraternity—"Share alike," and "Love each other as brothers"—submit, in each age, to different limitations and interpretations; and rights which contravene such maxims are still preëminently moral rights, if the good of the great organic whole of society require them.

When alluding, in the last section, to the transition from the era of slavery to the era of wages, it will be thought, perhaps, that I should have made specific mention of the teaching of Christianity as one cause of this transition. I am least of all men disposed to underrate the good offices of religion, and hold it to be one of the greatest causes of human progress, that the most philanthropic maxims of morality have been taught under the most solemn sanctions of religion. I readily admit that the influence of the Christian priesthood was exerted in favour of personal freedom. But Christianity, at its institution, did not array itself against slavery; and, what is more, it would have been exerting itself uselessly, or mischievously, if it had assailed one social system till there was another so far developed as to be substituted for it. When it had plainly become possible to manumit the slave or the serf, without detriment to society, the teachers of Christianity threw the weight of their exhortations into the turning scale. But the industrial problem had first to be solved.

In some of the United States of Christian America slavery exists to this day. And why? Precisely because the cultivation of the soil in those states is thought to require it. And as long as this conviction lasts, it is evident that the teaching of Christianity will have no effect. The industrial problem must first be solved, or some way seen to its solution. For my part, I can have no doubt that this *black serf* also will be soon manumitted; and it is the prevailing belief that the experiment might be safely made, that emboldens the Americans of other states to denounce the system of negro slavery.

It is possible, in like manner, that there are points of view in

which the present rights of property, and the present relations between employer and employed, do not coincide with the philanthropic maxims of morality embodied in Christianity. Yet no enlightened moralist or Christian divine assails those rights or those relations. If, indeed, there is some other industrial problem destined to present itself in its turn before us, and if this problem should approach its manifest solution, *then* the moralist or the divine would wisely extend the application of his benevolent principles; he might then call for change where he had hitherto preached nothing but resignation. But to assail laws that are still essential to the well-being of the whole society, would not be morality or religion; it would be as palpable a blunder in ethics, as it would be calamitous in its results.

SECTION V.—*Era of Partnership; or, some Considerations on the Effect likely to be produced by Increased Abundance and Increased Intelligence.—The good of some social whole, not the Principle of Equality, our true Moral Guidance.*

I must candidly acknowledge that if this *Confessio Fidei* had been written two years ago, I should here have introduced a somewhat long chapter on that Era of Partnership into which I think that our present era of wages will gradually rise; the relationship of employer and employed merging into the happier relationship of partnership between labour and capital, or between labour and labour, in some industrial association. But every year I live makes me more indisposed to indulge in any speculation that may be construed into a prediction of the precise nature of the customs or modes of living of a future generation. I shall limit myself, therefore, to some indications which lie open to us all, and which are matters of observation rather than of speculation; or to the discussion of those general principles, the truth of which cannot be affected by any change we can contemplate in human life.

Men, I have said, combined their labour first under the compulsion of the Taskmaster, afterwards under the tutelage of the Capitalist; they will come at length to combine voluntarily, with foresight and full consciousness of the ends to be obtained by combination. The two previous stages may be considered as

necessary steps, necessary education for this last stage; which, indeed, will require a high education, in moral training as well as industrial power. Do you regret this? Do you regret that a secure material prosperity to all men will only be the result of, or must necessarily be combined with—say the very highest sentiments man knows—Love to man, and Love to God? If you do, you seem to me to have missed entirely the whole meaning of this intricate and varied progression of mankind. What is it all but one great education for a life animated by these sentiments?—a life not painfully compressed and impoverished in order that those sentiments may live, (as our friend Cyril thinks,) but a life varied, cheerful, and busy, as seem the motes in a sunbeam, which yet, with all their movements, appear but as one ray from the source or fountain of all light. Of my confidence in the future I do not abate one jot. But in proportion as I see the grandeur of the end—this noble education of mankind—and the multiplicity of means that our Divine Instructor employs—in such proportion do I grow timid in the attempt to trace any portion of the programme of the future.

We write down in our moral code that man shall not sell himself to man. This is now our firm and established law. We write down, what may not be altogether so permanent, that he shall sell his labour in market overt to the best bidder, for the day or the year, as the case may be. When I read the other day in our great popular journal, that the right and privilege of the English artisan is, that he can carry his labour to the market where "it will fetch its price, just as oil and tallow, or any other commodity," although I could not but acknowledge, as I read, that this was the best arrangement hitherto possible, and that he who sought to disturb it was simply a mischief-maker, yet I could not help recoiling from the idea presented to me; I could not recognize in it the best possible arrangement for all time to come. A man's wages represent his subsistence, his life. One must wish, at all events, that no member of society should be dependent for the means of life upon changeful and precarious circumstances, altogether beyond his control, and which may make his labour a drug in the market. Remember that a precarious subsistence is not only an evil in itself, but renders

almost impossible any cultivation of prudence, foresight, and other moral habits. I admit that the highest equity hitherto practicable is that the labourer shall freely sell his labour at the best price he can get. He brings his two hands and his hungry stomach into the market-place. Society gives him so much standing-room. Buy his labour, and he has a certain recognized *status*, and feeds conformably. If no one buys, he must beg. Public charity gives something grudgingly out of the granary; it is unearned, and must be always felt as a degrading gift. The man is here amongst us, and must not die in the streets; his membership of society does amount to this. But what sort of member of society that man is likely to become, to whom employment and subsistence are insecure—or how such a man is likely to bring up his children—the records of every jail in the country will testify. I have no scheme or project to propose, but I have a faith that the descendants of the present generation will gradually rise into some better membership of society than this.

That a time will come when that security for subsistence (as the reward of industry) without which there can be no high cultivation either of the intellect or of the affections, will be extended to all—is a faith which "no fire would burn, and no seas wash out of me." But I will only attempt to indicate certain tendencies or principles of action which seem to be leading to this happy result.

The extended operation of the principle of voluntary association is that which M. Guizot, a profound historian, a minister of state, a man not at all of an enthusiastic temperament, has fixed upon as the distinguishing characteristic of these later times. And I am sure few Englishmen will dissent from this opinion. Some of our greatest undertakings have been accomplished by the association of small capitalists; it is thus our railroads have been laid down. Associations for the prosecution of science, for the encouragement of the fine arts, have sprung up around us. As to religious worship and religious teaching, there is not a village in England that has not its chapel and its school supported by voluntary contribution. If every village has its chapel, every little town has its benefit club, distinguished sometimes under strange designations, as "Odd Fellows," and the

like. That these are not new, but only increased in number, is the more favourable to the argument.

A still more hopeful sign may be discovered in the fact that workmen have been permitted to deposit their savings as capital in the manufactories in which they still remained as workmen. I am not aware how frequently this has taken place; but the late discussions upon the law of partnership have revealed the expectation of reflective men that such a practice will become frequent. Nothing could operate more beneficially on society than the frequent combination in the same person of capitalist and workman. It would tend to raise the whole body of workmen, and would have an admirable influence on the relationship between employer and employed. A large factory might become to all intents and purposes a large partnership, and wages gradually assume the character of a share in the profits.

In such a factory the spirit of gambling would be checked. You will not confound an association of this description with joint-stock companies, which, unfortunately, have added new temptations to the spirit of gambling and of fraud. In these last, people deposit a portion of their capital, generally such portion as they can afford to lose; they look for their dividend, but never look at all into the management of the common concern. This falls into the hands of a few clever and active men, who are tempted to commit frauds by the facilities for fraud placed before them. A new form of dishonesty rises amongst us, and there is a general outcry that the whole morality of the country is tainted.

If I should predict that a factory will become a great permanent establishment, or partnership, in which there will be different ranks, according to the industry, prudence, and intelligence of the partners—in which generation after generation might rear their children in full confidence in the future—I shall be told that I am drawing largely on the imagination. I will limit myself, therefore, to some reflections on the probable results of Abundance combined with Intelligence. I mean abundance obtained by industry, and of those products that are extendible to all.

The connection between prosperity and amenity of manners

and social affection is generally perceived and admitted. Want is very savage; hunger and hatred are very near allied. All men recognize these truths; and I have only to call attention to them. If men have to struggle for very life, for self-preservation, all their being is absorbed in this one effort. This is nature's law, and a most wise one. Each creature must strive to the utmost for its own preservation. Men whose daily bread is a matter of daily anxiety, will have their thoughts so fixed on this one subject, that it will entirely occupy their field of mental vision. Let them be, according to a common and very significant phrase, "beforehand with the world,"—let them earn their subsistence by prospective and systematic labours—the field of vision expands. They are, at all events, in a condition wherein enlarged views of their own interest, and of the interest of the society to which they belong, may be taken. That they will take such views, will mainly depend on a collateral intellectual education, into which I shall enter by-and-by.

How well is the ship navigated while every sailor moves to his function with sense of security! He navigates the ship for his own safety, as well as the safety of others, but the sense of personal danger is not there to disturb or to engross him. But let the terror of shipwreck fall upon the crew, and "duty to the good ship" is necessarily gone—is transformed into personal anxiety each one for his own preservation. Something like this takes place in the navigation of the good ship Society. There must be a freedom from the anxieties of self-preservation, if all are to take their parts in a spirit of duty to the whole.

That abundance of the products of human industry, (food amongst others,) which at first sight seems to be merely the extension of the comforts and luxuries of the few to the many, is in reality the condition on which alone both few and many can rise to a high level of thought and action. You have somewhere said, Thorndale, in your Diary, that when the poet exclaims,—

> "Ah, when will all men's good
> Be each man's rule!"

he does not mean that it should be each man's *motive*. No, not his sole motive. But excuse me if I say you have only stated half the truth if you do not recognize that the desire for the

advancement and prosperity of some whole, of which we form a part, is itself a distinct and prominent motive in the minds of most cultivated men. It is a motive which will take a larger and larger share of their thoughts as men get disenthralled from personal anxieties. We think and we work for others as well as for ourselves. It is a joy to do so. But it is not a sort of joy or motive that men can feel with fear of shipwreck before their eyes.

The greatest blunder which speculative men have committed, and still commit, is a certain hankering after equality, or that justice which demands that each man should have the full undiminished result of his own labour. If he does not positively wear the shoes he makes, he must receive a full equivalent for them. Very right it should be so, if other interests permit. But this is not the high and noble and ultimate principle of morality for which it is taken. The great unalterable principle of morality is the preservation and advancement of the organic whole of society. *But* as this organic whole advances to its perfection, the condition of every individual member of it is raised; and it may become the practicable object and very end of such a society, that the elements of a high and happy life be extended to all. Perhaps it might be accepted as a definition of a perfect state of society—that in which the *good of the whole* is tantamount to *the highest kind of good for each.*

If a society had been organized on the principle of Equality, it never could have risen above the dead flat level of universal poverty. And introduce such a principle at any later period, it would still act as an antagonist to progress. Take a simple illustration. If the combined labour of twelve men could produce only a cloak for one, it would surely be better that they should make the one cloak than none at all. Thus only could they ever learn to make more cloaks. They make one: eleven of them, let us say, make a cloak for the one to wear (it will be probably that one who wears also a sword by his side—*usurper*, too, as it is called, of the land.) By-and-by, owing to improved processes of manufacture, cloaks are multiplied; all the twelve have cloaks. But the same ingenuity that multiplied cloaks has also discovered a new and rare material for their manufacture, and one cloak is

made of velvet or satin. Will you *now* introduce the principle of equality, and say that no velvet or satin shall be manufactured till it can be manufactured for all? Any scheme, whether it calls itself by the name of Socialism or Communism, which proceeds on this principle of Equality, is evidently a scheme for repression of industry and the degradation of society. And the only excuse that can be given for men of intelligence and philanthropy ever falling into such schemes is, that the physical distress by which they were surrounded so occupied their minds, so engrossed their sympathies, that it seemed to them at the time that every thing should be forfeited, if only all could be well fed.

All will be well fed, but not by limiting society to the task of procuring food, or by subordinating every thing else to this great task. It is a society doing many other things well, that will perform this task well.

One notices, not without interest, that the principle of equality has from time to time allied itself with an ascetic morality. Moral and religious teachers, full of indignation at the spectacle they beheld of suffering on the one hand, and luxury on the other, have assailed an inequality of ranks, which seemed to them incompatible with justice. And they could assail it the more freely as they were very willing to bring down all the world to that level of the quite indispensable, in which alone our inequalities could disappear. Happily their teaching, which would simply have destroyed whatever there was of decent or decorous in life, has been ineffectual. In fact, it is that very abundance which, under the name of luxury, they were stigmatizing (sometimes very excusably) that was preparing the way for a higher species of equality than they dreamt of, and for the application of even higher principles of morality than they had assumed for their guidance.

That sentiment of Duty to some social body to which we belong, which appears in some form in the rudest stages of society, is being constantly strengthened, and its field of action constantly enlarged. If you look well into it, you will find that both The Family and The Society, as they rise up spontaneously amongst us, are perpetually educating us to think and work for others as well as ourselves. In the family, each member of it is interested

for the whole, as well as for himself. The father labours for his child, without knowing whether the child will ever repay the labour bestowed upon him; it is an even chance, say the staticians, whether he will live to an age when he could render any service towards the support of his parents. I glanced formerly at the relationship of husband and wife, as it exists in savage life. How does the relationship alter as civilization advances! Pity and excuse the poor savage, rather than blame him. If every day was a new chase after the day's food, how completely this business of food must have absorbed him, how utterly impossible it was for refined and unselfish feelings to grow up in him. They do grow up (God's greatest bounty to us) where the conditions of life permit their development. It was said, more eloquently than truly, that the age of chivalry was gone. There is the essential feeling of chivalry in every citizen who proudly conducts his wife to the pleasant home which is the result of his own industry. The words which Shakspeare puts into the mouth of Catherine, in his *Taming of the Shrew*, very faithfully express what is a general truth, when we compare civilized with savage life. The reformed shrew is stating the case of the husband, and may overstate his rights and dignities; but she seizes upon a real substantial truth.

> "Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
> Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee
> And for thy maintenance; commits his body
> To painful labour, both by sea and land;
> To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
> While thou liest warm at home, secure and safe;
> And craves no other tribute at thy hands
> But love, fair looks, and true obedience."

Beyond the family, and as members of society, men, you say, have not manifested much desire to work for others. I know this, that the very organization of society has at all times compelled them to work for others as well as for themselves; that there has been no society, worthy of the name, in which men have not, consciously or unconsciously, willingly or unwillingly, laboured for others. To me nothing seems more plain than that the whole current of our world-education has this for one of its great results—the elevation of man above his own immediate

wants, so that he may take interest in any national, or more limited association of men. Commerce is thought to bestow a very narrow, restricted, and *selfish* education; but look with candour, and look attentively at commerce, where it is conducted by men who are no longer under the influence of immediate want or anxiety. Do you think that it is *exclusively* a love of gain that leads to such enterprises as the steamship that bridged the Atlantic for us? It is not so that I read men. And note in the great commercial world what *confidence* grows up in others. I sell house and land, and take a scrap of paper in return—a man's check upon his banker. I say that if you will look largely, and without prejudice, at the education which commerce is giving, you will find much to admire in it—habits of trust and confidence in each other, and enthusiasm for great undertakings, as well for the thing itself to be done, as for the profit made in doing it; habits especially of systematic, prospective industry, labour for coming years, and not only for the support of the child, but for the future manhood of that child.

Moral Progress! Have you not encountered many able men who, at the very mention of moral progress, or an improvement in that actual code of morals enforced by public opinion, meet you with a very shout of derision? They can understand a material or industrial progress—they can understand that you may build better houses, make better clothes, multiply every useful commodity, travel faster, and augment every means for communicating knowledge; "but moral progress!" they exclaim, "what is there, or can there be, new in morality, in its precepts or its motives? From every pulpit in Christendom flows and fulminates a divine eloquence, setting forth the sublimest maxims of conduct, and enforcing them by the most terrible denunciations, and by promises which almost overwhelm the imagination by their grandeur. Such streams of divine eloquence have been flowing for these hundreds of years, and the type on which the world fashions itself remains much the same. Nay, if you choose to go back to the remotest antiquity, you shall find contemplative Brahmins teaching from their Vedas, or what not, how we are all brothers, and should love and help each other as brothers. It all profits nothing. The world listens to the moral rhapsody,

listens and applauds, and goes on its old way. You cannot have more exalted morality taught than is taught in every parish church throughout England, nor enforced by more terrible penalties, or more sublime rewards. What can be the meaning of your Moral Progress?"

These clever people do not see that the industrial progress in which they have faith, is bringing about (in connection with other causes, this very one, for instance, of the Christian pulpit) that moral progress of which they are so incredulous—is giving us that condition of things in which the affections and the intellect can develop themselves in nobler proportions. The moral and religious teaching they allude to has its high office, but alone can do little for our advancement.

Morality is, in one sense, of most venerable antiquity; in another sense, it is the newest thing under the sun. There are certain general propositions and maxims which we hear repeated as soon as we hear any distinct utterance of man. But the application and interpretation which these maxims receive (which really constitute the moral code) is very various, and happily admits of improvement from age to age. It is a very poor fallacy to say that there can be nothing new in morality, because the same general principles have been enunciated from time immemorial. It is the understood application of those principles which constitutes the living morality of the day. Be just! Be honest! Be charitable! Forgive each other! Love each other! In every civilized period such precepts have been uttered; some of them, however, very faintly. But what is being just? What is being honest? To what extent am I to be charitable, and to forgive others, and to serve others? What are the modes in which I am to manifest my universal love and brotherhood? To these questions very different answers are given, and it is plainly the answer to these questions that reveals the actual morality of any period. To love their neighbour as themselves, taught men at one time to treat their slaves humanely, at another to manumit them altogether. What shall be held to satisfy the precept in our own day, is often found a difficult matter to decide.

The good of the whole, which is the paramount principle of

morals, is necessarily appealed to at different epochs to sanction very different laws and customs. It was for the good of the whole that the great King should exist—should rule, and domineer, and compel men to combined industry. It was for the good of the whole that a feudal Baron, taking up the powers of government with the rights of property, should execute what rude justice he was able. It is for the good of the whole, at the present moment, that the great Capitalist exercises an absolute power over his "hands," as they are sometimes not inexpressibly called. The good of the whole may sanction very different relations between man and man—very different rights, duties, responsibilities. But as power and intelligence increase and diffuse themselves, *The good of the whole* approximates nearer and nearer to *The good of each one of the whole.*

A perfect moral code must be the last product of our progressive humanity—the result of the full development of its powers, affections, and intelligence. Our standard of *The good*, that state we wish for all, must be elevated, as our means of realizing that condition for all, are augmented. It is very true, as the great Hebrew prophet said, that God does from time to time "write a new law in our hearts;" but it is in his own grand creative way.

I am reminded here that it is impossible to do full justice to this subject of Industrial Progress, unless I revert to *other lines* of progress—Religious and Scientific Progress—and bring these down to the same epoch on which we are now standing. To these, therefore, I must now address myself.

So interlaced are all parts of our great subject, that I have a difficulty in determining the best order in which to treat them. The simplest method I can devise is, in the next place, to say what occurs to me on the topic of Religious Progress; then, having touched upon, I. *Industrial Progress*, and, II. *Religious Progress*, I shall be at liberty to discourse somewhat more freely on, III. *Intellectual or Scientific Progress.* This is not a very logical programme; for the third, and last, of these divisions necessarily embraces much that might be introduced under the two previous heads, and indeed carries us very widely over the whole field of human progress. But it is the best programme I can devise.

Section VI.—*Progress in, and through, Religion.*

There is a Law of Progress enunciated by M. Comte which has been received with favour by a few eminent thinkers in England. I need not state it at any length. You are familiar with its three stages—the Theological, the Metaphysical, and the Positive. Many subtle truths, bearing on the great subject of human progress, have been elicited by the author of this law, and arranged under these consecutive divisions; but as a law of the progressive development of the human mind, I cannot possibly receive it.

In our psychological inquiry, we saw that from the very nature of the growth or development of our ideas, there was a necessary transition through imagination or guesswork into truth. Combinations of ideas are first formed by the mind itself, and these combinations receive the name of truth if they are found to bear comparison, or to harmonize with nature. It is thus we rise to higher and wider knowledge than the senses can directly give us. We exchange our imaginations for theories. There is a necessary transit through error into science. One may even say that, without error, the very idea of truth, as an object of our search, could never have occurred. It is the discovered discrepancy between the spontaneous imagination and the course of nature that startles us into *dis*belief, and thence into inquiry. All ideation as well as perception is, at first, synonymous with belief.

This function of the imagination is, I apprehend, the fundamental truth expressed in M. Comte's law, and the only truth to which we can give so broad a title as a law of progress. What he designates as the Theological and Metaphysical stages, are only two forms of the imagination. In the one, a person is imagined as the cause of events; in the other, a thing, an essence, or a force. And although the second *may be* elaborated from the first—the shadowy person being converted into as shadowy an essence, and the imagined will into an imagined force—yet the imagination certainly does not pass in every case from the one to the other. The most frequent origin of the second or Metaphysical mode of thinking, has been the illusion which language throws over us. A word which in reality ex-

presses only a collection of certain things or certain properties, is supposed to express some specific essence or occult substance, the cause of all these properties. This source of error may be quite independent of the *Theological* stage; as when, in our own day, Heat is presumed at once (without any scientific inquiry which may, or may not, justify the presumption) to be a specific matter, causing our sensations, and those external changes and movements we ascribe to it. In reality, we have nothing before us *but* these sensations and these external movements. We gather them together under the term Heat; and then, from the very nature and use of language, we speak of Heat as the cause of these sensations, and these external changes in the matter around us. Thus the Metaphysical stage has, or may have, a quite independent origin from the Theological.

But the main and obvious reason I have for expressing my dissent from M. Comte's law, is the implication it contains that Theology is based entirely or solely on the imagination; or, in other words, that it is altogether a mere transitional form of thought. Now, if we place ourselves in other subjects, as science or government, there has been a theological mode of thinking here which may be justly described as transitional; but if we place ourselves in Theology itself, we do not find that theology deserts us as we proceed, but that higher forms of theology arise. M. Comte represents the Theological stage as merging, or having a tendency wholly to merge, in the Positive or scientific. This, in common with the vast majority of thinking men, I must deny—not without some surprise that such an assertion should ever have been made. One thing is palpable, that, as matter of fact, no such tendency has yet been exhibited by mankind. It is matter of history and observation that old religions die out—into new religions. There is not the least tendency yet observed for religion to merge altogether into science, but there is a tendency for science to rise into religion; witness our "Bridgewater Treatises," which, if I were a bold man, I should say were introducing some new modifications of our general faith.

The fundamental truth, I repeat, and that which really constitutes a law, or method of progress, is this—that we neces-

sarily proceed through imagination into reason, through error into truth. We do this in theology as we do it in science. Theology passes through its imaginative stage just as astronomy does; but there is a true theology just as there is a true astronomy. Here also the imaginative is the forerunner of the examined and reasonable conviction. Not that there is the same direct objective knowledge of God as there is of a planetary system, but that the whole of nature, as scientifically understood, stands out to us as a *created whole*, and is intelligible only as the manifestation of a Divine Idea.

Theology, from its very character, must always overlook the whole of nature and of man. Certain modes of theological thinking which have assisted to build up governments, or to prompt to speculative knowledge, have passed away, but the result has always been that human society, and the laws of nature, were finally surveyed from a new theological point of view. Science breaks loose from one mode of theology, in order to pursue her free and independent labours, but ends in herself creating another mode of theology, under which her own truths receive their full significance.

Let us contemplate without reserve the imaginative forms of theology, which, as our knowledge advances, become purer and less imperfect, and which also have their fit place and appropriate office in the successive stages of human progress. We shall find here also an harmonious progression.

Looking back at the earliest known stages of human development, nothing is more remarkable than the part Imagination has played. In other words, the combinations first formed amongst our thoughts have been most wild and unreal. You would say that dreams were the first thoughts of man. And it is true enough that the moment the strict wants of his physical nature cease to guide him, his thinking is very much like a dream. Why should it not be? For the dream is still a sort of human thinking, imperfect enough, but manifesting, at all events, an independence of the immediate impulses of sense.

But this imagination, this day-dream, these mythologies, these heroes and demigods, these cosmogonies, and I know not what beside—are we to conclude that this stage of growth was utterly

lawless, and that it was not, in fact, strictly preparatory to subsequent stages? Not so. It will be found, on examination, that this era of imagination, like every subsequent era, prepared its successor, and that this theological imagination was the precursor (whatever other purpose it effected) of a grand and rational theology.

It is by the religious imagination—through gods and divination and the like—that man first starts into intellectual life. What make you of this? That the intellectual life shall, at a subsequent period, altogether depart from its original direction, and ignore religion? I, for my part, find that the first dream of imagination is *in a line with* the last truth of reason. I find the whole series one consistent development. Religion grows with science, and they are ultimately seen to be inseparable.

What is the theological imagination of early times? It is essentially this—that man transports himself into nature—endues the great objects or powers of nature with human feeling, human will—and so prays and worships, and hopes to propitiate, and to obtain aid, compassion, deliverance. Well, this primitive imagination is *in the line of truth.* We begin with throwing a man's thought there into nature; we purify and exalt our imaginary being; we gradually release him from the grosser passions of mankind. We are, in fact, rising ourselves above the domination of those grosser passions; and as we grow wise and just, we make the god wise and just, beneficent and humane. Meanwhile science begins to show us this goodly whole as the creation of one Divine Artificer. And now we recognize, not without heart-beatings, that God indeed is not man, but that he has been educating man to comprehend him in part, and to be in part like him.

Are not the Imagination and the Reason here strictly affiliated? We begin, as it has been boldly and truly said, by making God in our own image. What else could we do? Nature had not yet revealed herself to us in her great unity, as one whole, as the manifestation of one Power. We make God in our own image, but by-and-by, as our conceptions on every side enlarge, we find that it is God who is gradually elevating us by the expansion of our knowledge into some remote similitude with

himself. He is making us, in one sense, in his own image. This correspondence between the human and the Divine is the keynote of all religion; and Imagination, in her apparently wild and random way, had struck upon the note.

God is making man in his own image when he reveals to him the creation in its true nature, when he inspires him with a knowledge of the whole, and a love for the good of the whole. But the first step in this divine instruction was precisely the bold imagination by which man threw out into nature an image of himself. The form that imagination threw into the air was gradually modified and sublimed as man rose in virtue, and nature was better understood, till at length it harmonizes with, and merges into a truth of the reason. Was man to wait for his God and his religion till his consciousness, in all other respects, was fully developed? Or was the revelation of the great truth to be sudden? Apparently not. Man *dreamt* a god first. But the dream was sent by the same Power, or came through the same laws, that revealed the after-truth. Nay, he dreams on still, and reasons on still, up to this very epoch; and the dream is penetrated by the truth, and the truth is still beneficently pictured to him in the dream.

To tell us to believe in God because savages have believed, is a miserable style of argument. But from the height of your own demonstration I invite you to look back upon the childlike fancies of earliest epochs, and see how these were at once a substitute and a preparation for the Truth you now hold. In those days men had no demonstration; they had imagination instead; but such an imagination as would refine as the man refined, till at length it became almost one with truth.

Men have always suspected that there was some great office performed by the Imagination, although the very name implies error, or some species of delusion. The simple fact is, that our first science, and our first history, and our first religion, took necessarily those wild forms we call by the name of Imagination. How could it be otherwise? If man was to think beyond what the senses had directly given him, he must first throw some wild guesswork into the air, and then, by comparing it bit by bit with nature, improve and shape it into a truth. Wonder not, there-

fore, that the intellectual progress of man has been hitherto of so eccentric a character. It is simple fact that he dreamt first that he might have in these very dreams new subjects for thought, for comparison, for judgment. Out of faiths of the imagination he shapes, under the eye of nature, a new truth of the reason.

There is no portion of the history of man which excites in us so intense an interest as the progress he has made in, and through, religion. On all sides, and in every department of thought and action, he has been stirred, guided, and controlled by theological imaginations; and these theological imaginations can only be contemplated as bold anticipations of the coming truth—provisional faiths, forming a kind of provisional government for the human race, till the time shall come when all nations shall be gathered together under the one government, and in the felt presence and power of the infinite and beneficent Creator! How suddenly and boldly the mind seems to expand in every direction under the influence of the great idea of religion! I have been speaking hitherto of industrial progress. How slow, and steady, and near the earth, does this movement appear to be! What a different movement we have to describe when we turn to man's imaginative faculties, and his speculative and intellectual progress as linked to his early religions! Here he seems to fly through the air before he lights upon the ground. What is common and familiar is the last thing he deigns to look at.

Viewing man in this his high imaginative aspect, his nature seems suddenly to alter before us. From a creature guided by his senses, and stimulated to action by unremitting wants and appetites, he has become a star-gazer, and the most omnipotent of dreamers. We find him with his eye and his heart in the clouds; he is beset with invisible spirits; his own shadow, multiplied and magnified, pursues him everywhere, and he never knows that it is his own shadow; he consults it for his oracle, it speaks to him from the thunder, from the voice of birds, in the dreams of the night. So completely is imagination in the ascendant, that he no longer always sees and hears with his senses, sometimes sees and hears what the fancy puts before him; at all times conjures up monstrous fictions.

You would say now that it was the distant, the remote, and the unseen that first kindled his intellect. And so it is. Thus begins his life of thought, of speculative inquiry. This creature, of daily wants and hourly appetites looked out at the stars above him, to read in them his future destiny. He had travelled to them in imagination long before he knew, or cared to know, what people lay on the other side of the river, or the mountain, that bounded his own territory. That the fate of man in this world lay in man and in this world, was far too simple a thought for him to stoop to; there was a whole universe beyond which had far more influence upon him than any thing that was moving upon the face of the earth.

How did he teach himself the fine arts? He learnt sculpture by shaping for himself a god he had never seen; and his greatest lesson in architecture was the raising a temple which was to be inhabited by no one, or by nothing but the marble statue he himself had formed. Music was cultivated that it might be a language fit for the gods to hear; and to my fancy the most beautiful music has always retained in it something of religion: it is the plaint of human passion, but uttered as if in hearing of the gods—uttered and half subdued; I always feel that it is the troubled soul pouring out its agony under the *un*troubled sky where dwell the serene Powers. How did he first teach himself a higher morality than such as the gross multitude were imposing on each other? Here and there the fervid man arose, grasping an imaginary hand from Heaven. By that help he first stood upright. How simple a matter does it seem to learn temperance! What is it but the very rule of enjoyment, though coarser minds will not see it as such? What is it but the avoidance of that *too much* which turns all to bitterness and pain? Nothing more simple. In no such simple manner did our pristine sage learn it. He did not, with calculating prudence, sacrifice the less to the greater, or the pleasure of to-day to the ease and contentment of to-morrow. He took the whole allotment of his pleasures, pains, passions, bodily enjoyments, and flung it disdainfully in the dust, and trod it under foot. Then he walked forth companion of the gods!—free as they from want or care. Such was his first lesson of temperance. He scorned his mate-

rial, marvellous body altogether—the sublime simpleton that he was.

You would say that he comes down to his own terrestrial interests: he descends from some celestial climate to the daily concerns of this world. He builds in Heaven first. There he first constructs his ideal societies. Soon he has arrived—in that celestial climate—at the goal of all his wishes, before he has stirred a foot on earth to the accomplishment of any one of them. Lean as a skeleton, and almost naked as a worm, the Indian saint or sage has already constructed his Seven Heavens, and taken possession of them all by turns.

It is worth our while to note that he has no sooner framed for himself a rule of conduct, no sooner fixed his regard on the high mental life of contemplation, and of noble sentiment, than he begins to quarrel with his nature. The high destiny marked out for him by this ability to frame a rule of conduct, and to live so much in contemplation, does not impress his mind so vividly as the *difficulty* he experiences in constantly obeying his rule, or living his high contemplative life. Almost the first great hypothesis he is heard uttering is, that there must be some corrupt principle in *matter*, in this material body, else how account for his own inconsistencies; he must by all means separate himself from this base alliance. When he is driven from this hypothesis, and becomes ashamed of attributing his spiritual failings to his material substance, he shifts his ground, and finds that his spiritual nature is corrupt, that the original depravity lies there. In this injustice which he does himself, I find a striking testimony of his own noble striving, and a grand augury of what he is destined to become.

Section VII.—*Effect of early religious faiths on Laws and Government.*

The first great governments were formed by war, and cemented by slavery. A Despot rules by mere arbitrary power, and through all the relations of life we see the same arbitrary power. What is to control a Despotism of this kind? There may be a public opinion protesting against its iniquity, but how can it act? What can the weak multitude do? Unarmed, undisciplined, educated

in fear, incapable of combination, they can effect nothing—unless, indeed, some one common sentiment of rage kindles and unites the whole multitude, and casts them, blind and irresistible, headlong, like the torrent or the whirlwind, against their oppressor. There is no antagonistic power, you would say, on earth, to control this military tyrant. But there is such a power, and it exists in the very imagination of this weak and down-trodden multitude. The weak are still the many, and the one man, or the few, cannot withstand the infectious fears of an imaginative multitude. Willing or unwilling, the strongest are borne along by the torrent of a popular fanaticism. The many are always the despot here. The great man is but a greater child; he is weak as an infant in face of a popular superstition. If it does not *possess* him also, it subdues him. If he is not its pupil, he must be its slave. The very human instruments he must use, fail him; he has perhaps kindled a sacred frenzy in the hearts of thousands, who are now raised above all fear, and strike but as one man. When the multitude enthroned some terrible Zeus, or Moloch, on the hills or above the clouds, and gave to him their sense of justice, they knew not, probably, that they were creating a despot for their own earthly despot. But so it was. There was a court of appeal established, to which, if he outraged excessively their feelings of humanity, they could drag him for condemnation.

Unfortunately an offence against some custom of religion, more frequently than an outrage on humanity, has kindled the anger of the multitude. And it is also true that a double fear, and a despot above the clouds as well as the one on earth, has oppressed the minds of men. This only shows the imperfection of our *provisional* faiths; the outline I have sketched is still not incorrect.

But it is when we see earnest men beginning to think for the good of mankind, themselves powerfully impressed with the common faith of the multitude, that we see how great an agent religion has been in moulding and advancing the human society. The world (as long as it has been known to us in history) has never been so deserted as to be without some minds, loftier than the rest, to whom great wishes, larger ideas, and a solicitude for the general good, have been vouchsafed. Priests and prophets

are the names such men bore in former times. Genuine priests and sincere believers in the faiths they were elevating and applying (without any artifice or policy of application) to the good government of the world. I need not contend against that false and feeble view entertained by some amongst us in the last century, that Priests, from the very earliest times, used the superstition of the people intentionally as a mere instrument of law and polity. One man advances above the rest, but not abruptly, not loosening himself on all sides at once; if he did, he would be utterly useless. By what stretch of conjecture could we suppose that a Druidical priest, for instance, reasoned like Polybius, or like a French academician of the eighteenth century? The greatest mind would, at these epochs, be precisely the most superstitious or religious. The Judge in the skies was not only the power by which he was to control others, it was the power that fortified and elevated his own mind and will. By belief in that power he rose to be a teacher and a ruler.

It is through religion, therefore, not only that the opinion of the suffering many has been able to assert itself against a despotic ruler, but that the opinion of the contemplative Few has been able to assert itself and claim reverence from the Many. This last we may look upon as one of the greatest offices of religion. An opinion did not wait till it could gather for itself the united suffrage and support of a selfish, loosely connected, and irreflective multitude, before it governed that multitude; it stept at once into power as the will of the god, whose interpreter the wise man, or priest, had already constituted himself. Such knowledge as there was, ruled in the person of the priest, who often stood between the people and their king, and often between both and God.

I do not need to be reminded that the Priesthood were men, and that power brought with it the thirst for greater power, and that an alliance was often formed between the Priesthood and the Monarchy which had not for its object, conspicuously or preeminently, the interest of the people. But even this alliance had its terms and conditions, which were favourable, in the main, to the cause of the people. If the Prince held his throne of the god, this great Suzerain exacted a certain allegiance from the

Prince. Even if the Prince were in some wild manner elevated to a god himself—if he was proclaimed some half-brother to the sun—his god-ship brought this inconvenience with it, that he perpetually had a Priesthood for his ministers. His cabinet council was sitting in the Temple, and he must sit there too.

Under other forms of government than a monarchy, and in matters strictly judicial—as where enraged equals were to be brought within the pale of the law—the aid of a priesthood was equally serviceable. The free man gave his revenge into the hands of a god, when he would not have intrusted it to any human judge. "The gods will see to it," has appeased many an infuriated pursuer. Or the precincts of the Temple have thrown their protecting shadow over the victim. "It is holy ground, you cannot strike here." And when the wrongdoer has triumphed in the injury he inflicted, and was too strong to be punished, the sense of justice was not baulked or suffered to die out. "There is a Power that can send down disease, and death, and madness. Somewhere—in some manner—at some time—a terrible retribution will ensue. Be assured the gods *will* punish." And lo! the man dies, or sickens, falls mad or blind, and the god *has* punished. Example never to be forgotten.

In these and other ways Religion has been instrumental in introducing good laws and sustaining civil government. But here let me make an observation that is of wide application on this great subject of Human Progress. It does not follow, because good laws and good government were thus, in part, introduced, that, *once established*, they will continue to need the same kind of support from religion. Once established, men will learn to appreciate them for their own sakes—which the multitude could not do till after long experience of their benefit. The history of Human Progress affords us many instances where a certain condition of things is necessary to introduce an institution, but is not necessary to uphold it when introduced. It stands then on its own merit. Wars and conquest were necessary for the origin of *the nation*, and the first patriotism was called forth by the antagonism to some hostile people. But the great national union, once formed, perpetuates itself by the innumerable advantages that spring from it; and happily there arises a

patriotism of peace as well as of war. A certain unreasoning *spontaneity* brings forward into existence what is afterwards embraced for itself; and passion and imagination build up what the reason afterwards applauds, completes, and improves.

Amongst the advanced nations of the world, laws and governmen are sufficiently understood and valued to be sustained for their own sakes. But over the greater part of the earth obedience to government is still half a superstition.

So connected is our terrestrial progress with the development of our religious ideas, that we seem to see the moral and social revolutions of mankind symbolized for us in a sort of mythological procession that has passed along the skies. The god of warriors is fierce and vindictive, terrible to their enemies, capricious to themselves. The citizen and the patriot desire justice and good faith, and their celestial Ruler sits in the seat of justice, and punishes crime and violated treaties. A still more advanced people, embued with benevolence, at least with the admiration of it, find in their god the spirit of benevolence, who requires a like spirit in his worshippers. Not deeds only, but the very thoughts are now brought before his judgment-seat. Men even give their own piety to the god.

And I would note this—that as each era of human progress grows out of its predecessor, (by some modification of, or addition to it,) we may expect to find the religious conceptions of one age forming a groundwork, or preparation, for the religious conceptions of the succeeding age. The history of mankind would reveal to us, at least, some instances of a progression of this nature—instances where you would say that the earlier faiths, rude and violent as their character might be, were not only suitable to the age in which they rose, but formed the necessary groundwork for the faith adapted to the succeeding age.

Section VIII.—*Nature-worship—The personal God.*

Let it displease no one that Imagination is so active in the early stages of religious faith. This is the mode in which the mind proceeds towards truth. This is the method in which God creates a human intelligence. Many men are disposed to think

that the idea of God must have been communicated to us in some exceptional manner, some peculiar mode of revelation or intuition. But there is no other mode conceivable by us than that gradual growth of the intelligence, which is no other than God's progressive creation. That the last and sublimest conception of God—that any conception which a reflective man of the present era would admit as approaching to the truth—is a universal *intuition*, or innate idea, is contradicted at once by all history and all observation. And that it could be revealed in any miraculous way through the medium of *language*, is impossible; for those who are to receive an idea through the medium of language, must have already attached a meaning to the words used. A voice from the skies, or from a fellow-man, proclaiming, "There is a God!" would proclaim nothing to those who had attached no meaning to the word "God." To those who had already associated some vague, or wild, or imperfect meaning to the term, it would merely repeat and confirm their own previous convictions.

Those who have made the history of religion a subject of especial study, have in general concluded that it was not a supernatural object at all that men first worshipped; it was a quite natural object; it was the sun that shone above them—the river that made the earth fertile. The sense of dependence upon nature would be the first feeling manifested; the external objects themselves would appear as our benefactors and destroyers. But for this very reason that we view them as benefactors and destroyers, do we invest them, at the same time, with some feeling of benevolence and anger. It was an external object that was worshipped, but yet an object endowed with supernatural attributes. An imaginary will and imaginary passions were associated with the forms and powers of nature.

How could a childlike mind, it has been said, avoid attributing a benevolent power to the moving and half-living river flowing on for ever? Its stream is the very life of the earth. And this earth, again, does it not throw, as from its lap, year after year, abundance of food—grass for our cattle, if hitherto nothing else? But the earth is not always fruitful, and the skies sometimes withhold their showers. What is to be done? We have but

our prayers. Like very children we can cry aloud. Will that avail? Or shall we bring offerings? Or does any one know any symbols or signs by which to speak to this earth and these skies, so that they may be brought to regard us with compassion?

When any great object, like the sun, for instance, was thus worshipped, and thus animated with a human spirit, it would not be long before this spirit would be contemplated as passing in and out of the great luminary, as capable of subsisting apart; and thus the way would be prepared for the free and personal god.

Such is an explanation often given, and it seems at least to have been *one* course which the imagination has taken. No fact is more notorious, than that a worship of nature did at an early time extend over most nations of the earth. This is not a matter of speculation or conjecture, but of history.

There is, however, another and more direct course, which the imagination is supposed to have taken in framing for itself a personal god. The dead man, if we have loved him, if we have honoured him, if we have feared him, is not altogether dead to us because the breath has left the body. We think him living somewhere still. Why not in those voices of the night and of the tempest? Why not in this invisible wind? The very fact that so potent an agent as the air is invisible, aids the imagination to this conception of the invisible human power that may be moving about us. This idea of the incorporeal *invisible man* once received into the imagination, would be the fruitful source of any multitude of gods or demons. Such an invisible being once conceived, it would soon cease to be necessary to suppose that it had formerly been man. The fancy could just as readily pronounce it to have been god or demon from the beginning.

Even without having recourse to the *dead man*, is there not in the very activities of nature an apparent reflection to us of our own activities, our own passions, which at once prompts us either to animate the external object itself, with a spirit similar to man, or to suppose the external object to be moved or influenced by some such spirit?

To determine which of these modes of imagination I have

briefly described, took precedence, does not appear to me to be possible. How much of any given mythology to attribute to hero-worship, and how much to nature-worship, has been often the subject of discussion amongst our antiquarians; it was one of the earliest subjects of discussion amongst the Greeks themselves. One observation may be safely made; that both processes of thought conduct to the same climax. The personification of nature leads up to a god seen out of and above nature; and the hero-god is endowed with a power over the elements. The nature-god takes upon himself the government of men, and the monarch-god extends his sceptre over all nature.

Long before science had taught the essential unity of the world, the reflective mind must have felt that, let there be innumerable gods, there must be some one god above them all. This blade of corn, for which I am to thank the rulers of the earth and skies—tell me, do I owe it to the air, or the river, or the earth, or the sun? To all—to all, ye gods; and I think to some greater god than all, that overruled to this united action the several powers of this world. Dimly above the whole conclave of deities appears that Fate, destined, as the mind of man advances, to descend and take all the celestial region to itself. Or else some one of the mythological or national deities extends its attributes, till it has dominion over all nature, and finally the creation of all nature.

Whether originally a nature spirit or a human spirit, the god would receive his moral character from that of his worshippers. Men not yet gathered into cities, shepherds living much amongst their sheep in the open plains, having much to suffer and endure from nature, little from their fellow-men, leading themselves a very monotonous life, might regard the gods as those who give and destroy, without often associating their acts of beneficence and destruction with any conduct, good or bad, of mankind. They would seek to propitiate the gods in many ways against the drought or the murrain; but, in their uniform lives, the drought or the murrain might not take the form of the punishment of any immoral or unjust conduct of their own. A moral character in their god might be very faintly shadowed out to them. But if we transfer ourselves from such a pastoral life to

the life of men gathered together in multitudes, in the city or the camp, we see that the actions of the gods will not fail to be regarded as the effects or consequence of some human conduct. There is always something in human life to stand out as the cause of the god's anger. It is now the avenger of crime that is wanted, and that is seen in the skies.

But with a rude and fierce people, this avenger of crime may still be a terrific, arbitrary, capricious Power, by no means identical with that Moral Governor of the world a subsequent age depicts to itself. The changes in the moral character given to their deity, so far as these arise amongst any one people, might become the subject of a very interesting speculation. I am inclined to think there was a necessary transition through the fiercer and more terrible conceptions of God, to those conceptions which have been admitted to exercise the most salutary restraint and influence upon human society.

It may, at all events, reconcile us to the ferocious aspect in which the Past so frequently presents itself, if in those ferocities themselves should be found the necessary condition for the development of convictions that have cultivated, and educated the conscience of subsequent generations of mankind;—if early, and to us revolting conceptions of the Divine Power were moulded afterwards into those worthier conceptions, which (more than any one cause) have disciplined the human race into moral conduct.

Section IX.—*God of Terror—God of Justice—God of Love.*

A form of religion which we justly look back upon as to us most odious, may yet have been in accordance with the times which produced it, which perhaps could have produced no other, and it may also have been a necessary condition for subsequent forms, which we may still highly approve, and which manifestly have been of supreme value in the education of the human race.

Pain and Fear are not the most agreeable subjects of contemplation; but they lie at the root of all that is grandest in Humanity. Nature is not always kind; the earth withholds her harvests; it lies parched, and the cattle die, and there is destruc-

tion and pestilence issuing as from the sun itself. It is at these times a terrible Power, and one which can inflict immeasurable evil, that man sees above him.

Is there not the Night also, as well as the Day, to stimulate the imagination? How weak, and in the hands of what unknown powers, does man feel himself to be, when, deprived of light, he looks, or strives to look, out into an infinite darkness? Is not the Night around him, is not Death before him?—Death, that first startles the man into speculative thinking.

But if we could really understand how it is, and by what steps, a god of Terror moves to the throne of heaven, we must contemplate the passions of war, the passions stirred in man by conflict with his fellow-man. When the agony of strife, when the destruction he would inflict, when the wrong he has received, has kindled his unquenchable anger and revenge, what is the spectacle we then behold? It is no longer the harvest men beseech of God, the cooling rain, or health to the cattle in the field; they have but one passionate prayer, and that is for destruction —destruction of their enemies. God the Destroyer is the only Deity they then can worship. It must needs be that the God they summon forth is no amiable or beneficent being; they do not want his amiability; they want his power; they want his fierceness; they wish him to be vindictive like themselves; let there be thunder in the heavens, only let the bolt fall on their enemies. They animate their deity with all their own revenge and anger, and thirst for destruction; and then, what will they not do, or give, or suffer, to win this dreadful Power to their side?

But why do I point to the god of Terror as so necessary a conception? Partly this may be seen at once. These fierce men have raised there in heaven a power to quell their enemies. Such a power, and no other, was needful to quell and subdue themselves. The god of pure and beneficent justice, ruling and appointing all for the good of men, and for the culture of virtue, would have been unintelligible and ineffective here. The power that must subdue such men, must strike as with an infinite anger. It is the power this barbarian raises to subdue his foes, that ends in subjecting himself. He comes to tremble in his turn before the avenger. We say his conscience will by-and-by smite him to the ground.

I am dealing with no fiction when I speak of this early worship of a god of terror. Other gods, and blander worships, may also be descried in remote antiquity; but, peering into the dim past, the first things we recognize—are war, and the god whom the passions of war had characterized. What other god could it have been that was universally worshipped with *human* sacrifices?

The prevalence of this rite of human sacrifice in very remote times is undisputed. In the epoch of what we may call classical antiquity, it had happily become a rare occurrence; men had learnt to look upon the rite with abhorrence; but in the literature of Greece, and Rome, and Judæa, there are distinct traces that the rite had at an earlier time been prevalent. I have no learned books here to refer to, but perhaps the following extract, which I made on one occasion from the "Encyclopædia Britannica," may serve to refresh your memory with regard to certain facts, on which I am not aware there is any serious difference amongst our scholars or historians. Under the head of *Human Sacrifice*, it says,—

"The practice prevailed in every nation under heaven, of which we have received any account. The Egyptians had it in the earlier part of their monarchy. The Cretans likewise had it, and retained it for a long time. The nations of Arabia did the same. The people of Dumah, in particular, sacrificed every year a child, and buried it underneath an altar, which they made use of instead of an idol; for they did not admit of images. The Persians buried people alive. The Cyprians, the Rhodians, the Phocians, the Ionians, those of Chios, Lesbos, Tenedos, all had human sacrifices. The nations of the Tauric Chersonese offered up to Diana every stranger whom chance threw on their coasts. The Pelasgians, in a time of scarcity, vowed the tenth of all that should be born to them for a sacrifice, in order to procure plenty. Aristomenes, the Messenian, slew three hundred noble Lacedemonians, among whom was Theopompus, the king of Sparta, at the altar of Jupiter, at Ithome. Without doubt the Lacedemonians did not fail to make ample return; for they were a severe and revengeful people, and offered similar victims to Mars. Phylarchus, as quoted by Porphyry, affirms that of old every Grecian state made it a rule before they marched towards an enemy, to solicit a blessing on their undertaking by human sacrifice."

The Romans, the article goes on to say, were not free from the rite, for an express law was made against it; a law which does not seem to have been always obeyed. The Gauls and the Germans performed the sacrifice in the depths of their woods.

The Scythians, the Scandinavians—indeed it proceeds to enumerate every known people. Amongst the nations of Canaan their own children were sacrificed. The Hebrew people were not untainted with the same rite, though they were probably the first who, under the teaching of their great prophets, had risen superior to it. But into the development of the Hebrew nation —the fiercest in war, and finally the most exalted in religion— the writer of the article does not enter.

"The Carthaginians," he continues, "who were a colony from Tyre, carried with them the religion of the mother country. To Kronos (which seems but another name for the Moloch of the Phenicians, the god of fire and light) they offered human sacrifices, and especially the blood of children."

But I have quoted quite enough. Only to this long catalogue I will add the more modern instances of the Mexicans or the Aztecs, amongst whom human sacrifices were frightful from their number and the ceremonies that accompanied them. These and other cases of savage or semi-barbarian states that have come under the notice of the modern observer, throw light on the barbarism of antiquity, and show how close the connection is between war and this sanguinary worship.

I do not pretend to assert that the rite of human sacrifice may not have existed in some cases where no peculiar connection can be traced between it and the passion of war. It may have been extended, in some instances, from one nation to another by mere imitation. It may have been perpetuated by force of custom into times comparatively humane; it may have been revived, in other instances, by a noble desire of self-immolation, or self-devotion for the common good. But all this does not prevent us from seeing, in the universal existence of such a rite, the worship of a terrible deity—a fierce, vindictive, destroying Power, whom I have not improperly called the god of Terror. Nor can there be any doubt that the conception of such a god is mainly owing to the passions of war; for are not men seen to devote, as offerings especially due, the captives taken in war, or even to represent the very slaughter of their enemies in battles and sieges, as an act of sacrifice to their god?

The first historic glimpse we catch at man, in any place, at any the remotest times, we see him fighting; he has a spear in

his hand. He has indeed first to earn his food, and then to fight for the possession of it; he fights for his hunting-ground, for his flock, for his field. It is not flattering, this large share of the combative spirit of the brute. Nevertheless, it is from this point that nature starts towards her upward, *human* developments.

With what an averted glance do we already begin to contemplate war! Already its necessity, though still acknowledged, is lamented. A time may come when our posterity shall find it difficult to understand the martial spirit that animates even our own day. They will be astonished to think that men of cultivated minds should have trained themselves sedulously for this *profession* of arms, and that thousands of people, withdrawing themselves from all handicrafts or useful employments, should spend their whole lives in preparation for a day of battle. Yet we "relish," as Wordsworth says,

> "Strangely the exasperation of the time."

The dangers, and the passions, and the heroism of war, are courted, chanted, applauded amongst us. And it is right it should be so. War is still inevitable. The advanced nations of the earth would be trodden under foot by those less advanced, if they were not as powerful in war as they are skilful in the arts of peace.

Every satirist, every moralist, every preacher declaims against war. I accept this general denunciation as prophetic that it will one day cease. Meanwhile, this most flagrant of our evils, and fiercest of our joys, has been our starting-point and stimulant along every line of progress you can mention. To war, as I have said, we owe *the Nation*, and without this great union man would have remained intellectually a mere dwarf. It gave us the city and the empire. Had there been no large assemblage of men kept together by the sentiment of a common safety, or a common power, there would have been no great enterprise, and few great thoughts. The languages of the earth would have been innumerable. Each tribe would have spoken its own dialect, and have been shut up within it. There would have been no literature. Had a great mind vaguely bestirred itself, it would have been of no avail; it would have been buried alive in

the little village community. But hardly could there have been any thing great. Men would never have combined but for some quiet domestic purpose, some business of the flock and the farm-yard. There would have been no great projects, no great ideas, no palaces, no temples, and the gods themselves would have been dwarfed into mere household deities, and the patrons of a harvest-home.

How much we owe to war in this province of religion, has not been generally perceived, nor the nature of the debt. The passions of the combat are so preëminently violent—the fate of battles so uncertain—the victory so intensely desired—that war could not fail both to promote the worship of the god, and to determine the character of the god who was worshipped. It *intensified* religion, which else (except under certain occasional circumstances) might have been little better than a poet's dream. To estimate its influence here, we must recollect in what ferocious spirit war was carried on in earlier times, and what despair it entailed upon the vanquished party. War was extermination; and if an enemy was spared, he was enslaved. So ferocious and destructive is war in its primitive character, that slavery sometimes makes its appearance as an intercessor, and the representative of clemency.

Every passion, let it be remembered, shared in by a unanimous society, is supreme—unquestionable—asserts itself in the full blaze of day—has no misgivings—needs no vindication—asserts and vindicates itself most despotically. These fierce vindictive barbarians admire their own unrestricted anger—their own unlimited revenge. No idea of the reason has yet been developed in them, to interrupt and baulk their passions, and bring them back captives to the better thought. They rejoice in their angers, and give them frankly and unhesitatingly to their god. Delighting above all things in the slaughter of their enemies, they at once believe that he also delights in his destructive power, in his free unrestricted anger. To them *destruction* is the great manifestation of power. Blood is poured out as an acceptable offering. What better could be devised? Terrible is this god even to his worshippers; not otherwise could he be terrible to their enemies. No one knows when his anger may

break out. No gentle worship suits either the god or the worshipper; no offering of flowers, or the corn-sheaves, not even the lamb or the dove will suffice; the lordly bull is sacrificed; the conquered foe is dragged before the altar, and immolated there. If the death of the captive or the slave be too tame a spectacle, too slight a devotion, his worshippers will slay each other before him—will fling their own children into the flames to be consumed before his sight. They too enjoy

"Strangely the exasperation of the time."

And now, in order to see the importance of this terrible war-god, of this enthroned Anger and Terror, we have only to pursue the history of mankind to its next stage of civilization. Peace begins to dispute the reign of war. Law, Justice, Faith in treaties, are the earnest wants of the time. And lo! the god of Terror becomes the god of Justice. To him the scales are given, but the terrible sword *not* withdrawn. To him the office of Judge is assigned, but the old anger and terrible vindictiveness remain. This last is essential. It is no calm administrator of law; it is the *offended* Judge that is the terror to evil-doers.

We mistake the matter entirely if we suppose that men ever proceeded at once to form to themselves the conception of a Divine Judge administering a law, and dealing out measured penalties. Or even that they began by imagining a Judge similar to what would exist amongst themselves in rude times, and then modified the character of this Divine Judge, as their own ideas of law and jurisprudence advanced. There has been always something *more than Judge* in the popular god that has formed the popular conscience. And if there had not been that *something more*, the popular conception would have been unavailing for its great purpose. Men would have proceeded to measure by anticipation the sentence of the Judge, according to their own standard of equity; and such a sentence, whether executed in this world or the next, would have generally had but little terror. It is the unlimited anger roused against the criminal in the bosom of the Divine Avenger and Judge, that has constituted the real terror and available power of religion. The god is not the administrator of a law which sets bounds to

his punishments; nor has the criminal merely broken a law and incurred a definite penalty; he has offended the god, and brought down an infinite wrath upon his head. And to this very day the two elements of thought are constantly combined—of a Judicial Power, and of a personally offended Power. No sinner ventures to measure out his own punishment. There is an infinite anger above him. To this day I see a most needful element in the conscience, which dates from the war-god of the sacrificial period—from the god of arbitrary and terrific Power.

The belief in some passionless judicial Tribunal, that metes out strictly-graduated sentences, is the actual religious faith of no class of men. Such judicial Tribunal ethical writers may discuss, approving or disapproving, but it does not constitute the actual piety of any of their countrymen.

Other phases of the religion of antiquity may be far more agreeable than the one I have been contemplating. Bacchanalian festivals, or a worship conducted with manifestations of joy and abandonment to pleasure, may present a much less revolting spectacle. And the gathering of people together at great holidays had no doubt its good results, keeping the people united, and the like. But this holiday aspect of religion strike me as comparatively of little importance. It was the god battles, to whom men could give their very lives in self-devotion —the god who gave victory, whose rage was equal to his power —who could exterminate whole cities—it was this conception that, in the modifications it has undergone, has wrought so wondrously in human history. This Power became the Divine Judge, Lord and Ruler of heaven and earth, and the punisher of crime. Suppose men to commence by forming the conception of a celestial Judge: they bind his hands at each epoch, by the same rules of measured retribution, or requisite penalty, which preside over human jurisprudence. The justice of Heaven is only a copy of the justice of earth, and so much the less terrific as it is more remote in time and place. Suppose them to commence with some philosophic conception of God, as the beneficent Creator of mankind—I do not say that this conception is inconsistent with the idea of future punishment; for what is all our present life but a series of punishments or penalties, teaching

us to travel in the right road?—but men thinking *ab initio* would have found it inconsistent with that idea of future punishments which has been so effective on the human mind—the irrevocable doom—the penalty still inflicted when there is no longer any right road to travel. The guilty man may think his remorse eternal, for he does not see the new life that may spring from it; but what spectator would convert this transitory feeling of an endless remorse, into a dogmatic article of theology, true absolutely for him and for all mankind?

It seems to me, therefore, clear, (and I point to it as another great instance how one generation prepares for the next,) that a given age may obtain, by modification of those ideas which it has inherited from its predecessor, a more effective religious government than it could have thought out for itself. Humanity is, as it were, one life. Men of passion and imagination—men full of anger, and praying for the destruction of their enemies, enthroned—not without feeling of a fierce cordiality—an infinite Anger in the skies. Afterwards the dark and gloomy throne was gradually shaped into a Judgment-seat—then into a Mercy-seat—but with the old thunders lingering round it still. Without these there would have been no feared judgment, and consequently no vivid conception of mercy. Love makes its first entrance into our hearts under the name of mercy. The new Dispensation under which we are said to live, left the old Infinite Anger where it was, and brought forward an Infinite Mercy, for ever to neutralize it.

And now does not something like a climax stand out clear before us? For how could this great belief in Mercy, which is subduing the human heart to an unutterable tenderness—how could it have appeared in the world but for its antecedents—the reign of Divine Anger and of Judgment? The three great ideas of Anger, Judgment, and Mercy, are blended together most conspicuously in our own faith.

But there is an idea higher than that of Mercy which has entered last of all into the world. The word "Grace" not only signifies pardon, but the Spirit of God moving in us to the production of a new life. I hold this word Grace to be one of the noblest, and of fullest significance, that has ever been uttered

in popular theology. At this point the highest philosophy appears blent in that twisted cord of reason and imagination which binds so many ages together. For is it not indisputably true that God, by his free gift, is creating us, age after age, into new and higher life, and wiser love to man and to himself?

"Throw thyself upon the love of God, thy Creator!" "Perfect love casteth out fear!" These are the last utterances of religion in the most advanced nations of the earth. Add, too, that the perfect love which casteth out fear is the love also of goodness and of man. By no other means will fear be cast out. I speak generally of mankind, or of a society. I say the Furies will live for ever in the imagination of guilt or crime. Whether the Terror arise spontaneously in our own mind, or descend from tradition, from the imagination of other men, the result is the same. It has been so ordered by God that there is no peace to the heart of man but in the great sentiments of virtue and the love of God. If any man holds that a human society—standing where we stand in the progression of ages—can escape from the fear of God by any other outlet, he must defend his own thesis. I should be a hypocrite, and false to the most irresistible and ineffaceable sentiments of my own mind, if I taught such a doctrine; for I daily and hourly feel that there can be no peace with God unless there is good-will to man, no escape from fear but in the sentiments of love and obedience. A people that passed from superstition into crime would inevitably return—passion-led—back to superstition.

If here I do not enlarge on the immense value of the teaching of Christianity, and especially how it is tending to bring all mankind into feelings of union and a common interest, and disposing the wealthy to do whatever lies in their power, consistently with the stability of society, for the welfare of the working classes—it is because I should be only repeating what so many others have said far more eloquently than I could say it. I would only beg of you to bring all that has been said on this topic in juxtaposition with what has been going on in the world of industry, and to note that this teaching, which is approximating all classes in spirit, is contemporaneous with those increased powers of production which are extending to all the substantial advantages of civilization.

Contemporaneous also with the general increase of intelligence —to which topic I will now betake myself. If some further considerations suggest themselves on the great subject of religion, they will be better introduced under our next head.

SECTION X.—*Intellectual or Scientific Progress.*

All knowledge, whether derived from observation of nature, or reflection upon ourselves and human society, has its specific value, but it is the perception of the laws of nature, the order and harmony of all things, *the method of creation*, as we should say, that is, above all, valuable in the education of the human race. It is to this I have now more particularly to refer.

I do not affect the use of technical language, but you will bear in mind the meaning here attached to such terms as Imagination, Reason, Reflection, and the like, and what has been said upon the development of the consciousness. Knowledge grows either by direct observation of nature, (facts arranging themselves in our memory in the relations of succession and coexistence in which they had appeared to the senses,) or by the intervening aid of the imagination; that is, new combinations are formed of facts or memories, (imaginations,) and by comparing these combinations of our own thoughts with nature, new relationships are observed in nature herself. Our imagination is either corrected or dismissed, and conjecture gives place to a theory.

The first growths of the human mind, whether they are social customs or wild mythologies, are often spoken of as the work of *Spontaneity;* when they have been modified by experience and observation, they are described as the work of *Reflection*. The two words are very convenient, and I adopt them; only I would remark that Spontaneity is but another term for passion and imagination, and that, therefore, Spontaneity does not exhaust itself in any one product. Spontaneity and Reflection are continually going on together. New combinations of thought and passion arise in the most advanced minds, though of a different character, and these are continually presenting themselves for comparison with the knowledge already obtained.

We must, at the commencement of our career, outrun ex-

perience by some fanciful conjecture, or we should advance no further than the direct teaching of sense and memory. We should not make a single experiment if we did not first make a conjecture. A man is ill, and you cannot cure him; nothing as yet is known of medicine. And you will never cure, either that man or any other, if you wait for knowledge. But, led by some fanciful analogy, or capricious combination of ideas, you try this thing and that, till something cures, or seems to cure. The man is in a burning fever; you gather cool-looking herbs: if the moonlight is falling on them when gathered, will they not be still more cooling? You test this and that hypothesis till some of nature's hidden relations are brought to light, and a truth is acquired.

If it is not a sick man to cure, but some extraordinary phenomenon to explain, you have recourse to a similar expedient. You conjecture a cause to fill up what seems a gap in the usual order of things. If the speculative mind were not to gratify its curiosity by this guesswork, the result would be that curiosity would die out in the hopeless blank of present ignorance, and nothing would be ever learnt. Cosmogonies and astrologies, and the like fanciful hypotheses, are the necessary forerunners of science. As science advances, the guesswork assumes a very different character; our knowledge, we say, has taught us how to conjecture.

Increase of knowledge is the initiative of all other improvement. The progress of man includes progress in his affections as well as his intellect; this is, indeed, the most important progress of all; neither can I—an artist—neglect to add that it includes progress in all those sentiments of the beautiful, and those emotions of pleasure which we embrace under such expressions as the love of nature and the fine arts. But all our affections, desires, and emotions would remain the same from generation to generation, (as long as our external world remained the same,) were they not modified by the acquisition of new truths or new thoughts. Man set down here, face to face with nature, is enabled to understand more and more of God's works, and becomes by this intellectual perception a greater work himself, as well as a better worker. Moreover, a new

world is developed for his study and admiration in his own progressive humanity. Human society also presents itself to him as a great whole—as a great idea of God—and with this peculiarity, that with the knowledge of this whole is necessarily thrown upon him the responsibility of so living and so working, as, consciously and designedly, to sustain and aid in developing this social organism.

All progress, we say, is traceable to human thought, but it does not follow that all progress is the foreseen, intended result of this thinking faculty of man. Far from it. His thoughts or his inventions, combine with what already is existing of thought or invention, and often produce results which the wisdom of no one man had foreseen. The instrument he invents for some limited purpose, fulfils other purposes he had never contemplated. A plan of operations is devised for some sudden emergency, and it gives rise to a permanent institution. He who invented money was (as Seckendorf says) reorganizing society. What remote results are traceable to the printing-press and the musket! From what a limited and partial design grew up the system and theory of representative government! In all such cases the active thought of man is the primary movement, and there is activity enough of human thought in every step of the process, but the final or ever-spreading result cannot be said to be due to human contrivance. In like manner we may notice how, in his speculative and religious systems, the thought or imagination of one man, meets and combines with the thoughts of other men, and new products ensue, and finally there grows up a complicate system which was never originated by any one human intellect.

Looking back at the past history of mankind, one is at first somewhat humiliated by observing how little human reason has purposely, and with far-stretching thought, accomplished. A man puts powder in a tube, and he changes the nature of war. Or he calls together a few men to tax themselves and their fellow-citizens, and he forms an institution whereby democracy becomes possible to a great people. How few great results in the social and political world seem to have been accomplished knowingly and purposely! But then, again, this

somewhat humiliating thought may well change into a note of congratulation, for we see in all this how manifestly progression is the divine scheme. Heaven is working with us. And if more is done than man had contemplated, the greater accomplishment becomes his own afterwards by voluntary adoption, and he works on henceforth with wider knowledge and larger purposes. As the plan of the whole develops, it is put (so to speak) in the hands of the young created artist, and the creature is taught, more and more, to work consciously towards its completion.

Man must *live* before he reflects on life; he obeys another before he asks himself why he should obey; he believes before he has investigated the grounds of his belief; he has formed a social organization before he has contemplated the ends to be answered by it. Property springs up, in the first instance, from the mere desire to clutch and to keep; but if there is to be any *keeping*, there must be some limit put upon the *taking*, and so a rule gets established. Marriage, at least in its rudest form, as the exclusive possession which man, the stronger, keeps of one or more of the opposite and weaker sex, waits for no law to institute it. Combinations for attack and defence at once constitute something of a society, and of a government. What is once done, is done again, and custom is the first lawgiver. Mere revenge, and sympathy with that revenge, suffice at first to inaugurate some criminal law. In wounding one man you may wound two hundred; the two hundred avenge the injury, and make it understood they will act in the same way again. So simple and inevitable may be the first step in jurisprudence. The formation of society is plainly due to the spontaneous passions and actions of individual men; the harmony of the whole was not in the thought of any one of them. A reflective reason could not have presided over the origin of society, for Reflection must have something to reflect upon. Society must be there before examination and comparison of social relations can take place. But though Reflection cannot lay the foundation, and build the first walls of the social edifice, yet as soon as any building at all is erected, it may begin to criticize, to reform, to rebuild.

It is slowly that society may be said to grow completely conscious of itself. Even in the most advanced nations of our modern Europe it is only a minority, of whom it may be said that they embrace in their reflection the laws and principles of the society in which they live. It is a long while since I read Rousseau's "Contrat Social;" but if he really taught that society commenced with a deliberate contract or agreement as to the terms on which men should live together, it was as bold an hypothesis as the speculative mind ever put forth. Such deliberate contract could only take place in advanced communities, and has never, in fact, been realized, except in the formation of those "societies within a society," such as the *Essenes* amongst the Jews, and the *Monks* amongst the Christians, and other religious men, at various periods, have formed. So far from being at the origin of society, such a contract would mark its maturity, and would then be only a voluntary adoption, by all its members, of the greater part of what already existed amongst them. A social contract by which all the adult members of a society voluntarily and intelligently bound themselves to certain laws for the good of the whole, will be exhibited in that day when all men are reflective, and think alike of the good of all. To such a result there will, at least, be approximations. Hitherto Reflection has been confined to the Few, but already the balance is turning; let us hope that it may become the habit of the Many.

Section XI.—*The Scientific Method of Thought applied to Society.*

When Adam Smith applied a scientific method of thinking to the daily industrial and commercial operations of society, and wrote his book on the "Wealth of Nations," I am apt to think that he did as notable "a stroke of work" as often falls to the lot of one man to accomplish. Reflection on society here takes the form of science. Facts, which had been looked at apart, or with partial and confused relations to each other, are here seen each in its place, and forming altogether one harmonious whole. A new science, it is very justly said, was founded.

"You are a bold man," some have said to me, "if, Utopian as you are, you invoke the political economist to your aid."

I should be a bolder man, and in a very desperate condition, if I could not. To the best of my ability I have been a careful student of political economy. It seems to me that it would be difficult to overrate the beneficial effect likely to be produced by this study on society at large. By such a study society learns to know itself; to know what it has really done, what it is really doing. Here it is we learn what the community has undesignedly or spontaneously accomplished,—what harmonious result has been produced by individual effort pursuing quite individual objects. Most curious and unsuspected is the social mechanism revealed to us. From spontaneous impulses and selfish aims an organization of society has arisen which it is most important we should understand. Thus, only, can we wisely think for the good of the whole; thus, only, can we be educated to embrace this whole at all in our minds.

It has been sometimes said that Political Economy is a foe to all enthusiasm, to all generous motives. Wait till its work is done. The historian of a future age may have to report that this study, more than any other one cause, is educating us for the highest of all enthusiasms—desire for the public good. Enthusiasm (if we mean by it the capability of acting on some great idea which predominates over a sordid selfishness) is the highest product of our reason, of our knowledge. I may, indeed, know what is good for the whole society, and yet have no desire that that good should be realized, but I cannot have the desire at all without the knowledge, and happily our minds are so constituted that, *unless some quite personal want or passion has enslaved us to itself*, the knowledge of what is good for others *will* be followed by some desire for its accomplishment.

Look at our own contemporaries, mark how discussions upon subjects of political economy are constantly calling forth and confirming the mode of reflecting upon society as one organic whole. No truth comes out with more distinctness to all minds than the reciprocal dependence of class on class. Every individual who knows any thing, knows now that it is impossible to separate the interest of one class from another. You may dismember society, but if it is to live and prosper, there must be health in every limb. Wealth ceases to be wealth if you have

not peace, order, and contentment in the working men; and all organized labour vanishes from the scene if wealth is destroyed. Only as an organic whole can we live and advance; the very modifications of our organism are the highest efforts of organic life.

What the political economist reveals to me is the work, you say, of Spontaneity. But Reflection has wrought too, and has certainly wrought in this revelation of it. And Reflection will work on, here and there, at the modification of it. You cannot stop one of these workmen more than the other. Reflection accepts, rejects, alters. If it contents itself with adopting, as the best system, that which the passions of men and their acts of untutored, unsystematic judgment had created, this very adoption marks an important change in the spirit of society. A new spirit has entered into the social organism, which may henceforward exert a plastic power within it.

Glance now at the state of opinion in England, and say if I am fabling, or dealing with some figment of the imagination, when I pronounce that "the good of the whole" has become a noble care to very many amongst us. To me, looking abroad amongst my contemporaries, nothing so conspicuously characterizes our age as the number of noble minds you see in it full of the desire to promote the general good. In this habit of thinking for the good of society, you would say, indeed, that most of us had become philosophers. Modes of thinking which, in the palmy state of Greece, were familiar only to a few men, who might have been packed together under a single portico of one of their own beautiful temples, are as common amongst us as the cries of the market-place. Notice how generally, by rich and poor, by learned and simple, the claim is admitted which society has on each one of us for his contribution to the public good. It is felt that each one of us owes all he has, and all he *is*, to society, and that he is bound to contribute his best of labour and intelligence to that organized community which is at once *result* and *source* of every individual life. That man does not belong to our age who does not manifest an extreme reluctance to be included in the category of an idle class. He is not idle! He repudiates the odious distinction. If he does not

work with his hands, he manages, he overlooks, he combines the labours of others. If he has no land or factory, he makes for himself an occupation in some philanthropic scheme. He builds a school, or helps to erect a public bath—he collects and distributes judiciously the charitable alms of others—he is busy at a Savings Bank—he is heart and soul in some Reformatory. If he can do nothing else he writes a book. Having nothing to give but his ideas, he gives them. And say he has nothing of his own to give even here, he can disseminate amongst the many the truths of the few. By some plea he escapes the stigma of idleness.

The man of property is heard to avow that he holds his wealth as a *trust* as well as an enjoyment. It is to be enjoyed under bond to society. He admits that notwithstanding all his muniments and parchments, he has hardly a "good title," unless he makes a good use of his property. And the moment he has made this admission, his title is felt to be more secure than ever, for society is doubly interested in upholding it. See you no sign in all this? Does not wealth grow wiser and more humane, just as labour grows less coarse and narrow-minded? Is it social war, or social harmony you would predict? This is not "organic change," but it is something better; it is the new spirit moving in the organism which will effect from within, with peaceful growth, what change may be needful. I see in the reflective charity which is everywhere exercising itself around me a new justice in the making.

The application of a scientific method to Government, and what is especially called Politics, has not been so successful. Some few principles have received general acquiescence, as the separation of the Administrative from the Legislative functions, and the Judicial from both. But if little is finally decided upon forms of government, one great truth stands out conspicuous—that the stability of every government rests on the acceptance by the people (whether by mere habit, or from reflection) of a given organization,—on their willingness *to act organically*. How difficult, it has been said, to get your new constitution to *march!* The force of habit has not yet bound the people, and they are far from having sufficient reflection to put a restraint upon them-

selves. Although the very constitution they desired has been proclaimed, they persist in acting *inorganically*. If, when a legislative assembly has been formed, the *Plebs* will look in to see that it votes according to their judgment; if, when judicial tribunals have been established, the *Plebs* will extemporize other tribunals of their own,—there is an end to government. It is an organized people that a politician can alone respect,—it is the only "people" he knows; an inorganic mass is to him a mere human chaos; although he, too, must, of course, admit that there are times when organic forms are rudely thrown aside, and there can be no appeal but to the unfettered reason, or the unfettered passions of mankind. Here is the great advantage of what we call a constitutional government, that it enables organic changes to be organically made.

It would be very unprofitable to enter into any discussion on forms of government, as the Monarchy, the Republic, the Democracy. Let us say generally, that in proportion as a people *reflectively* accept and submit to a given organization have they risen in the scale of intelligence, and of political morality. In a Democracy it is not enough that the minority have learnt to respect the majority, but the majority must respect the minority, whenever this last appeals to certain fundamental principles of jurisprudence or government. In other words, the majority must accept such fundamental principles as a restraint upon their own will. This at once indicates how high a moral discipline such a form of government both promotes and requires. Our sentiment of the good of the whole is nowhere more indispensable.

How far a scientific spirit has influenced Jurisprudence in England, I must leave for the student of our laws to determine. One may safely say that throughout society at large, right views of jurisprudence are so far entertained, that no extraneous or superstitious motives are required for the support of law. Laws are understood as rules to be obeyed by all for the good of all. In that spirit men make them, and obey them. Time was when the people were compelled into obedience by force, or by superstition. Mankind has lived longer, has had more experience, and has learnt to honour law for its own sake.

The retention of the *oath* in our courts of justice does not speak well either for an intelligent morality, or intelligent religion. What duty more stringent than to give true evidence in a court of justice, and what superstition more flagrant than to imagine that it can be rendered more or less stringent, either as a moral or religious duty, by making, or omitting to make, some ceremonial appeal to God? In one point of view this judicial oath is an instructive relic of the past; and those who think it necessary still to retain it, regard it as belonging essentially to a past epoch, and only postpone its dismissal.

With regard especially to criminal law, one may remark that it is but a small proportion of the people (large enough, however, to be terribly mischievous) who require to be restrained from theft or murder by the punishments affixed to such crimes. If all punishments were abrogated, and a code of laws simply proclaimed, the greater number of people would be as little disposed to commit these crimes as they are now. To well-regulated minds a great crime is itself the terrible example. They are struck with horror at the idea that ungoverned passions may lead to such an act.

Section XII.—*Education of the People.*

Here, as well as anywhere, one may interpose a word upon the education of the people.

The value of education to the person himself, and how, in general, it must teach prudence and foresight, wherever there is any opportunity for their exercise, I need not touch upon. It is too well understood. But how the education of a class hitherto left much in ignorance, will act upon the whole of society, on the already educated, as well as the newly educated, is not perhaps so generally understood.

In government or religion, that alone can be adopted for all which is fitted for the greater number. The higher forms of civil government, the higher forms of the religious sentiment, are forbidden to the few, while they remain utterly inappropriate to the multitude. Educate the multitude, and the whole can rise much higher than what is now the educated part of society can rise.

In the search for speculative or philosophic truth, the inquirer is often painfully embarrassed by a conflict between what seems true, and what seems the most expedient belief. Every earnest thinker finds two very different questions intermingling with each other—is this true? is it expedient that it should be taught? —expedient that it should be believed by an order of men exposed to other temptations than I am, and who, being less instructed, will not see *all* the truths I see, and on whom, therefore, this truth may work like a mischievous error? The intermingling of these two questions not only embarrasses the inquirer as to what he shall teach, but as to what he himself shall adopt as his own ultimate conclusion. For where he cannot find the truth to be expedient, he very naturally, and almost laudably, makes effort with himself to believe that what is most expedient is the truth.

You will remember with what a merciless energy Seckendorf used to bring forward against our hopes of progress, that diversity of speculative opinion which seems to extend even as thought and education extend. I myself have sometimes contemplated with dismay that seemingly incurable contrariety of opinions, which perhaps our very latest and best writers are exhibiting before us. Two men, equally celebrated for knowledge, for intellectual power, for zeal in the public service, shall put forth on politics, on religion, on every great subject that concerns society, the most opposite tenets. Yet surely Nature and Human Nature present the same objects of study to both. Whence this diversity? Partial knowledge, you will say, and error, which is the fate of all; and you will add, that as long as there is room for an erroneous judgment, there will be diversity of opinion. But yet there is another cause which operates most powerfully in perpetuating this diversity, and retarding the general acceptance of discoverable truths.

The very best men are precisely those who cannot think for truth alone, for truth only for their own minds; they are concerned for other men, for the public good, and what is best to be thought by all. Thus there comes before them one of those questions on which they *can* attain to no certainty—the precise condition and requirements of other men's minds. Most disputes

resolve themselves into some different estimation of the wants and the intelligence of a vague multitude. Listen to two disputants, discussing forms of government, or articles of faith, you will hear reference made at every turn of the debate to that unreflective multitude without, who are supposed to be less wise than the disputants themselves, but how much less wise there is no determining. The reference, you will say, is perfectly legitimate in a question of politics, because the condition, knowledge, and temper of the multitude, enter as very elements into any debate upon government, but it is out of place in a discussion upon the truths of religion. But religion is one form of the government of men; you cannot divest it of this character; and you cannot help endeavouring to harmonize, as you proceed, the true with the expedient. Half the men who discuss the subject of religion are thinking less of what must be eternally true, than of what is the best belief for society.

"Yes! if men were other than they are!" is an exclamation which terminates many a debate. Well, men *will* be other than they are. If education and prosperity advance amongst the working classes, there will *not* be this ignorant, and needy, and too tempted multitude *to think for*. There will everywhere be men as wise, as rational, and as happily circumstanced, as the disputants themselves. That condition of their agreement which seemed impossible, has been realized; men *are* changed. Is it not evident that, such being the case, many of our old debates will be put on quite a new footing? The conflict between truth and expediency will be over. At all events, one truth must suffice for all. There can be no more virtuous hypocrisies. A whole people cannot dissemble. A silent but not unimportant revolution will have taken place in every college, in every lecture room, in every study, in the inmost recesses of every mind.

All society must advance, in order that any one class may reach its highest possible development. It seems that it never is allowed for any one little group or knot of men to rest content with their own isolated position. Such is not nature's plan. Whether we look to the health of a man, or the wisdom of a man, we find that it is not permitted him to be well, or wise, alone.

Our *Dives*—I have sometimes said to myself—is no bad man. He is charitable. What if he encloses his mansion and his pleasant grounds within high walls, and thus seems to remove himself entirely from the squalid poverty without—he surely must have quiet and cleanliness, pure air and freedom from loathsome sights. Those hovels outside his garden walls would be miserable things to look at, and would offend all senses at once. He is distressed that such things should be; but he cannot rebuild the whole village, and if he did, he must add thereto the remodelling of the habits of all the villagers. He must interpose between him and them that screen of beautiful trees, which are preserved by his protection, and which are not preserved for his pleasure only. Even the eloquent preacher who, Sunday after Sunday, collects both rich and poor under the same sacred roof, can suggest no remedy—suggests only palliatives—charity to the one party, and patience to the other. He sees that to destroy altogether the condition of *Dives*, by calling on him for an unbounded charity—to give all to the poor—would be simply to reduce us all to one barbarous level of poverty and ignorance. The existing plan must remain, we must be content with palliatives.

But nature is not content with our palliatives. The rich man may be blameless, and the eloquent and the wise may have done all they could; nevertheless, nature makes her protest. Out breaks the plague! It comes from those hovels, and from the stagnant pool that lies amongst them, but it sweeps over the garden wall of the refined patrician; it traverses those pleasant grounds, enters the chambers of that spacious mansion, and the dear child of the house lies stricken by it. Typhus and other fevers will not always stay in the hovels in which they are bred.

Those hovels should have been rebuilt; that stagnant pool that lies amongst them should have been drained. By whom? It should have been done! But who was to do it? It should have been done! Such inexorable protest is nature accustomed to make.

And as with health of body, so with health of mind. Look narrowly into it. The intellectual *Dives* would shut himself up in the pleasant garden of his own thoughts—pleasant garden,

walled round from the turbulent passions, the superstitions, and the panic terror of mankind—open only to the calm and glorious heavens. All in vain. Those panic terrors leap his walls, and enter every chamber of his house, every chamber of his thoughts. They were bred in that crime, and ignorance, and suffering, that lies weltering there without; but they do not stay where they are bred—they walk abroad through the minds of all men. That swamp of ignorance and vice should have been drained. By whom? It should have been done! This is the only answer that you get. There is no perfect immunity to any man, from any kind of pestilence, till the whole city is taken care of.

Section XIII.—*Science and Religion.*

It often happens that in a sketch of this description, the most important of all truths occupies the least space in its enunciation, because it is familiar to every educated person. In our own age it seems unnecessary to dwell on the laws and invariable order of nature—or, in other words, on the unity of design and harmonious action of the Creative Being. That God acts by general laws, and not by sudden impulses, as of a human will or passion, and that what we call laws of nature are but the "varied action of the God," is almost a truism with men of reflection. Yet the recognition of this truth constitutes the greatest revolution that has taken place in the mind, or history, of man. It is a revolution that may be more fitly described as still taking place, for the truth, in all its great significance, and with its full legitimate results, wins its way very slowly over the multitude. From the earliest period in which science, or a scientific observation, makes its appearance—from the earliest period to which the literary history of the human race extends—this revolution may be said to have been taking place, and it is not yet accomplished.

When speaking of the earlier periods of human progress, we found that the greatest ideas of the epoch were enunciated by a priesthood, and made, through the instrumentality of imaginative faiths, to rule over the people. As we approach to epochs nearer our own, we find that a priesthood becomes fixed and stationary in its intellectual position. That very appeal to a divine origin for its ideas, for its books, for its forms of worship,

which gave to all these a supernatural authority, becomes a chain and fetter on the mind of the priest himself. In fact, the priesthood has debarred itself from free inquiry, and bound itself to some system of ideas, by those very means it adopted (whether altogether designedly or not) to secure for these ideas an authority over other men. But the spirit of inquiry has not therefore deserted the world; it rises outside the priesthood, and often in opposition to it. The philosopher now teaches, the philosopher is now the latest inspired of God, though he claims no especial authority, but simply invites others to look for themselves, and say if they do not see things as he has been enabled to see them. In Greece, a Socrates, a Plato, an Aristotle, are contemplating nature, and that greater creation, their own minds, and are teaching a purer Theism, truer and more sublime doctrines of God and the relation between God and man, than are dreamt of in the temples of Jupiter and Apollo. These men, however, cannot rule the multitude; and the ideas they put forth, though extending over the cultivated minds of Greece and Rome, must wait for such dominant position as they can assume, till the temple of Apollo is substituted by a far more spiritual Church.

There rises up from time to time the great Religious Reformer, who, supported by faiths which he has in common with the priesthood and the people, introduces, through much opposition, and by means perhaps of his own martyrdom, some modification of the national religion which approximates it to that growing intelligence, and those advanced sentiments, that had been making their way through philosophic inquiry. In India and Persia we have vague accounts of such religious reformers in a Buddha, or a Zoroaster. Amongst the Jews and the people of Arabia we have still better opportunities of studying such religious movements.

Looking backwards and forwards, along the whole line, as far as we can trace or anticipate it, of human development, there is nothing to be compared, for grandeur or importance, to the development of this idea of the order and unity that exists in nature, and the belief that this order and unity represent to us the action and power of God. On this blade of grass before me all the powers of nature seem to have been expended. This

which I call an individual thing, an individual life, and which I trace at first so complacently to the seed in the ground, is the creation of earth and water, air and light. The *cause* of it is no other than all this varied planet, this planet and its sun. The whole, or, in other words, the Divine Idea of the whole, is the only cause you can assign. But it is evident that the human intellect had to work its way upward, through much varied knowledge, to obtain this point of view. Here and there a few may have anticipated it at a very early epoch; but, speaking generally of human society, even at the present epoch, that mode of thinking which represents the Deity as acting through universal laws, and developing thus one divine multifarious whole, has still to struggle for its legitimate ascendancy. The earlier way of representing the action of the god, as abrupt voluntary act, often in contradiction to the laws of nature, still disputes its supremacy.

It is, however, already so well established in men of scientific culture, that they do not feel they have any longer to contend for it, but, for their own parts, they, as from a secure position, can look back with interest and impartiality upon earlier modes of representing the Divine Power. They see that these were appropriate to the epoch in which they rose; that they fostered sentiments of piety, and provoked to further inquiry. It is precisely the scientific age that can do full justice to an imaginative age. Perhaps there is nothing which more advantageously distinguishes the philosophy of the nineteenth century, than its due appreciation and searching analysis of those imaginations, those legends, or those myths, which enter so much into the first histories, and early religions of mankind. In the eighteenth century the philosophical party (by such name we must call them, without implying by the name that they had a monopoly of philosophy,) satisfied themselves with detecting the work of imagination in much that had assumed the place of fact, in both sacred and profane history. It was *only* the imagination that had given rise to such and such legends, such prodigies in nature, such miracles of heroism. But the men of the nineteenth century have studied with respect this phase of human thought. They have seen noble sentiments, and great truths

dimly perceived, expressing themselves in the legend or the myth. *Only* the imagination! But let us study, they have said, the creature who imagines thus. There must be some law of his progressive nature revealed to us in this universality of his imaginations.

I have attempted to show how the path to truth lies necessarily through error. Before science had been at all developed, and before men had a past history of their own species, by the light of which to recognize their own position in the great drama of life, neither nature, nor human nature, could interest in their commonplace aspect. The marvellous commonplace of this world could not have been perceived. But the imagination framed marvels of its own, which at once startled men from their apathetic indifference. They looked around at nature, and saw it full of supernatural beings, working their own unquestioned will; they looked back into the shadowy past, and laid the commencement of a real history in a hypothetical one, in which gods and men are mingled together. I speak of the great office of the imagination; you will not so far misinterpret me as to suppose that I should say of every imagination, or of every error, that it had its recognizable use, or led us forward in any perceptible way on our progressive career. On the contrary, many errors have been manifestly and altogether of a most debasing and degrading nature; as when the symbol of the wiser man becomes the very object of worship of the ignorant man; or some story wrought perhaps out of astronomical figures, signs of the zodiac, and the like, becomes transmuted into a sacred history, in which both common sense and morality are utterly disregarded. Animal worship and image worship, or idolatry, seem so far from helping us forward, that they wear the aspect of a downward course, the forsaking of a *thought* for an object of *sense;* though in reality those who worshipped, like children, the mere idol, never rose into thought, but had remained children all their lives.

> "O Fancy, what an age was *that* for song!
> That age when not by *laws* inanimate
> As men believed, the waters were impell'd,
> The air controll'd, the stars their courses held;

> But element and orb on *acts* did wait,
> Of Powers endued with visible form, instinct
> With will——"

So sings our poet Wordsworth, and describes as accurately as more prosaic language could do, that early or imaginative stage of thought which we contrast with the later or scientific. By *acts!* not by *laws!* the elder gods ruled; that is, by unconnected acts, not by those systematic acts we call laws. To the human being, his own passions, his own thoughts, start into existence without any known antecedent (there can be no trace in the consciousness of mere physical or any unconscious antecedents); he takes this type of sudden, partial, impetuous action, and applies it to his god, or to the events of nature seen as the doing of a god.

Our precise definition of a miracle, as an interference with, or suspension of, the laws of nature, could not be present to an age that had little idea at all of laws of nature. Some acts of the god would be more wonderful and extraordinary than others; but all that was attributed to him would alike emanate as from some human will that had an illimitable power. There would be no grounds for restricting that power. Every act would at least be a special providence. To disbelieve in special interpositions of divine power, would be tantamount to atheism, because only in such interpositions did the god reveal himself.

In the miracles and wonders attributed to the god, there would be no distinction drawn between what, in the nature of things, is possible and impossible. The logic of those times would be very short: What I can wish, a god can wish; and what a god wishes, he can accomplish.

Take the three following cases. 1. A man is saved from shipwreck by the sudden subsidence of the wind that was driving him on a lee-shore, and he presents his votive offering to Neptune, reporting himself to be saved by the direct interposition of the god. 2. Some wretch has committed sacrilege, and the earth is reported to have opened and swallowed him up. 3. Some mortal favoured of the gods has been known to be in two places at once, as was reported of Apollonius of Tyana. Now, in the

first case, the event is according to the laws of nature, but interpreted into a special act of favour. The second case is that which we should call a miracle; it is an event which we cannot pronounce to be impossible, but not being embraced in the known order of nature, we should require for it a peculiarly stringent evidence. The third case is a simple impossibility, and no human testimony could avail any thing except to prove that somebody's senses had been deceived. Yet I apprehend that in a rude age these distinctions would not be perceived. There would be a gradation of wonder and amazement, but all the three reports would be received on much the same evidence or testimony.

No fanciful idea has been more popular than that of being transported instantaneously from one spot to another without passing through the intermediate space, and in defiance of all material obstacles, such as bolts, and bars, and walls of stone. We wish to be transported this moment into a room some hundreds of miles off, where dear friends are sitting. Place us, oh magician, in the midst of them in spite of doors and locks, and this odious interval of space! We do not consider what sort of task we impose upon the magician, we think of nothing but our wish. A solid body *cannot* pass from one place to another without traversing the intermediate space. It must cease to have the property of solidity, or of *space-occupancy;* it must cease to be matter at all—it must cease to have motion at all—if it could move without passing through space. It is utter nonsense. It is the same kind of contradiction as to say of a given body that it could be at the same time a square and a circle. The only way in which the magician could perform, or rather seem to perform, the feat, would be by annihilating us *here* where we stand, and recreating us *there* where we wish to be. Or, if we give up the point of not traversing the intermediate space, but only insist that he should convey us through closed doors and solid walls, then, by some process of sublimation, the magician must so vaporize this too solid flesh, as to reduce our bodies to elementary particles of matter, minute enough to pass through such substances as wood or stone, and conveying these particles with the rapidity of electricity to the destined spot, he must there put them together again—flesh and bones, and the running blood

—in the same form as that in which they exist at present. But of the many inventors of the many legends in which this sort of miracle is performed, who ever troubled himself with all these difficulties? The wish is omnipotent in the realm of fancy, and when it is a god whom we have made our magician, it would be a sort of impiety to doubt the possibility of any wish being accomplished. It is not felt that creative *Reason*, and creative *Power*, are inseparable.

It is indispensable for the student of history distinctly to perceive that, owing to the power of forming new combinations of our ideas—new combinations which have no counterpart in reality—a power, as we have seen, so essential to human progress—the marvellous story, the prodigy, and the miracle must arise. It is quite a normal creation of the human mind in one stage of its progress. How one marvellous story begets another, how often it is repeated with additions and alterations, no one thinks of denying. A prevailing belief in such stories is sure to bring forward new stories of the same kind. But you sometimes meet with people who say—"Yet surely there must have been such things at one time, or how account for that prevailing belief which has been the fruitful source of so many fables?" Such persons have not clearly represented to themselves the creative power of the imagination.

A prevailing belief in witchcraft has brought forward such stories of witchcraft, uttered with such confidence of assertion, and supported by such delusions in the poor witches themselves, that courts of law, and that not in an altogether uncivilized period, have punished the supposed crime with death. Yet, in this age, if any one should urge upon us that there surely must have been some real witchcraft, either then or at a previous time, to account for this prevailing belief, we should reply, That a belief in witchcraft manifestly arose—not from a series of accurate observations on the effects of charms and incantations—but from fanciful suppositions, at once connecting certain evils, whose origin was unknown, with certain malicious operations attributed to some fellow-man. In Christian Naples there still exists amongst the populace, and amongst more than the populace, the pagan faith in the "evil eye." Go farther East and

you find the mother dressing her child in dirty rags that it may not attract the passing gaze of the stranger. A folly like this can live and thus perpetuate itself. Yet it surely never rose from any exact observation, tracing a connection between the look of a stranger, and the sickness of a child.

Take the more classic instance of divination, and of oracles. How manifestly here the desire created the faith! What desire in mortal man more strong, till it is checked by reflection, than to know the future—the success of his present enterprise—the fate of the coming battle? Will the victory be ours if we fight? The gods know, and the priest who is in communication with the gods could learn. The priest is asked, till he is compelled to give an answer. Whatever advantage he may afterwards have taken of this faith in divination, or prophecy, it was not he who first, or exclusively originated it. A universal desire originates a universal faith, and generation after generation of mankind passes, and no nation goes to war without consulting the oracle. Yet at length the oracles become mute, and all men now resolve them into craft and delusion.

I would observe that it is the disconnection of any given event of nature, or act of the creative Power, from its antecedents and consequents, that is the essential distinction of the older and imaginative mode of thinking. It is this unconnected act which the theologian of ancient times delighted to contemplate, and which the theologian of a scientific age finds it almost impossible to conceive. If a criminal is represented as being struck dead by a flash of lightning, sent or created for the express purpose—this would be to the scientific man just as difficult a conception as if the earth were represented as suddenly opening to engulf the same criminal. He would have no difficulty in believing the fact that the criminal was struck by lightning, and might doubt the report of his being swallowed up by the earth; but if he is called upon to believe that the lightning which struck the criminal was altogether unconnected with the electric state of the atmosphere and of the earth—was an unconnected and sudden creation—he is as much embarrassed, and as completely thrown out of his usual mode of thinking, as if you required him to believe that without any earthquake, or any volcanic movement,

the earth suddenly disclosed a chasm under the footsteps of the guilty man.

So rooted in the minds of scientific men is this belief in the connectedness of the phenomena of nature, and their formation of one harmonious scheme, that I doubt whether, if a miracle were really wrought before their eyes, they would believe it *as a miracle*. They would suspect that their own limited knowledge of nature gave to the fact the anomalous appearance which it wore to them. If a veritable Midas were to present himself before them, who, by his touch, turned all substances into gold, they would no sooner have satisfied themselves of the *fact*, than they would begin to speculate whether this might not be an exalted condition of some property possessed, in a less degree, by other bodies. The chemists would not rest content till they had analyzed this Midas himself; they would pass every morsel of him through the crucible, apply every conceivable test to every tissue of his body, before they relinquished all hope of discovering the secret of this transmutation of metals—of connecting, in short, this novelty with the already known phenomena of nature.

With us there is but one miracle, and that is the whole creation. God acts in all, and all his acts necessarily harmonize. Order and harmony are essential to every existence we can conceive of. The miracle, as vulgarly understood, would be but chaos, contradiction, mere destruction. But you see directly that the greatest revolution that has taken place in the human mind must be also one of the slowest and most gradual. You see directly that the two modes of representing to ourselves the action of the Deity, though essentially contradictory and inconsistent, would nevertheless coexist for centuries, and often in the same minds. You see directly that, after admitting that God acts in the very order of nature, men would still, *wherever they could not see the order*, revert to their old conception of arbitrary and unconnected action. You see directly that after admitting there are miracles *now*, they would still cling to the wonderful stories of the past, which have come down to them with all the confidence of human assertion, and are mingled up, perhaps, with grand sentiments and vital truths. The transition

is slow from the imaginative to the scientific period. Perhaps in religion some floating relic of the imagination will be always with us. Men cannot look upon the sun itself; and the brightest part of the firmament on which they can rest their eyes are those pinnacles of the topmost cloud, where the light seems to be made palpable to us by that earth-born vapour which interposes between us and it.

Does it not seem to you that the great miracle of Creation leaves no room for any other miracle? New acts of Divine Power must surely be in harmony with the old. As for me, I find in the contemplation of any single atom of matter, in its single property of space-occupancy, a mystery and a wonder far greater than any transmutation of metals, or any magical changes, that have ever been imagined. I feel the power of the incomprehensible God in every grain of dust that holds itself thus potently in space. It is a childish blunder that disesteems the palpable substance, and tries to take refuge in thin etherialities, and ghostly essences. Your etherealities are near akin to nothing. The great wonder is the coming forth of the palpable in space. Look how the blank air is substituted by the oak and the cedar. Out of impalpable ethers comes forth this creation to fill the sky with beauty. What are your ghostly essences to this? That which we call inanimate nature is itself no other than a most wonderful organism; for what is this fine balance and reciprocal action of solid and fluid, the vapour and the gas, but a great organic whole? I need no other mystery than that of all creation. I look from the moss at my feet to that sun above—that great star—with which its life is so singularly blended—and find rest for my mind only in the contemplation of the whole as it exists in the Divine Idea.

And does it not seem to you that this relationship of Creator and Creature must be more and more felt, and that, as it aggrandizes, it absorbs to itself other religious sentiments, or gives them a new character, and itself takes its place at the very head of all human life? Gratitude, in the first instance, was allied with the supposition that God acts by special interposition; but this is only an accidental association, it is not essential to the sentiment of gratitude. I must surely feel peculiarly thankful

for this great gift of life at a moment when I have been saved from shipwreck, but I need not think, in order to have this sentiment of gratitude, that the wind had ceased to blow, or had changed its direction, especially for my preservation. My very gratitude is this, that I am still one of that living race for whom all winds are blowing, and all nature's powers are in ceaseless exercise. That man never felt the sentiment of gratitude at all, who would not feel it preëminently on a day of battle, when he had been "under fire" and had escaped; yet it would be a most egotistical method of thinking, to suppose that the bullet had an especial direction which missed him, and struck another.

The God of Science—the God of the Conscience—these two have been set in opposition by some; but other and better men have shown triumphantly that there is no opposition between them. I put it thus: Let any man be first familiarized with this relationship of Creator and Creature, and then let him turn an introspective glance upon himself. He sees that the idea of the good of the whole, which is developed in his intelligence, and which all progressive movements tend to develop with more and more prominence, can be no other than a partial reflex of the divine idea itself. He feels that, in addition to that obedience to his own reason, which is exacted in every case, and which is founded on the very nature of reason itself—he obeys the especial command and instruction of God when he acts in conformity to *this* idea of the good of the whole. And it is impossible for the cultivated mind—for the mind in which the ideas of God and goodness are once developed—to transgress, through any fit of passion, this command of God and the reason, without feeling a trouble, a disquiet, and remorse, which nothing but a return to obedience can allay. If such a one believes in a future state, this trouble of the mind will produce none but gloomy anticipations while it lasts; this trouble, at all events, he must carry with him to that future state. God's law will be fulfilled there, if not here. For such a man there is, in this world, no peace but in virtue. He cannot go back, if he would, to the state of the savage, or the utterly ignorant man; and if he could, he would then meet the old Furies on his path. They, too, would have revived.

The idea of an approving and disapproving God who sees our thoughts—idea ever growing on us as our thoughts become grander and wiser—is this a conception which Humanity, having once seized, will ever relinquish? Never! never! I see this conception growing clearer and more influential during the past progress of religion, and I can confidently predict, from the very nature of our development, that it will grow still clearer and still more potential over us. To live serenely, as in the presence and under the eye of God, becomes the condition of happiness for every cultivated mind.

We live, and must always live, under the government of God. But we get clearer ideas of the nature of that government. The following illustration occurred to me as I was sketching the other day some of these classic ruins in the neighbourhood. Bring before you the beautiful portico of a Grecian temple. You see first the tall and upright pillars, resting on the solid earth; these shall typify for us morality. Superimposed on these, you have the entablature, with its glorious pediment, where the gods are seen lying in watchful and meditative repose. Our pillars uphold this pediment, these gods, and yet remove from them their sacred burden, and the pillars themselves, marble though they are, and though they rest upon the solid earth, will strew the ground with ruins. Here and there a broken shaft is all that will remain. Thus the earth-supported columns are also sustained by pressure from above. Not always does the same god, or the same representation of the god, repose above the portico. In *that* sculpture the world has marvellously advanced.

I have said that as we become reflective, the plan of human society is, as it were, put into our own hands, we have to work it out consciously. Man cannot free himself from this noble responsibility, except by going back into savage ignorance. Not his to distribute, as Imlac the sage had brought himself to fancy, rain and sunshine on the earth, but it has become his to help in the distribution of human griefs and human joys. This is a responsibility both to God and man; it is a responsibility, bear in mind, which all enforce on each, by the influence of public opinion.

I like that passage, Thorndale, in your Diary, (and I will conclude this section with it,) where you say:—

"God *never* pardons; His laws are irrevocable, the mind that deserts its better knowledge must suffer."

"God *always* pardons; for remorse is penitence, and penitence is new life, and returning peace."

Conclusion.

"Of what use," I am sometimes asked—"of what use to disquiet ourselves with speculations upon a future which we shall none of us see, which few of us, and that in a very indirect manner, can in any way promote?" I answer that this faith in the future makes to me the present intelligible, and that it serves as my guide in deciding many a question of the day on which an opinion *must* be formed. I answer that a faith in the future is one element of power by which a happy futurity will be realized. I answer that, if we have no faith in a higher condition of society than that hitherto attained, we must tremble at every thing which tends to alter or subvert that condition, we must be *conservatives* in that narrow and repressive sense of the term when men are solicitous to preserve every thing, good, bad, and indifferent, true or false, in the state in which it is, because they are sure that any one alteration will introduce some other alteration, and they have no hope in any condition, better, on the whole, than the present. A man who does not believe in progress must tremble at the advance of truth, he must look with distrust at the increasing prosperity and intelligence of the working-classes, for all these are causes of change. Such a one has no confidence in the great laws of human development; he trusts to the accidents of time and place, or what seem such to him; he hangs every thing on some one form of government, or some one form of religion, and these he does not recognize as resulting from the normal activities of our common Humanity, but as providential incidents which cannot be explained by, or cannot be embraced in, the general laws of human development.

I answer, moreover, that this belief in the future is part of my religion, for it exalts to me the sublime relationship of Creator and Creature. It explains to me (so far as we *explain* any

thing) the appearance of what we must call evil in this world. The great and perfect whole of Humanity is destined to be developed progressively. *Why* such a creation at all as a progressive Humanity should make its appearance, is a question, I certainly do not pretend to answer, and should think it not very wise to ask. But once having recognized the progressive nature of man, and of all creation so far as we know it, we see that what (looked at by itself) seemed an evil, or an imperfection, assumes a very different aspect when looked at in relation to the whole. I cannot doubt that if we could extend our vision over the past, the present, and the future, we should see as complete and as marvellous a unity of design in the progress of humanity, as science appears to have detected in the progressive stages in the formation of our globe. In every part of our planet we trace the same law or method of progressive creation. If any one could have seen the earth at a time when it is supposed that volcanic action was much more frequent than it is now, he would have had the impression that it was merely a most turbulent scene. That volcanic action was throwing up the mountains, from which were to descend the fertilizing streams into peaceful valleys. Wars and superstitions, though not amiable subjects of contemplation, have prepared the way for civilization and religion. And let it be borne in mind that those who lived in the more turbulent eras of human existence, had not the sense of evil and of moral evil that we have; whilst that we *have* this finer sense of moral evil, and look back upon their epoch with some dismay, is the strongest possible proof of our own advancement. Here too, lies the explanation of that *depravity* of our nature, which under some form of doctrine, religious teachers of every age have dwelt upon. They have been struck with the fact that man should be at variance with himself, not acting up to his own adopted rule of conduct. That he does frame a rule for himself, is surely the first important fact they should have fixed their attention on. He, by thinking a law, can, by anticipation, govern his future life. That when the moment of desire or passion comes, the previous dictate of the reason should be often found ineffectual, is what must be expected from the very necessity there was to frame a rule. As he learns to *think* with greater

distinctness and power, the rule becomes more effective. But to quarrel with our nature because it frames a moral rule which it does but imperfectly obey, is simply to object against man, that he is both rational and progressive.

It is the last explains the first; it is the widest view we can obtain of the whole that explains any part of the series. Suppose those speculations were correct which produce all the varied forms of organic life from some one organism—some cell, or simplest worm creeping from the hot and moist earth—and which produce all the various forms of thought from a few susceptibilities developing themselves in harmonious union in the increasingly complicated organism—it is still by their final, full development, you must decide what life is, or what humanity really is.

You will not ask me to describe the last and perfect type of a human society. The very nature of our progress is, that new types are developed in the understanding of man; he is able, by increase of knowledge and power, to accomplish new things, and thereupon form new designs. I have repeatedly said, that in our present state of advancement, I hold that he who desires to apply new and imaginary types of society, is a blunderer and a mischief-maker. But if the great body of the working classes are to advance (through the means I have stated) in prosperity and intelligence, a state of society would exist from which new social developments may arise, the nature of which we can vaguely anticipate.

My hope in progress breeds no disquietude, no feverish discontent. On the contrary, by explaining to me the past, it makes me resigned to the present. I have *known* that restless fever of the mind to which the speculative man is liable who dwells upon some ideal world, very different from that in which he is destined to live and labour. I have known this fever, and something of its sad results; it dismembers us from the existing society, it disconnects us from the actual community of living men, it renders us fractious, weak, and most impotent for any good service to that very progress we have at heart. *For we can serve the future only by rendering good service to our own generation.* I have outlived this state of mind, I have out-thought it. My Utopia is a long way off, and yet, in one sense, it is near at hand

We make it as we go, and we enjoy it as we make. It is no era, divided off by a sharp line from all other eras. This millennium of ours—you may descry the dawn of it, if you will, in the very dawn of society itself. At least I see the preparation for it, as soon as I catch a glimpse of society at all.

"Are we always to be progressing?" asks one; "or are we to reach some stationary state? And if the last, will not this be a very monotonous business?" But what is a stationary state? supposing this to be our goal. Not a torpid or inactive one. This last stationary state must be precisely the highest development of our multifarious activities. It can only be stationary, because the sum of human efforts has reached its climax. The subsequent generations live each one in its fullest development of power and knowledge.

Society cannot be likened to a figure carved out in a rock, which once carved there, will remain stationary for ever. It is always the result of the energetic action of each successive generation. It has been more aptly resembled to a fountain, which keeps its perpetual form in the air, by its perpetual movement.

It needs but one mechanist to give to the whole of society a new machine. To make a new and perfect society it needs that all should be mechanists. Hence the slowness of our maturity. The whole society must perfect itself in the consciousness of each individual.

One often hears a vague talk about a "principle of compensation." Each age has its good and its evil. Each individual life has its happiness and misery. Some people delight in thinking that the *proportions* of good and evil are kept throughout; which is a mere hypothesis of their own.

If any man has formed the ideal of a society, which shall include in itself whatever has, at any time, been valued amongst men, either as virtue or happiness, I must leave him to contend for his own ideal. Such ideal is a manifest impossibility. We cannot have the Arab's hospitality in his desert, and the security and commerce of a civilized town. Such heroism as shines forth by contrast or opposition to a blind and brutal multitude, cannot make its appearance in an intelligent community. The fullest life, either of one man, or of one nation, cannot be *all*

human life. Progress is not mere addition, or accretion, it is organic growth; at each epoch the whole has a certain completeness of its own. Each age has been cared for. The new whole cannot be all gain. To adopt the old favourite image—even the butterfly loses something that it enjoyed in the caterpillar. We drop as we gather; and though what we gather is better than what the full arm has dropt, still if you persist in looking back on what lies strewn upon the road, and irrevocably lost to us, you may easily conjure up a sentiment of regret.

Such sentiment of regret often falls upon the antiquarian in his study, and I can partly sympathize with it. But when people lay it down as a rule, that in proportion as you have increase of good you must have increase of evil, because the one is necessary to the other, they are confounding the necessity of *contrast of some kind*, with the necessity of this contrast of good and evil. Virtue does not necessarily suppose vice; nor pleasure, pain. But no solitary or uniform pleasure can endure long; or rather every sensation lives by contrast with some other. But the contrast may be, and most frequently is, between one pleasure and another. Effort and rest are both pleasures. The scope for kindness between man and man is unlimited, and yet both he who gives, and he who receives, may be only passing from one happy state of feeling to another.

You see in a beautiful landscape how the beauty of each part is sustained by contrast with some other part. Hill and valley—land and water—the plain and the forest—sustain each other's beauty, and yet each is beautiful. In the majority of cases it is the same with human virtues. Self-denial, temperance, justice, benevolence, gratitude, may all be exercised without implying vice in any other party. Nor is it necessary that the kindness which gives us a most exquisite pleasure, should relieve us from any corresponding pain or distress. Forgiveness of injuries, you will perhaps say, implies one who has injured us, but there will be scope for this virtue if we only forgive unintended injuries. Martyrs for their faith, and patriots who devote themselves to death, are heroes, whom we, in England, have already willingly exchanged for settled government, and toleration in religion.

It is lamented by some, that as civilization advances, the peculiarities of individual character are worn away. We become rounded, it is said, like so many pebbles that are constantly rolling together on the sea-shore. Well, if you look at those pebbles, though their sharp angles are rubbed off, you will find them rounded into very different shapes. No two of them are alike. The fact is, that as civilization advances, the varieties of individual character are increased tenfold, are incalculably increased, but owing to this very increase, the contrasts cannot be so violent, and happily some extreme types of the passionate character may die out altogether. Not only is there an increased variety of parts to play in the great drama of life, which must entail a diversified development, but nature (if we may so speak) never forsakes her old love of variety, and we are born with some diversities of constitution, which the fuller education of civilized life is sure to develop. What shades and contrasts of character may be detected in a single family! How often do we hear the observation, that no two brothers are alike.

Your book, Thorndale, is full, and yet how much remains to be said!—and some great topics—as that of the Immortality of the Soul—have been hardly touched upon! It cannot be helped. I ought at least to have left myself space to bring together, into a sort of focus, what I have said of Industrial, of Religious, and Scientific Progress. Looking back, too, over your own Diary, I think I could have brought into harmony what seems at first a mere conflict of opinions, and shown that every genuine utterance of thought, whether from Cyril or Seckendorf, or my poor friend Montini, might have some place assigned it in a large and candid view of our progressive nature, and the position we, in this century, occupy in the great drama of human history. But if any one but ourselves—and the rats—should ever peruse this manuscript, he will perhaps take the trouble to perform both these tasks for himself—perhaps be better pleased that they should be left to his own ingenuity and reflection. He will gather together the separate threads of this brief exposition of mine, and in his candour he will add to it what has been omitted from oversight or want of space. He will see how science and the industrial arts are extending a

prosperous, active, and intelligent life to the millions of mankind; he will see that men, working from a secure position, will be open to wide views of social welfare, will take cognizance of the well-being of that whole of society, with which, as civilization advances, the interest of each individual is more and more complicated; he will see that a happy and intelligent life (led in a society where men no longer fear each other) will induce the cultivated mind willingly and wisely to contemplate the great relationship of Creator and Creature, which relationship will be found to involve the sentiments of Gratitude, Adoration, Hope, and Obedience.

[Here ends what Clarence has called his *Confessio Fidei*, and here ends our manuscript volume, and our own editorial labours. There was not an inch of space left in which Thorndale could have made his protest against any part of his friend's expositions. That he would have dissented from much in the Psychological Essay, is plain; and he would have found something to dispute, and still more to add, in that part which treats of religion.

We had ourselves prepared a series of notes to accompany this exposition of Clarence's, and the preparation of these notes is one cause why a manuscript, which has been in our possession some two or three years, has not been sooner published. But our own lucubrations increased upon us to a most embarrassing extent, and we were compelled to forego this design. We have imposed upon ourselves a restraint not very easily practised, and have throughout withheld our editorial sanction or disapproval. On some occasions Clarence treats his subject in a quite unsatisfactory manner, and on all occasions in too brief a manner; but when we made the effort to complete or correct any of his statements, we found the difficulty which he himself has expressed of "filling a goblet at the ocean." We wanted space—whole pages where only a few lines would have been permissible. The candid reader will perhaps bear this difficulty in mind, in forming a judgment of this Confession of Faith of our friend, the artist; he will understand it rather as a rapid and imperfect sketch, than a finished picture.—EDITOR.]

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